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POST

VIETNAM: TEN MORE YEARS OF WAR?

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and...

A dramatic report on our men in combat

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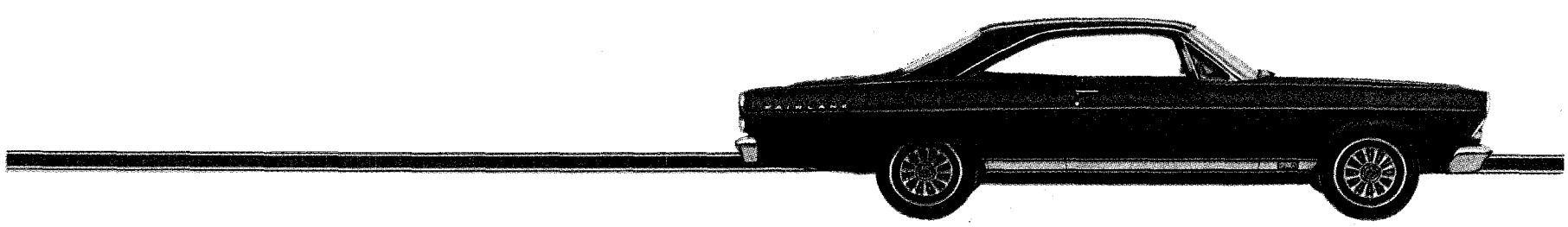

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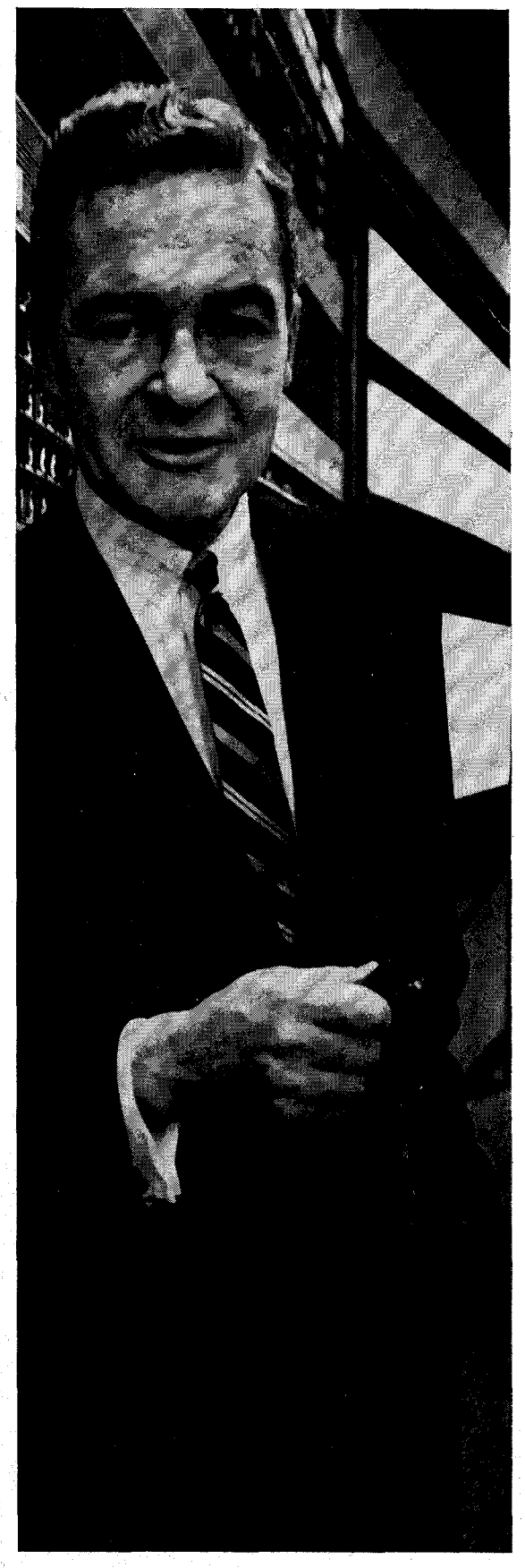
"I'm a stock broker. I think every investor should at least consider listed stocks."



"I mean investors of all types —new and old, big and small."

What's special about stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange?

"Generally they're the big companies, the leaders in their fields. When a company's stock is first listed, the Exchange has to be satisfied that it has earned a position of importance in its industry, and that it has proved its ability to make a profit."

Is profit the whole picture?

"No. There are lots of guidelines for original listing. One is that ownership can't be concentrated in just a few hands; there have to be at least 1,700 owners of 100 shares or more—and some go to a million shareowners or higher."

How can I learn about listed stocks?

"That's an important point. Generally there is more information available on listed stocks. The Exchange rules require that these companies put out financial reports and promptly advise the public of major developments. And every shareowner has the right to vote on important matters. The investor should ask his broker for such facts."

Once listed, does a company always stay listed?

"By no means. The Exchange has certain standards for de-listing a company, too."

How many companies are listed on the Exchange?

"About 1,200 out of some 1,400,000 in this country. But these few, as a group, earn about 70% of the profit reported by U.S. corporations, and pay about 60% of all dividends."

How many people own listed stocks?

"The Exchange estimates that more than 20,000,000 people own stock today, and 12,000,000 of these own listed stock. And of course many listed stocks are favorites of the big institutional investors. That means pension funds, insurance companies, and so on—so practically everybody has a stake in the market."

That's fine, but how does that affect me?

"One thing is that thousands of buy and sell orders come to the floor of the Exchange every day. Last year, an average of about 7,500,000 shares changed hands each trading day. So it's a matter of supply and demand. Whether you want to buy or sell, your broker can usually find your opposite number in a matter of minutes. And it's easy to keep up with price changes because listed stock transactions are reported promptly on the ticker. And they're covered on radio and TV news shows and in newspapers."

Does all this mean that listed stocks are right for everybody?

"No, it doesn't. Every investor has his own set of circumstances, and the broker wants him to feel completely free about discussing them. No investor and no broker can push a button and get the answers. Sound investing takes a combination of circumstances, facts and judgment. But my experience tells me that every investor should consider listed stocks."

—*—

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4. **Keep your eyes open** *to the risk in any investment. Ask your broker for facts, then ask yourself for your best judgment.*

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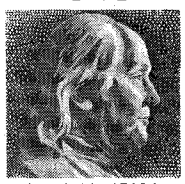
The Saturday Evening
POST



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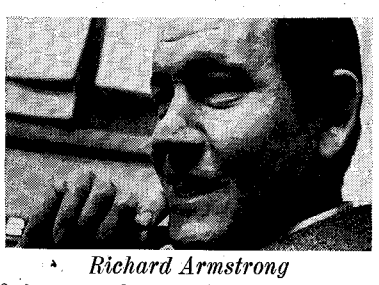
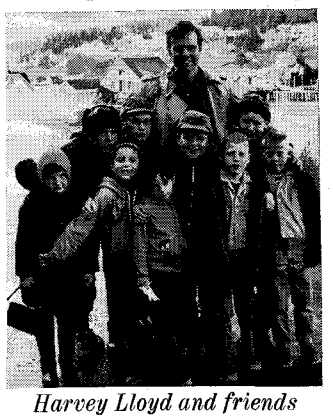
About this issue

RICHARD ARMSTRONG wrote his major report on the war in Southeast Asia after three and a half months in Vietnam, covering the country—"top to bottom, several times over"—and interviewing hundreds of servicemen and U.S. officials. *Post* contributing writer Armstrong lived nearly every phase of the war, from ground patrols to bombing strikes, but says he was "not playing hero—just reporting on the men who do."...Contributing photographer HARVEY LLOYD, who has taken pictures of children all over the world, found this assignment with the Maine foster children "a lot of fun" for obvious reasons—the affectionate young subjects themselves. / Cover photo by Dan Wynn.



Richard Armstrong



Harvey Lloyd and friends

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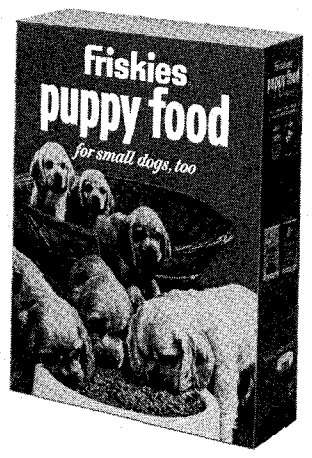


from Carnation®

Letters

Goldwater, '67

Dear Sir:

DON'T BELIEVE WHAT THE LIBERALS TELL YOU by Barry Goldwater in your SPEAKING OUT column of February 11 was superb. What more proof do the people of America need before they realize that the liberal politicians are, as Goldwater says, guilty of "two-faced fairness."

GAIL LARSON
Lombard, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It must break a man's heart and spirit to be lied about by the news media. Such men that can recover and keep pitching must be made of very special stuff.

MRS. JOHN ERICSON
Sparks, Nev.

Dear Sir:

Barry Goldwater's article just tore my heart apart. The woeful retelling of all the terrible experiences shared by Mr. Goldwater and the conservatives in that election of nearly two and a half years ago brings to mind the true conservative philosophy—look backward!

KAREN HANRAHAN
Brook Park, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Let's see, wasn't this piece a variation on the theme "Your kettle is blacker than my pot"? There's real constructive thinking!

JANET THOMAS
Biglerville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

As for the inevitable pseudo-intellectuals who will scream "sour grapes," I would like to ask them if doing so will alter any of Mr. Goldwater's fundamental truths.

G. WAID YOUNG
Shelley, Idaho

Dear Sir:

The *Post* is to be commended. I wonder how many other "responsible" publications would have allowed Mr. Goldwater's view concerning the public print to be heard?

JOHN LAMB
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sir:

In a democracy the power of the press is awesome—for it is through the press that we common folks secure our knowledge and form our opinions about the issues and leaders of our times. And I, for one, hope that such frank and fearless utterances as those of Mr. Goldwater may be a step toward remedying a lamentable condition in news coverage today.

CHESTER M. KNIGHT
Hornell, N.Y.

Vietnam: steps to peace

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on your February 11 editorial on the bombing of North Vietnam [VIETNAM: A FIRST STEP]. It was a well-stated and logical presentation of a most urgent argument.

WILLIAM B. DRAKE JR.
Richmond, Calif.

Dear Sir:

The real tragedy in Vietnam must lie in the useless and needless shedding of American blood, brought about by our failure to use the weapons at our disposal which could bring a speedy end to this senseless conflict.

ROBERT W. PLASTER
Lebanon, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Any patriotic American wishes to have the blessings of freedom not only for himself but for all of mankind—and this includes freedom from Communism. Your editorial stated that the alternative to war is peace, but there can be no peace until there is freedom.

BEN MAGOON
Concord, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

You are doing a great service in presenting a reasoned point of view to many confused but earnest readers. You have said clearly what so many of us think and try to say.

HAZEL F. BRIGGS
Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

This war should be all or nothing at all. Either bring our American boys home or go all out to end this war as soon as possible—by bombing, or whatever it takes. The lives of our boys should be the most important consideration to us here at home.

MRS. PAUL J. WHITE
Circleville, Ohio

Crime and the criminal

Gentlemen:

Much has been written in nonlegal journals about crime and the criminal, but until your articles came along [THE CRIMINAL AND THE LAW by Martin Mayer and A PLAN OF ACTION by Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, February 11] everything might just as well have been written on a blotter. Your pieces were simply outstanding.

ALOIS C. MAZUR
Judge, City Court of Buffalo
Buffalo, N.Y.

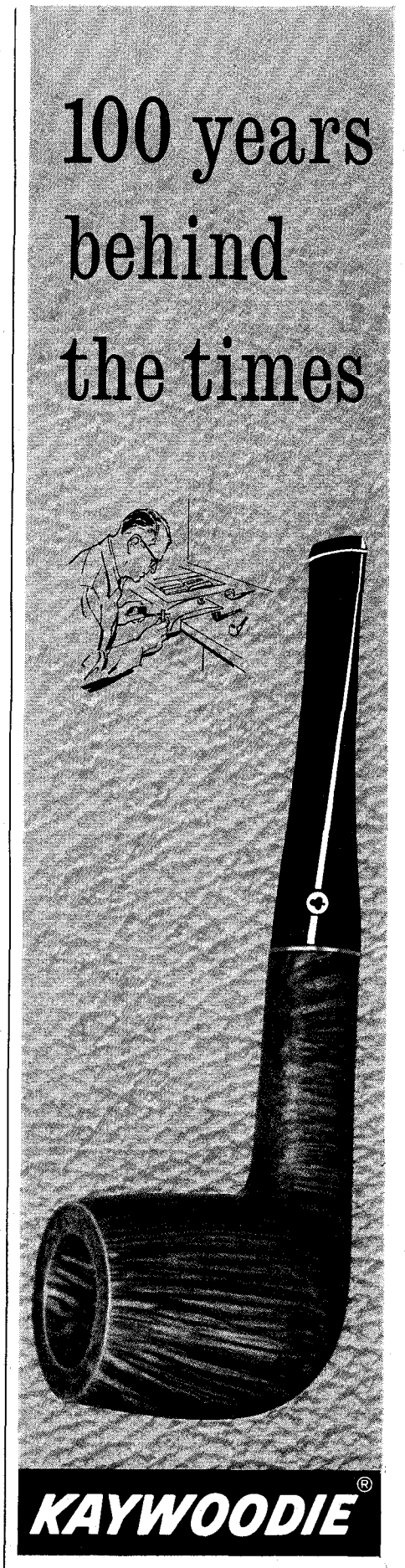
Gentlemen:

Martin Mayer's article is a first-rate reporting job on many of the current problems in law enforcement today.

However, I think it only fair that statements of mine in the piece—that as an Assistant District Attorney "I never took the word of the police; I always did my own investigating"—be clarified. The context in which my words appear would make it seem that I disbelieved all police officers. This just isn't true, and I don't believe Mr. Mayer meant it to sound that way.

A trial lawyer must investigate to the best of his ability all the facts of a case, and a district attorney bears this responsibility even more heavily because he is asking a court or jury to deprive a man of his liberty—or even his life. For a prosecutor to reinvestigate a case and satisfy himself of the complete accuracy of the evidence does not necessarily impugn the integrity of the police officers. It does serve as an additional safeguard against possible injustice.

IRVING F. REICHERT JR.
Continuing Education of the Bar,
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.



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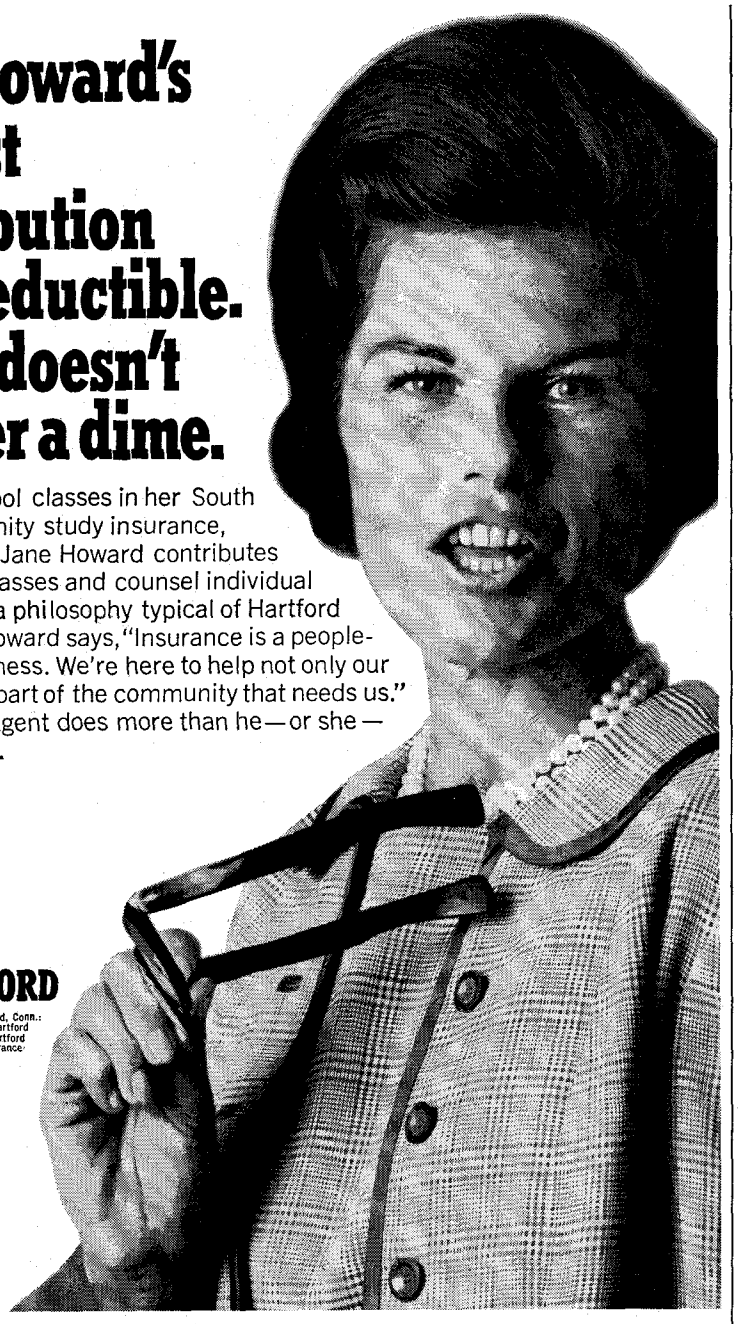

When high school classes in her South Dakota community study insurance, Hartford Agent Jane Howard contributes time to teach classes and counsel individual students. With a philosophy typical of Hartford Agents, Mrs. Howard says, "Insurance is a people-to-people business. We're here to help not only our clients, but any part of the community that needs us." Your Hartford Agent does more than he—or she—really has to do.

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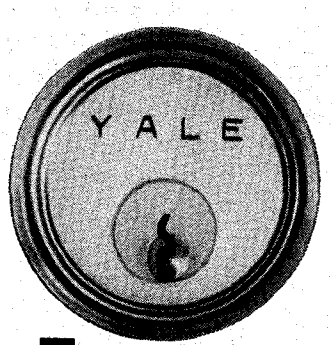


In-keeper

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

Letters

Vladimir Nabokov writes—

In the Feb. 11 issue of the Post, *in a profile of Vladimir Nabokov entitled THE ARTIST IN PURSUIT OF BUTTERFLIES, Herbert Gold quoted the novelist as having said about a mutual friend:*
'Of course, he is a very nice fellow.
Of course, do not lend him any money.
Of course, he is completely untalented.
Of course, he is a liar and a hypocrite.
Of course, he is a pederast.
Of course, isn't that good you know him, he's a very nice fellow.'

As a result of the article, the following correspondence ensued. We believe it has a peculiar documentary interest.

—THE EDITORS.

To the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post:*

January 21

Sir,

There are many excellent things in Mr. Gold's article, but it is most unfair of him to have quoted a conversation he and I had about a common friend. That friend was, and is (for he is still very much alive—and very much upset) no other than Sam Fortuni, the poet. Sam tells me that he has seen Mr. Gold only once, forty years ago, and would have never dreamed of asking him for a loan. I may add that—in refutation of the statements attributed to me—Sam does have some talent, loves women, always tells the truth, is not a particularly nice fellow, and does not exist.

This is one of the reasons I invariably beg interviewers either to stick to the script which I supply in the form of written answers to their written questions, or else, if they prefer their own impressions to my expressions, to let me check the article for factual slips before publication.

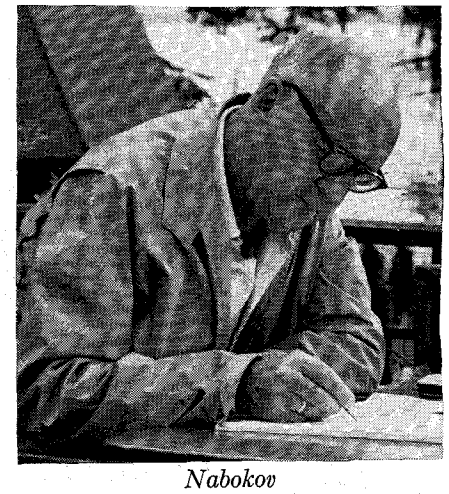
Despite his promise to do so, Mr. Gold has not complied with my request. I could not have dreaded the German TV team's impending visit which was to include my admirable translator Dieter Zimmer whom I was very keen to meet. The Montreux Palace Hotel does not consist of "cuckoo-clock carved wood." Cornell's "deans and administrators" would certainly confirm that I never "tormented" them. There are other embarrassing inaccuracies in the article but these will suffice as examples. I hope Mr. Gold, who seems to like anagrams, will take a good look at the name of our poor old furious poet.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV
Montreux

February 3

Dear Mr. Nabokov,

Thank you for your letter of January 21. We are ready to publish it in our Letters column, as you requested, but I must confess that I am puzzled by the question of "Sam Fortuni." If such a person exists, it would be clearly libelous to identify him as the subject of the comments quoted in the article. This would be true even if there is a Sam Fortuni somewhere whom you have never met. On the other hand, assuming your last sentence to mean that the name is an anagram, we have struggled in vain to decipher it, and there is even one student of Nabokoviana who argues that the hint of an anagram means that it isn't an anagram.



Nabokov

What I suggest is that the letter be cut and edited to delete all reference to Fortuni, as in the attached copy. If this is satisfactory, please let me know.

Very truly yours,
OTTO FRIEDRICH
Managing Editor

February 11

Dear Mr. Friedrich,

I am in receipt of your letter of February 3—with your version of mine of January 21.

Sorry—the Letters to Editors that I write now and then are never edited. The reason is plain. If A writes to B, and B revises A's letter, the correspondence is no longer between them but between AB and B—which does not make sense and has no value.

I am afraid I must ask you to print my letter, in full, and not your abridged version of it. If you do not care to do so, please send me back my typescript. If you want it after all, it might be wise to send me the galley so as to avoid misprints—such as the accidental omission of my reference to the German TV, a major point in my letter.

Since I state in my letter that "Sam Fortuni" is my invention, and his name my riddle, it cannot be true that there is anything libelous in my comments, even if an old poet of that name could dig himself up and stomp, very drunk, into your office. An elderly woman in Colorado called Lolita Haze pestered me at one time with cranky protests but neither she nor the namesakes of any of my other characters have ever found a lawyer to champion their cause.

The very simple recombination SAMFORTUNI=12345678910=35178942106= MOST UNFAIR (a phrase actually used in my letter) might be unscrambled, if you like, in an editorial footnote for the benefit of inexperienced Nabokovians.

Yours truly,
VLADIMIR NABOKOV

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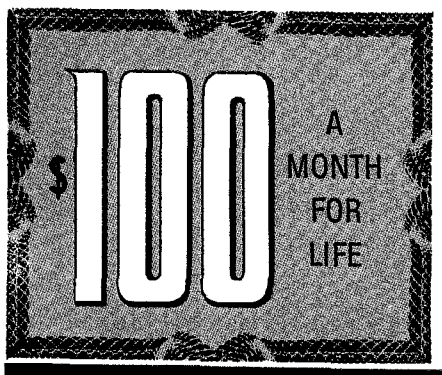

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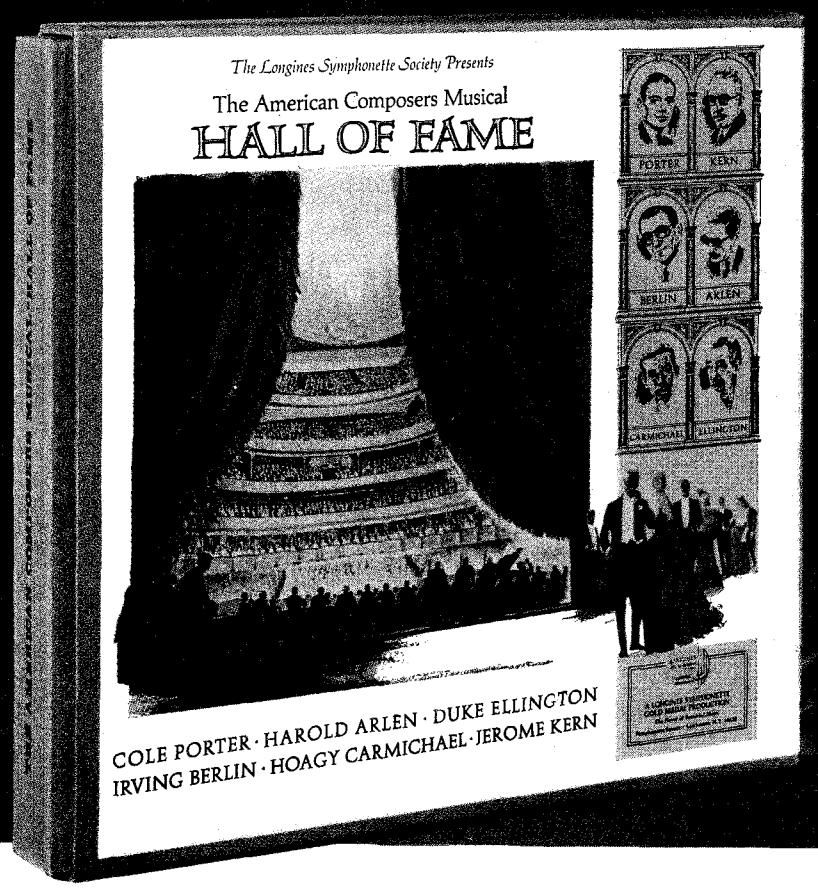
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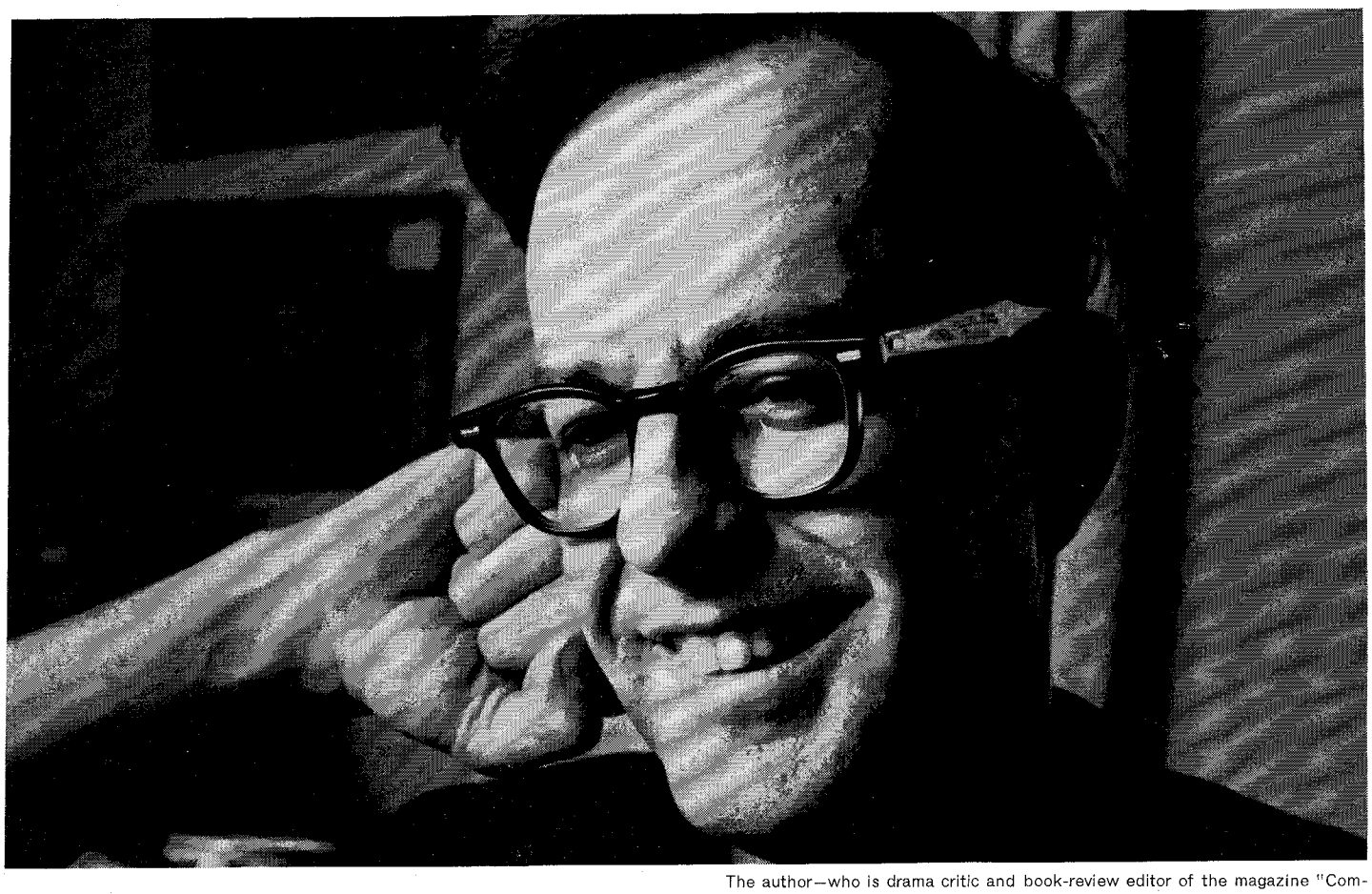

The author—who is drama critic and book-review editor of the magazine "Commonweal"—has published a number of novels, most recently "Office Politics," a tale of the inner struggles of an influential magazine with a dwindling circulation.

WE OVERRATE LOVE

BY WILFRID SHEED

It is difficult to get mad at love, because love is whatever anybody wants it to be and is thus, by definition, absolutely perfect. Like Al Capp's famous love-animal the shmoo, it can turn into roast beef or chicken out of simple goodwill. So that if you don't like the Sigmund Freud you can always try the Irving Berlin; love comes in almost as many flavors as a successful politician.

To the Christian, according to the parable of the Good Samaritan, love means binding the wounds of the stranger, which is tax-deductible these days. To the besotted consumer of pop fiction, it means the mechanical grappling hook that shoots out whenever good-looking people get together. To the worrier about foreign affairs, it is simply something that nobody feels deeply enough about Americans.

It would take a brave man to wrestle with the whole octopus. So let me fasten on just one tentacle, namely the totalitarianism of love. Whatever kind of love you fancy, you must at any rate fancy it like crazy. In fact, half the populace lives in permanent melancholy because they feel that they don't love enough, or at all, or else that people don't love them enough, or at all.

The fact is that since nobody could possibly love as ardently and continuously as our ministers, marriage counselors and songwriters would appear to recommend, we have concocted various small-scale replicas and rituals which are easier to handle—to wit, at the lowest levels, telephone-company love (calling up suitably far-flung loved ones for those three precious minutes a year); up through necrophilia ("nothing's too good for granny's corpse,"), on up to the biggest industry of them all, spectator love.

Spectator love requires nothing more than slumping in front of a screen or underneath a magazine, and leaving the driving to somebody else. For reasons that hardly need explaining, the preferred forms here are romantic love—often a fantasy in itself—and soft-core pornography. Between the soap opera and the commercial sex novel, there is little to choose; whether you prefer emotional or physiological make-believe is a matter between you and your glands. In *1984* George Orwell proposed a government agency that would produce pornography to keep people politically quiet and socially malleable, and I am sure that such an agency would provide both forms of literature.

Unfortunately, the game we watch as spectators is likely to affect the game we play ourselves. There can be no figures on this, but I would guess that much of our love-making is a bizarre blend of Hollywood dialogue and sex-manual technique. The very heavy dosage of vicarious romance in our popular culture encourages people to live in a kind of emotional monochrome, acting out myths. All the other words of relationship, such as envy, respect, pretend, prefer, tend to get washed away. And people who might be good at these other things must constantly give way to the young lovepeople. The old and the ugly, all the faceless noncombatants who constitute the bulk of the populace, must either be chivied into romantic situations or left for dead, like defective members of a savage tribe. For the loveless, America can be purgatory; and many people have found it a bad place to grow old in.

This price might be worth paying for a few years of dramatic sexual love. But if there is any truth to national stereotypes, it doesn't look as if we get this either. It would seem that the constant, very mild, and impersonal love stimulation that oozes through our ads, our songs, our whole pop culture, has an inhibiting effect on strong relationships. It is like canned music constantly playing in the background. It can be a tolerable narcotic, if you're built that way, but it is no way to learn to love music.

In fact, the whole concept of "love life" and "sex life" has done its modest bit to aggravate the Muzak-like impersonality of modern life. Popular psychology has decreed that "having a love life" is as essential hygienically as getting plenty of exercise—so one has one, just as one makes friends with the neighbors. You owe it to yourself. People are interchangeable counters in the never-ending pursuit of normality and self-therapy

There is so much cant about love, so much of what D. H. Lawrence called "sex in the head," that it is easy to become skeptical and to deny the reality altogether. I would like to suggest in contrast two kinds of love that are quite real, and that can of course be found flourishing in pockets of this country. One is the action love, or charity, of the Christian; the other is a genuine committed passion for a real other person, and this requires some largeness of soul and can never be produced to order.

How much of this latter love could we take, if we swept away the synthetics and got down to business? Never mind about the rate of Gross National Performance—how much actual use of the heart are we good for? In fiction—and by fiction I include most friendships and many marriages—we can apparently stand any amount of passion. But in real life our stamina is probably less impressive. Real love has a record for being wanton and frightening. If Mr. Capp's shmoo really existed, we would eventually find his demands on our affections intolerable; if history is any guide, we would hunt him down and kill him, out of rage and frustration, for showing up our feebleness of heart.

For this and other reasons the cry of the oppressed has always been for justice and not for love. Love might be cynically defined as the thing you do just before you start hating; at any rate, it is a very fast-burning fuel, and the underdog knows that it usually runs out before he gets clear of his particular predicament. Knowing too well the capriciousness of the amorous humors, he is more likely to say, "Treat us decently, but please don't feel you have to love us." In other words, don't unleash that crazy stuff until our position is a lot safer than it is right now. Making this more specific: Don't work yourself into a backlash, whitey; please don't use me (to paraphrase Bernard Shaw) as your emotional gymnasium.

Yet we are conditioned to suppose that love is the correct response to every problem that ever there was. In the fiction-entertainment world, where much of our real living goes on (no masks required, no games), love can lick any problem in the house, from race to poverty to neurotic anxiety. Every now and then love even shoots out a condescending rope to a plain girl or an old couple, and rejection, loneliness and even death simply dissolve—as if *they* were the myths and the shmoo were the reality.

This trust in the omnipotence of the attraction principle has curious indirect

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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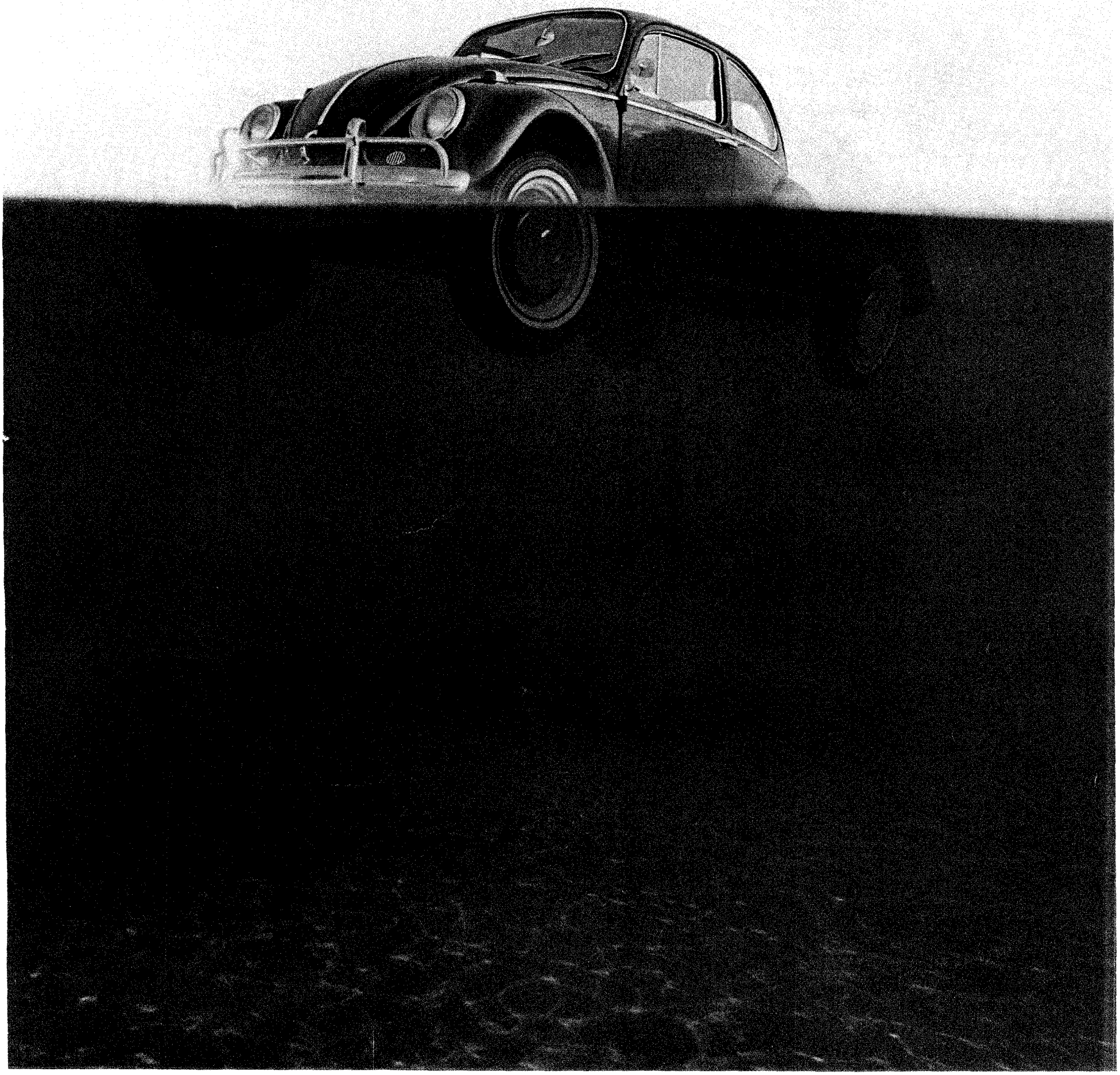

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• In Ireland, a man named Thompson heard of Witte's methods and applied them to his own sons. One became a celebrated engineer; the other became one of the world's great physicists, Lord Kelvin.

• Early in this century, Leo Wiener — rummaging in the back of a New England library found a German book describing Witte's methods. He, too, applied them to a young son. The result: Norbert Wiener — one of the greatest mathematicians of all time, sometimes known as "the father of Automation."

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WAYNE MILLER

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Now, they have written a book describing these methods. GIVE YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR MIND provides a planned program of home instruction that any parent can start using immediately. It will enable you to do for your child what Karl Witte, over 100 years ago, did for his "dull boy who became a prodigy." You will learn:

1. How to awaken your child's inborn desire to learn. Here are relatively simple ways to create a home environment that will unlock your child's ability to learn. You probably know *some* of these methods; here's how to use them to greatest effect. Also, here are 8 basic rules most well-intentioned parents are totally unaware of.

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3. How to help your child streak ahead in Math. Here is where simple pretraining can have the most dramatic results . . . especially when it's explained in the simple everyday terms of a child's world. For example, if your child has ever seen you break an egg, he has already taken the first step to understanding algebra.

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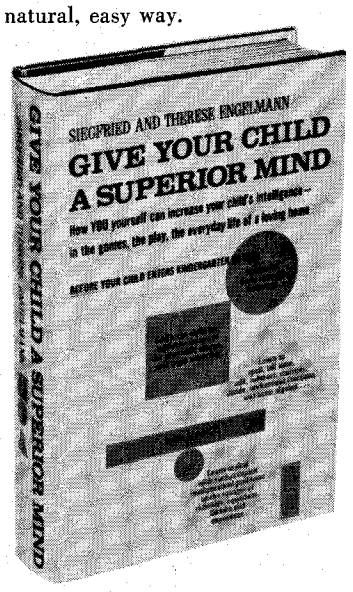
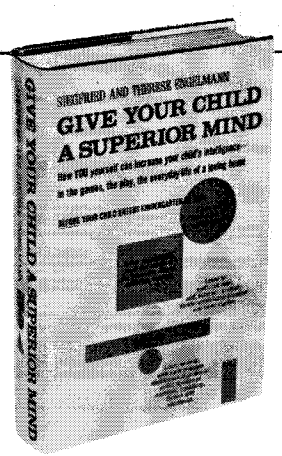


If you follow this book's program of training — your child at Age 5 should be able to do *all* this:

1. **Read approximately 150 words a minute**
2. **Add columns of figures**
3. **Tell time**
4. **Subtract, multiply, and divide**
5. **Understand concepts like Right-Left, Before and After, If-Then**
6. **Solve algebra equations like this: 4A ÷ 2 = 8**
7. **Score high on first I.Q. Tests**

If you don't get these results — you may return the book for full refund.



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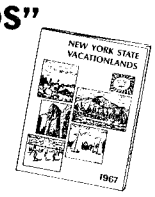

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results. Our cult disposes us to view other nations as distinct personalities motivated by friendly and unfriendly feelings and coquettishly susceptible to things like goodwill visits. Barnstorming politicians still talk about, say, "the warm relationships that have always existed between the U.S. and Turkey," as if the citizens of these countries actually cared for each other personally. But love is quite meaningless on this scale, like a mating of geometric figures. A nation that really did act on friendship would cause chaos on the world scene; the closest parallel would be a poker player acting on friendship. A politician so infatuated with foreign powers that he made even small love sacrifices for them would barely make it through law school. Talk is cheap and declarations of international affection are cheapest of all; but love is actually a highly improper relationship among nations. And since love shares that long border with hate, we may consider this a sensible situation.

None of this would matter very much, since the outside world is largely a mirage to most of us anyway, but occasionally cases arise—for instance, foreign aid or the Peace Corps, where our incipient sentimentality can have a distorting effect on public debate. Many Americans still see foreign aid as a quixotic love gesture, poorly rewarded. We say "they don't like us"—as if attraction-repulsion exhausted the emotional possibilities. In fiction as in life we simply don't know where else to turn; we are strangers to the world of mixed emotion. In fact, some of us are so far gone that we even feel we have to love (or hate) our own politicians—as if we would worry about loving one's plumber or tax accountant.

And so we burrow farther into our love-religion, and like most religion, it becomes at last a bore. The songs and stories that celebrate love become as flat as hymns and pious fables. Isn't there anything else to sing about? Is there no other way to resolve a plot? (Incidentally, a plot resolved by love is almost as likely to be a cop-out as a plot resolved by religious conversion.)

For many moralists nowadays love has become the ultimate and only imperative, and this, in the widest sense, it assuredly is. But moral imperatives can be a drag too. To be ordered to love someone, even a relative, is to start to hate him. To perform all one's actions out of love would be emotionally impossible for anyone.

But meanwhile the new moralists have become tangled up in that one word—love. And thus religion also comes to sound like one more jukebox exhorting us to love, love, love: establishing an emotional mandate that causes some people to fake and some to despair; some to become the erotic equivalent of pious frauds, and others to suffocate in a sense of unworthiness.

Part of the tedium is purely verbal. The Hebrews, with their religious genius, made a practice of never referring to their God by name, as a matter of reverence—which, as every churchgoer knows, is largely another word for not letting yourself get bored. Modern believers have systematically devalued every word in their arsenal, and are now at work on the last holdout: love. The other part of the tedium comes from sheer nervous exhaustion. It is simply much easier to relax with a concept like justice than to try to love everybody. If we consider even the love morality of Christ, we do find it a little less burdensome than our own version—which, as we have seen, is so amorphous that many people can't figure out whether they are doing it right, and so imperious that we all have to answer to it daily. Christ's version is by contrast fairly simple and specific. Do this, do that. Feed the hungry, visit the sick. Help people out of ditches. All the things that might pompously be described as "loving behavior"—these are love. And with this it would be hard to quarrel.

Our own version of love is, by contrast, a philosophical nonentity operating out of an ethical fascism. You will do this mysterious thing, and like it; you will pay homage to it at all times; you will accept all manner of nonsense on the strength of it, and you will believe as you watch it work itself out on the screen every night.

In its service you will dress up your children like wax dolls so that they will appear to be full-grown votaries (the junior makeup kit is the love equivalent of infant baptism). If they marry when hardly out of high school, it will prove that they have got the point. As for yourself, you will take all possible steps not to look old, not to defect from the national religion until they throw you out kicking and screaming.

It is a common comment on Americans that we have the handsomest young people and some of the nothingest old ones in the world. This is no doubt a libel on Carl Sandburg, age 89, and Jimmy Durante, age 74; but it speaks truth about that segment of the populace which acts on the principle that when a face isn't ready for love it is ready for the boneyard. The face in the beauty parlor is like a death mask, lamenting the death of Adonis. Most religions are hard, but few ever took such a toll as this.

The obsession with love has slighted many other forms and gradations of affection. Unless we have some major love offensive to occupy us, we tend to be empty-hearted and empty-minded. Take for a symbol that quintessential character, the dull-eyed, middle-aged tourist in the writing room, sending home snapshots of scenes that are said to be interesting to a daughter he or she has nothing in common with.

All kinds of tangential things, such as friendship across generations and a fully developed taste for art and beauty can be casualties of the monomaniacal concentration on love and marriage (and on the income to support same). For instance, the practice of adhering blindly to one's age group—the place where romance lurks—is specifically American; so is the custom of preadolescent dating. During the years when a whole world is to be discovered, many young people discover nothing more rich or stimulating than each other, even while their elders could be feeding back all manner of memory and insight. The resulting poverty of experience may mean less to bring to sex, less to bring to life. And this, for all the benefits that love showers on the economy, makes it an expensive proposition indeed.

Wilfrid Sheed

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Academy Award winner Red Buttons visits Philadelphia

It proves that no one reproduces color better than Philco.

The photo you see here is genuine. It was taken directly from a production Philco set. (Telecast by WKBS-TV, Channel 48, Philadelphia. Photographed at 1/15th second on ASA 160 film.) It shows how good color tv can really be.

Of course, perfect color starts with a properly tuned color signal. And that's the function of Philco's exclusive new color tuning eye. It makes color tuning virtually as easy as tuning black and white. Turn one knob. Then adjust tint to personal color preference. It's that simple. It takes only seconds.

If you need more proof of Philco color quality, visit your Philco-Ford dealer. And take along your camera. You might take the best color picture you've ever seen.

Philco-Ford Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134.

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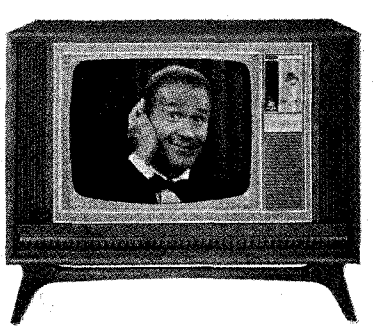

PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

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The new way to buy tires. No guess work. No gambling. No fooling.

You remember the old way.

The questions you had to ask yourself: Should you buy two-ply or four-ply tires? Nylon or rayon? The Fast Tire? The Fun Tire? The $7.99 Rickshaw Special? Or the $60 Maharaja?

Well, if that bugged you, come in to a B.F.Goodrich Dealer this time. And pick up a Tire Calculator.

As you'll notice—it's got some questions on it.

But these questions you can answer. Like an expert. Because they're all about your driving—the speeds, roads, loads and so on.

Okay. Score yourself on the Calculator. Turn it over. Your score will point you to the one BFG tire that suits your driving best—and costs you least.

That's straight talk for you. Easy on the nerves, easy on the wallet. And it's on the house at B.F.Goodrich.

The straight-talk tire people.

B.F.Goodrich

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B.F.Goodrich

Tire Value Calculator

Answer these questions. Use the dial to add up your points. Then turn the Calculator over to match your total with a BFG tire. If you score 5 points or more on any of the first four questions, ask your salesman whether you need an oversized tire or additional ply rating.

How much of your driving is done above 60 mph?

Most of it (Over 65%) **7** Much of it (30-65%) **5** Little of it (Under 30%) **3** None of it **1**

How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads?

Frequently (Over 65%) **6** Often (30-65%) **5** Seldom (Under 30%) **3** Never **1**

How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do?

A great deal (Over 65%) **8** A lot (30-65%) **6** Not too much (Under 30%) **4** None **1**

How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads (3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?

Most of it (Over 65%) **7** Much of it (30-65%) **5** Little of it (Under 30%) **4** None of it **1**

How many miles do you drive in this car per year?

20,000 **8** 15,000 **7** 10,000 **5** 5,000 or less **3**

How long do you expect to keep this car?

2 years or more **7** 18 mos. **6** 12 mos. **4** 6 mos. or less **3**

How do you normally stop, start and corner?

Faster than average **7** Average **5** Slower than average **3**

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Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

George Wallace for President?

MONTGOMERY, ALA.:

You go ask the steel workers in Gary or the rubber workers in Akron. Go into the factories in Pennsylvania or New York, or ask the taxi drivers—I was a taxi driver once myself. Ask about George Wallace and I'll abide by the answer. . . . Don't ask the moron intellectuals or the theoreticians and beatniks. . . . Sure, a lot of politicians are against me too. This is a people's movement, and before we're through, a lot of politicians are going to get run over."

It is hard to convey in print the flavor of George Wallace's talk. Wallace, ex-governor of Alabama, who plans to run for President of the United States as leader of a third-party "people's movement," talks very fast, especially for a Southerner. Facts, figures, legal references, denunciations, protestations, and quotations boil passionately out of him in a relentless lava flow of words.

The lava flow was interrupted only once during a recent interview with this reporter in the handsome old state capitol in Montgomery. That was when the governor of Alabama—Mrs. Lurleen Wallace, who seemed a nice, rather shy woman—came into the dark-paneled governor's office. George Wallace rose from the leather chair behind the governor's big desk and, in a perfunctory manner, with a half-smile, offered the seat to his wife. She murmured some excuse, and took her leave. Then the lava flow began again.

Wallace leans forward when he talks, the round, black-haired head, with the small shrewd eyes and the thin, pink mouth, jutting forward pugnaciously. He stabs his cigar toward his listener to emphasize his points, pausing occasionally to use a wastebasket as a spittoon. As he talks, it becomes clear that this man, whatever else he may be, is no fool. He has a sharp, agile intelligence, and he is a shrewd, fiercely ambitious, intensely combative politician. He is a man to be taken seriously.

How seriously? Unless the United States has gone mad, George Wallace will never be President of the United States. But he just might change the course of American history.

George Wallace himself believes—he appears to believe quite genuinely—that he could become President of the United States. He has on the tip of his tongue the statistics of Abraham Lincoln's election in 1860 as a third-party candidate with a minority of the popular vote, and he can rattle off the names of the other American minority Presidents.

Moreover, he knows, or thinks he knows, where he is going to find the minority that will put him in the White House—among the "steel workers in Gary and the rubber workers in Akron." Wallace is obviously convinced that segregation is an exportable commodity, and that it is worth millions of white working-class votes in the Northern industrial states with big Negro minorities.

"I'm not going to run a racist campaign for President," Wallace says. "I've got nothing against the colored people, just against the theoreticians and bureaucrats who try to tell you who you can hire or who you can sell your house to." As these words suggest, Wallace is much too smart to invade the North with an old-fashioned white-supremacy campaign. But he knows all the white-backlash code words ("law and order," "safety in the streets," "a man's home is his castle," and so on). Negro-fearing or Negro-hating Northerners will get his message loud and clear.

Race is not the only string to Wallace's bow. Vietnam is another. Wallace believes that the United States ought to "go in and win," and that the "beatniks" who burn their draft cards or contribute blood to the Viet Cong ought to be "tried as traitors."

Aside from race and Vietnam, there are many angers, frustrations and discontents in this prosperous land. Wallace, a battling bantam cock of a man, and a first-class speaker in the Huey Long style of Southern oratory, seems well suited to exploit them.

In 1964 George Wallace loudly trumpeted his intention to run for President on a third-party ticket, and then withdrew in favor of Barry Goldwater. Some Wallace-watchers contend that when the time comes he will do the same thing again, in return for some as yet unspecified *quid pro quo*. But this reporter's impression was that Wallace is genuinely and passionately determined to run for President, and quite serious in thinking he might win.

He is already planning a series of forays into the North, beginning this spring or early summer, and he may also make a ritual visit to Vietnam. Money should be no problem—Wallace has already had a cordial chat with Texas oilman H. L. Hunt, and even if Hunt does not stump up, there is plenty of right-wing money available for a Wallace campaign.

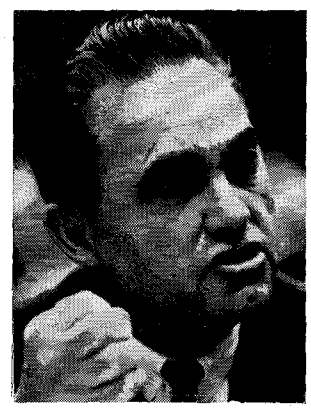
In 1964 Wallace took a surprising 34 percent of the Democratic vote in Wisconsin, and an amazing 43 percent in Maryland. In 1968 he might surprise everybody again, especially if the Vietnamese war is still dragging on, and the Northern cities have been treated to another series of race riots. In a three-way race, he might win the electoral votes of several Southern states, and he might take a hefty minority vote in the North.

In so doing, he could throw the election into the House of Representatives, perhaps initiating a major constitutional crisis. He could also assure the reelection of a man he detests—President Lyndon Johnson. Last fall, as a result of a nationwide poll, the inquiring Dr. George Gallup concluded: "If Gov. George Wallace heads a third-party movement in the 1968 presidential contest, he will pose a far greater threat to the Republicans than he will to President Johnson."

The threat is especially great to Richard M. Nixon. As Barry Goldwater's heir apparent ("Dick Nixon is my man"), Nixon is the inheritor of Goldwater's hard-core Southern support, and a Wallace candidacy would knock out Nixon's Southern base. The Gallup poll showed Johnson's standing wholly unaffected by a Wallace candidacy, with every percentage point gained by Wallace lost by Nixon. But *any* Republican candidate, even a relative liberal like George Romney or Charles Percy, would be hurt by a Wallace candidacy, simply because the challenger of an incumbent President needs every single protest vote he can lay his hands on.

Thus one thing is absolutely predictable—some very powerful and very rich Republicans will be very eager to see George Wallace once again withdraw from the race. In the national interest, it is to be hoped that they will prevail, for a Wallace candidacy would be certain further to inflame all sorts of festering sores on the body politic. But, to judge from the way he talked, sitting in his wife's seat behind the big desk in the governor's office, George Wallace is going to run for President, and nothing is going to stop him.

Stewart Alsop



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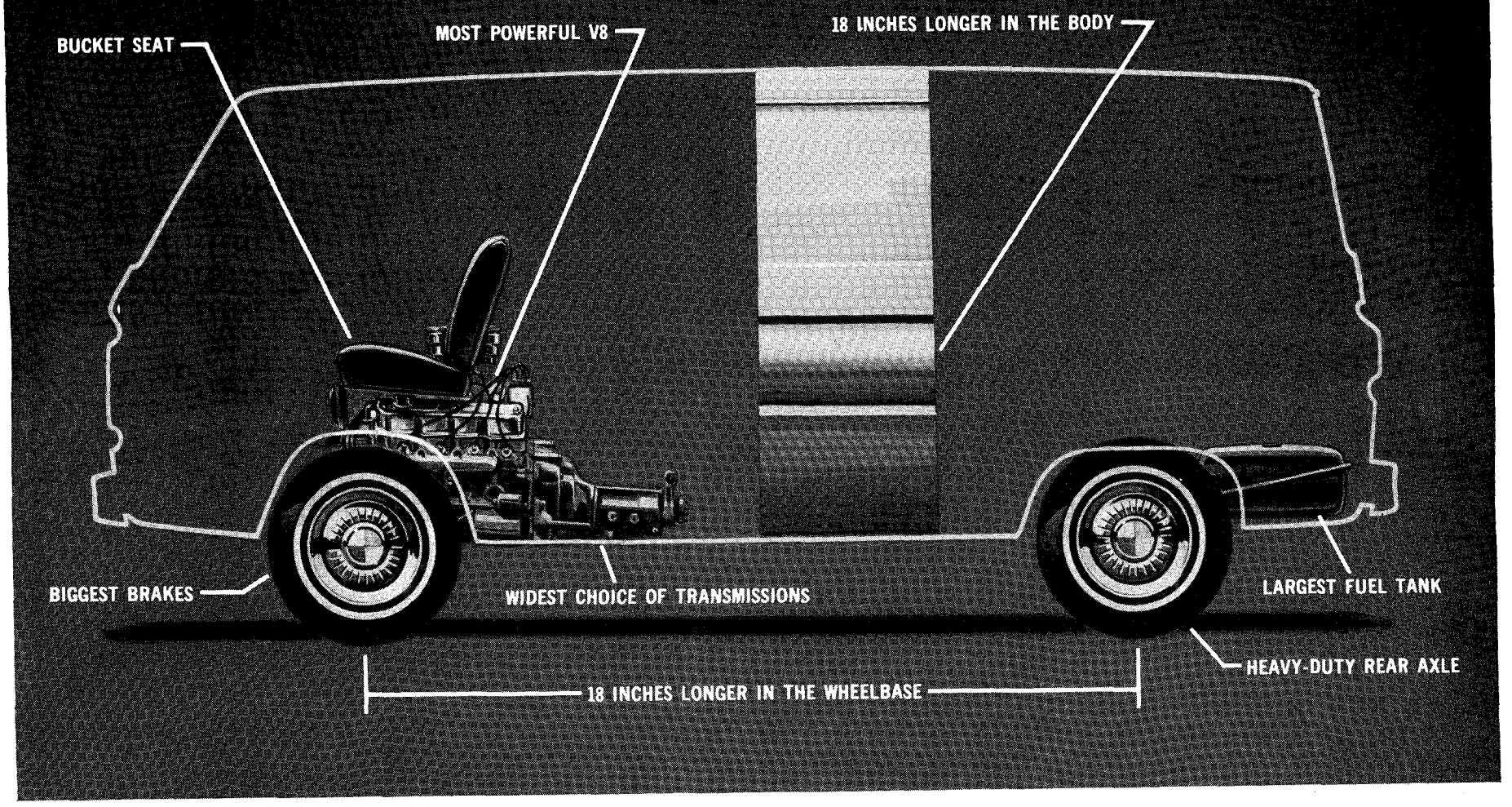
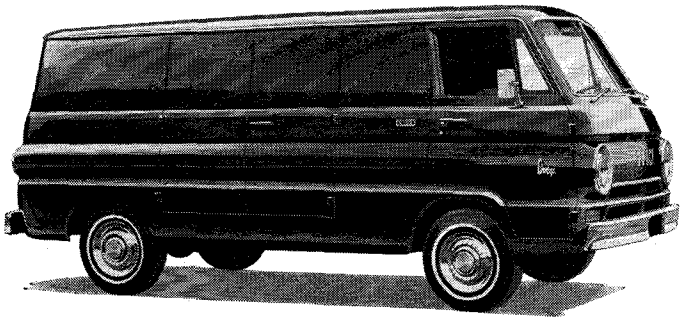
Introducing the new Dodge A108 king-size van



This cutaway view may seem an odd way to show a big compact. You'd expect us to talk about the space in the new Dodge A108—how it carries 10-foot-long items flat inside the van, or 256 cubic feet of things. The Dodge A108 clearly moves a lot of material. But the outstanding thing about this new Dodge king-size van is how easily it moves big cargoes, with such features as a heavy-duty rear axle, easy-breathing Slant Six power, big brakes, large 21-gallon fuel tank and a full-foam bucket seat. No other extended compact includes all these features as standard equipment. And no other compact truck offers such powerful options as a 210-hp V8, the biggest engine in its field, or a heavy-duty manual transmission as well as the LoadFlite 3-speed automatic. That's why the illustration above makes so much sense. The new Dodge A108 not only gives you a lot of space, it also gives you a lot of truck.

DODGE BUILDS TOUGH TRUCKS



Dodge Trucks

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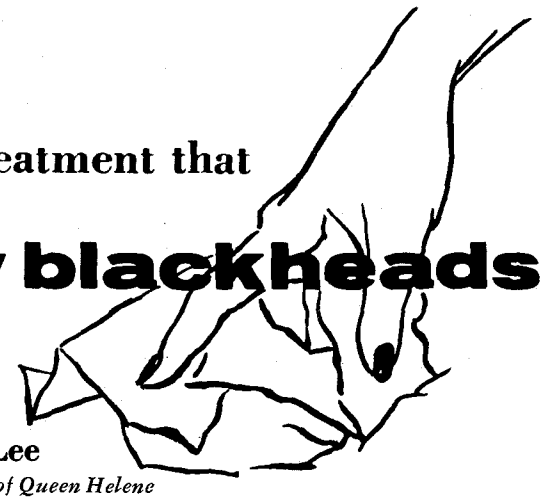
Doctor develops home treatment that

rinses away blackheads

in 15 minutes



By Ina Lee
Educational Director of Queen Helene

A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! In the case of two older women, I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother looking. In the case of teen-agers, I saw acne pimples improve after one application . . . After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment as one of the most important beauty discoveries.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed *whipped* cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissued off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean — really clean — and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent — a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores and leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer — feels fresher and more *alive!*

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week — will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream, Queen Helene Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent.* The three items are sold as complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks — and self-esteem!

See Blackheads "Wipe Off"

After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment

Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue — and without squeezing or digging!

1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream.* This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.

2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque.* As the absorbing agent, *Argilla,* in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.

3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent* —a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.

all these items 3.98
(Enough for 42 Treatments)

Economical size 5.95

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed *or your money will be refunded.*

Order by mail from
GENERAL NUTRITION CORPORATION
418 Wood St., Dept. 984, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222

MAIL TO GENERAL NUTRITION TODAY

General Nutrition Corp.
418 Wood St., Dept. 984, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222

Please send me my complete Queen Helene 3-Way Skin Treatment, including: 1. Laboratory Developed Cleansing Cream. 2. Medicated Masque Cream. 3. Astringent.

QUEEN HELENE PRICE LIST (check size desired)

☐ **3.98** size. Enough for 42 home treatments at less than 10¢ a treatment.

☐ **5.95** economical professional size. Enough for 86 home treatments for one person — enough for 43 home treatments for 2 persons at less than 7¢ a treatment. (You save $2.01).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

All orders sent postage paid. Pa. residents add 5% Sales Tax. Enclose a check or money order with your order.

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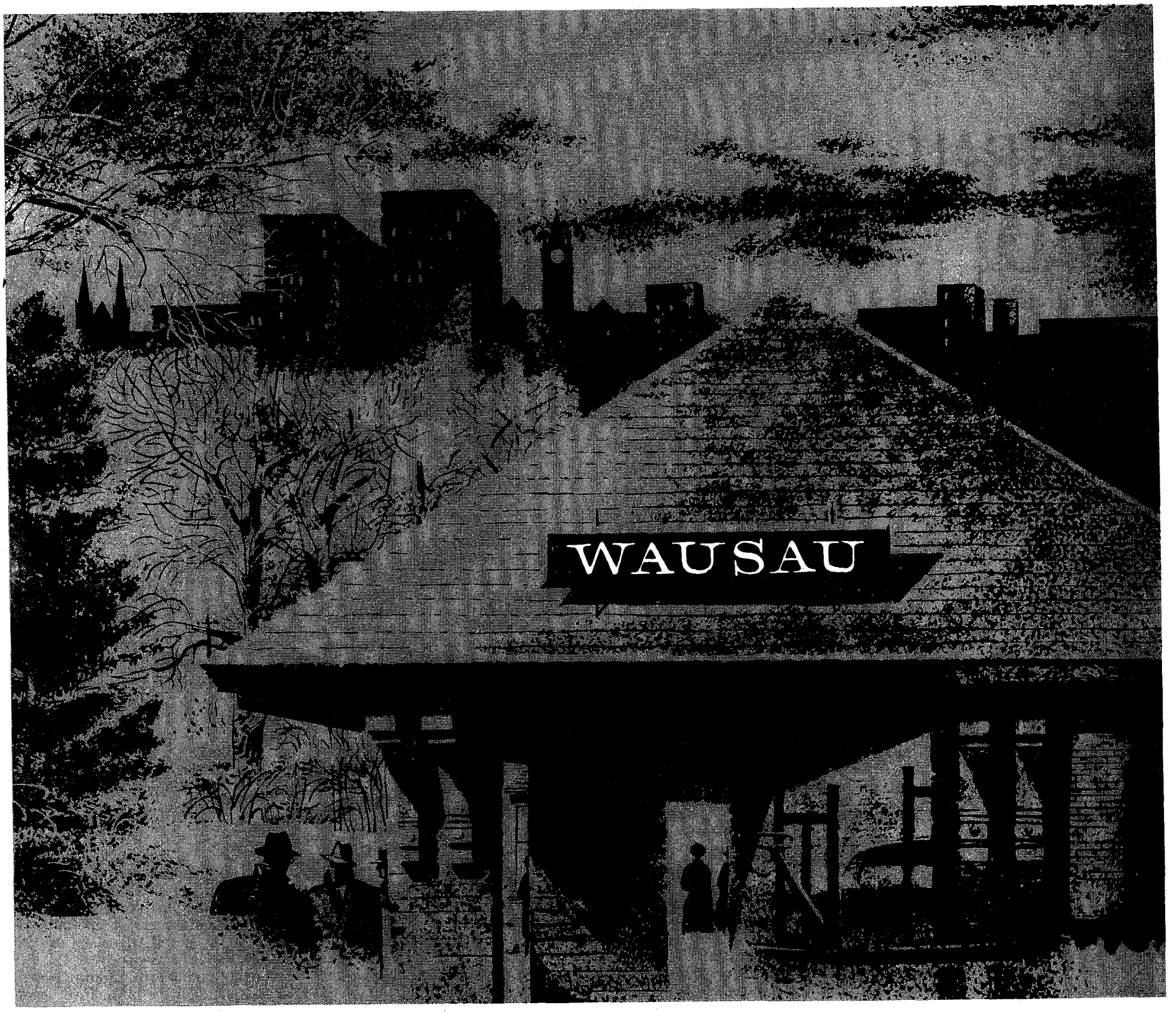

Is it really worth a thousand words?

Once a year we come out with this big picture of our railroad station symbol. We talk about our accomplishments. Facts and figures. Sort of an Instant Annual Report.

Lots of people notice our little railroad station. It gives them a feeling of warmth, nostalgia. It sums up a lot of good feelings for them.

To us, it sums up the Wausau Story. A big company that once was small. A company that remembers, even with thousands of customers, to serve them one at a time. Our railroad station picture reminds us that our purpose is not to be big, but to serve.

We'd welcome the chance to serve your business insurance needs. Ask your insurance man about Employers Insurance of Wausau. Call our office nearest you, or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin. We'd like to prove our picture means what it says. And it won't take a thousand words. (If you want facts and figures, we'll gladly send you our Financial Statement.)

Employers Insurance of WAUSAU

good people to do business with

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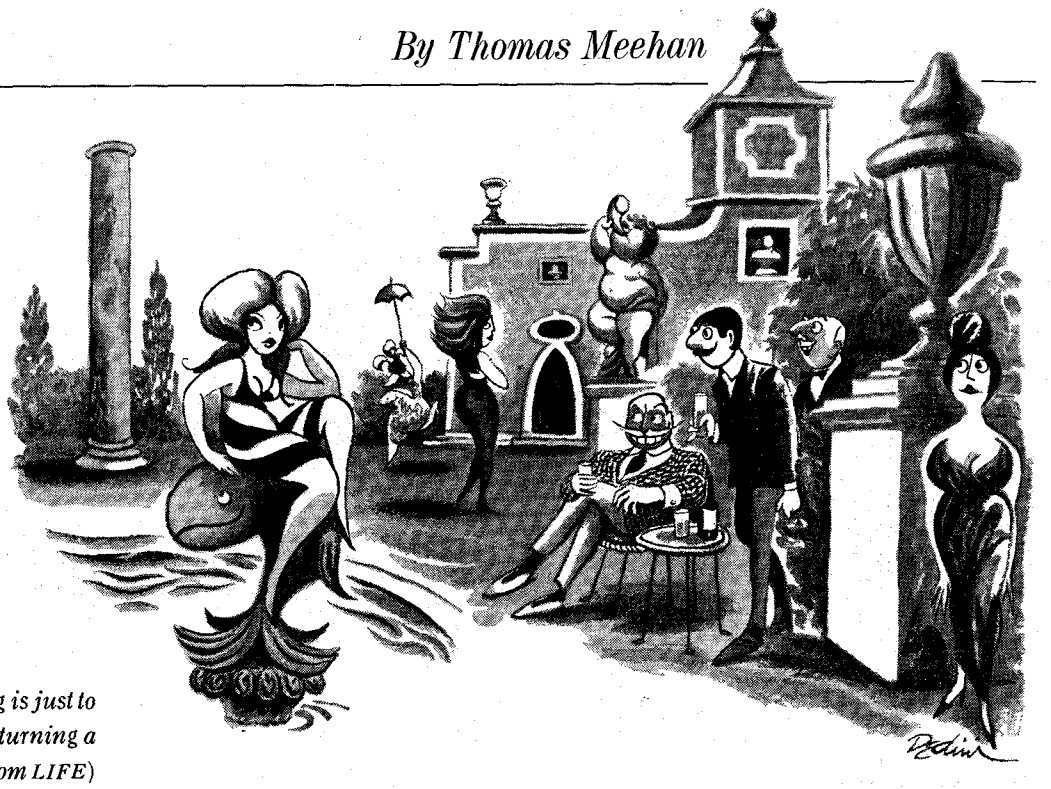
By Thomas Meehan

THE PORTRAIT OF A BABE

(In which one envisions Miss Jacqueline Susann, the authoress, tackling an updated version of an old Jamesian plot.)



"The day is over," she [Jacqueline Susann] says, "when the point of writing is just to turn a phrase that critics will quote, like Henry James. I'm *not interested in turning a phrase; what matters to* me *is telling a* story *that* involves *people . . . ."* (*from LIFE*)

MAY, 1961

The temperature hit 90 the day she arrived. The stately English country home, Gardencourt, was steaming—an angry Tudor animal caught unawares in an unseasonable hot spell. On the back lawn her millionaire uncle, Mr. Touchett; her cousin, Ralphie Touchett, and Lord Larry Warburton, one of England's top young bachelor landowners, were having an *al fresco* blast of Old Grand-Dad when Isabel Archer strolled down from the house to introduce herself. She was a tall, very stunning blonde with the kind of figure men go for. An audible gasp rolled across the lawn. "*Maron*," muttered Lord Warburton. "That's what I call a build."

Back in the States a couple of weeks earlier, Mrs. Touchett, her Aunt Lydia, had found Isabel, poor but proud, twiddling her thumbs in downtown Albany, and had taken a shine to her.

"Whaddaya wanna do with yourself?" Mrs. Touchett had asked her.

Isabel had flashed her terrific smile. "I don't know," she had answered. "Maybe travel?"

"OK," Mrs. Touchett had said. "You wanna travel, sweetie, you travel. I'll pay the freight."

As Isabel sat down in the lawn chair next to his, Ralphie Touchett couldn't believe his eyes. She couldn't be for real. And his own cousin, yet. "How about a snort, baby?" Ralphie asked.

Isabel's eyes widened. "I drink only orangeade, sir," she said humbly. Lord Warburton's cheekbones quivered.

JUNE, 1961

Isabel's penciled eyebrows shot into a higher arch. She'd been at Gardencourt only a month, but already Lord Warburton was proposing. "Gosh when I met you I wanted to send up rockets," he said eagerly. "You were too perfect to be true. You're real class."

Isabel felt color rise into her neck. "Yes," she said, "but that don't mean I'm going to marry you, sir."

Mrs. Touchett couldn't believe Isabel had turned down rich Lord Warburton. "If I don't dig a fella, I don't dig him," Isabel explained. "Anyhow, I want something more out of marriage than money. I want . . . stardust."

JULY, 1961

It had been a very exciting month for Isabel. First, she had turned down Caspar Goodwood, a top American millionaire who jetted over from the States to propose, then she made a wonderful new buddy, Madame Ginger Merle, a friend of Mrs. Touchett's from Florence. Now old Mr. Touchett had passed away and left her seven million dollars.

"You're looking for a live one, right, Issy-pie?" asked Madame Merle, 20 minutes after the reading of the will. "Well, I got just the guy for you. Gilbert Osmond. He's an American widower who lives in Florence. He's around forty, but, you know, terrifically well preserved. He's got a teen-age daughter. Pansy."

"What's he do?" asked Isabel.

"He don't do anything. He, like, paints watercolors. You both have the same quality—class. You'd dig him."

"He don't sound like my type."

Madame Merle smiled. "Listen, sweetie, lemme tell you something—Gil Osmond is everybody's type."

AUGUST, 1961

The sun was a blazing orange ball. Isabel colored visibly. Gil Osmond was the most attractive man she'd ever met—tall, with Indian black hair and a fabulous tan. They were sitting in Mrs. Touchett's garden in Florence.

Gil cupped her chin in his virile hand. "Isabel . . . fantastic Isabel," he said. "How did anyone as very stunning as you ever come into my life?"

A flush rose slowly on her neck. "Oh, Gil . . ."

His voice was hoarse—but gentle. "C'mere, you beautiful golden wench," he said. He pulled her into his manly arms and kissed her. Isabel felt her lips twitch. Fifty-three weeks later they were married.

AUGUST, 1966

Boy, when I make a mistake, thought Isabel, it's a beaut. After four years, the wonderful magic had gone out of her marriage. She was miserable, even though they were living in a scrumptious apartment in Rome, a pulsating fairyland, and there were many visitors to the Eternal City to keep her busy. Caspar Goodwood had read in the columns that she was unhappy and jetted to Rome to re-propose, but she again gave him his walking papers. Lord Larry Warburton, who was playing footsie with Gil Osmond's daughter, Pansy, was in Rome, and so was Henrietta Stackpole, one of Isabel's best pals from America. Henrietta was a tall, very stunning girl of 43.

"Here's a gas for you," Henrietta said one day. "I'm writing a novel."

"A novel?" Isabel asked. "But you don't know anything about writing a novel, do you?"

Henrietta grinned. "You don't have to anymore. You just write down a lotta chapters about some real showbiz types, change a few details to keep the libel lawyers off your back, put in a lotta sex, booze and drugs, topical-type stuff, and you got it."

Isabel broke into a little-girl smile. "And then what?" she asked.

Henrietta chuckled. "Then you ship it to Bernard Geis, the publisher, and his editors put in the commas and things. Anyhow, the important part isn't the writing, it's the jacket design—it's gotta have letters and coloring that jump out of the TV tube, for when you do promos on, like, the Carson show. And if you wanna be a best-selling novelist these days, it helps if you're a good-looking broad, like me."

Isabel laughed. "Geez," she said.

SEPTEMBER, 1966

Isabel blotted her running mascara. Lord Warburton had walked out on Pansy, and Gil was blaming Isabel. "You tramp!" he shouted. "If you hadn't made a play for him again, he woulda gone for Pansy—she coulda married a cockemamie millionaire."

Isabel's stomach lurched. "I didn't make no play for him," she sobbed.

Gil's voice was a harsh croak. "Ah, shut up," he said, slamming the door. Isabel was miserable. She threw on some slacks and ran out into the night.

OCTOBER, 1966

All day Madame Merle had been on her back about the Warburton-Pansy bit. "I don't see what business it is of Ginger's, anyway," said Isabel. She was alone in the drawing room with Gil's sister, the Countess Judy Gemini.

Judy grinned. "Boy, you're a real Alice in Wonderland. Don't you get it? Pansy is Ginger's daughter by Gil."

"*Wha?*"

"Everybody knows that. Gil and Ginger. For about five years they were the hottest item in central Tuscany."

"You mean," asked Isabel, "the whole thing was arranged between them—Gil married me for my money?"

Judy nodded, her eyes bright with amusement. Isabel's face took on the haggard look of quiet desperation.

NOVEMBER, 1966

"COME QUICKLY, RALPHIE PASSING AWAY FROM TB," the cable from England had said, and Isabel had gone at once to Gardencourt. Now, two days after she had arrived, Ralphie had passed on, and Isabel realized that he'd been the straightest fella she'd met in Europe—a lot of laughs.

A light rain was drifting down. Isabel moped alone on the lawn. Five years ago she'd started here with such high hopes, but everything had turned out A-Number-One rotten. Suddenly a man leaped from behind a tree and proposed to her. It was Caspar Goodwood again. "Oh, bug off, Caspar," Isabel sobbed. He was such a persistent creep. Seeing Caspar, though, she realized she had to go back to Rome and face the music with Gil. She'd married him, and so, like, she was stuck with him.

DECEMBER, 1966

Somewhere in Rome a steeple bell chimed. It was 3 A.M. and, as usual, Isabel couldn't sleep. Switching on the light, she decided to use one of her "dolls." Oh, God! How had she ever lived without her gorgeous dolls to put her to sleep? There they were on her night table—the red one, the green one, the blue one. Her beautiful Bernard Geis dolls. The one by Jacqueline Susann was the best. Golly, she thought, 442 pages and not a phrase turned. She opened the book to page one and began reading. Oh, God, it was glorious—immediately, her head became heavy, her eyelids felt like lead balls, and in 11 seconds Isabel was fast asleep. □

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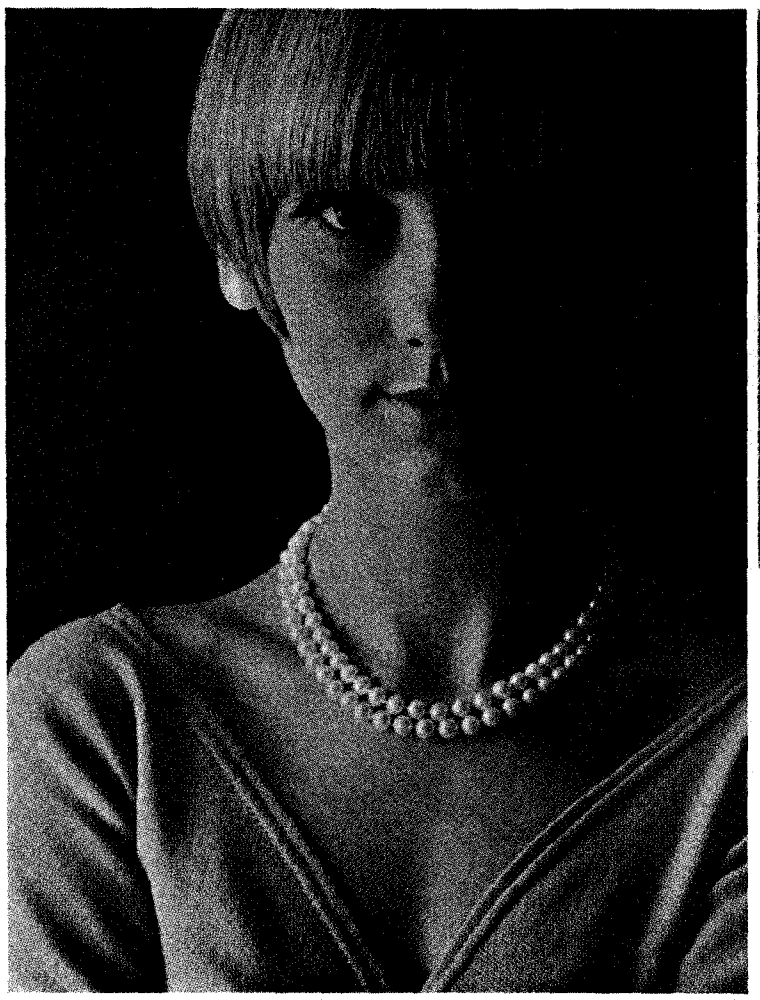
Don't let anyone mislead you, DuPont 501* is not the name of a fiber



It's Du Pont's Certification Mark used to identify carpets that meet Du Pont quality standards.

When you buy a carpet, confusion can cost you plenty.

Don't let it. Remember that "501" never means a fiber. "501" is a Du Pont Certification Mark, pure and simple—and hard to get. It stands for tested value.

Any carpet certified "501" has passed five tough tests by Du Pont—for pile of 100% Du Pont carpet nylon, pile weight, backing strength, sunlight fastness, and resistance to pilling.

We're not softies. We flunk one third of all carpets submitted to us.

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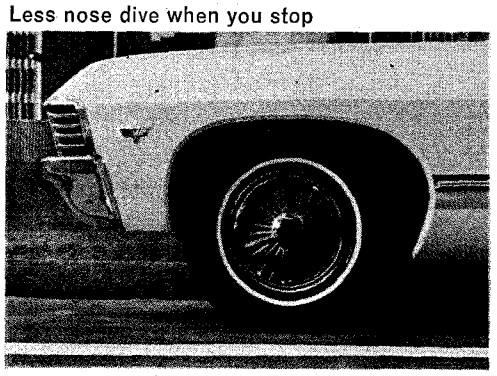
stops smoother, turns easier, rides steadier, and is it ever quiet

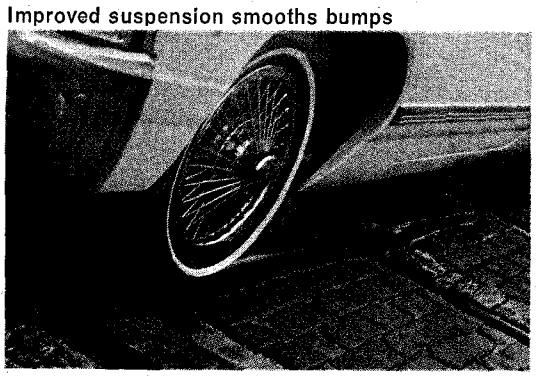
New requirements in design help make '67 Chevrolets stop smoother. That's because the front wheels are now less apt to "toe out" and make the tires scrub. Something else: the car is easier to turn, and easier to hold on curves. And for dessert: those annoying little road noises and jiggles are practically extinct in the new Chevrolet, due mainly to refinements in the rear suspension and a new way of cushioning the body. You'll feel the difference. For sure.

Impala Sport Coupe

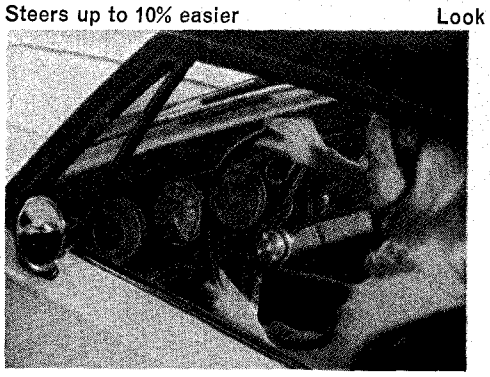
Less nose dive when you stop



Improved suspension smooths bumps



Steers up to 10% easier



Look for this Mark of Excellence

GM

'67 Chevrolet gives you that sure feeling

CHEVROLET

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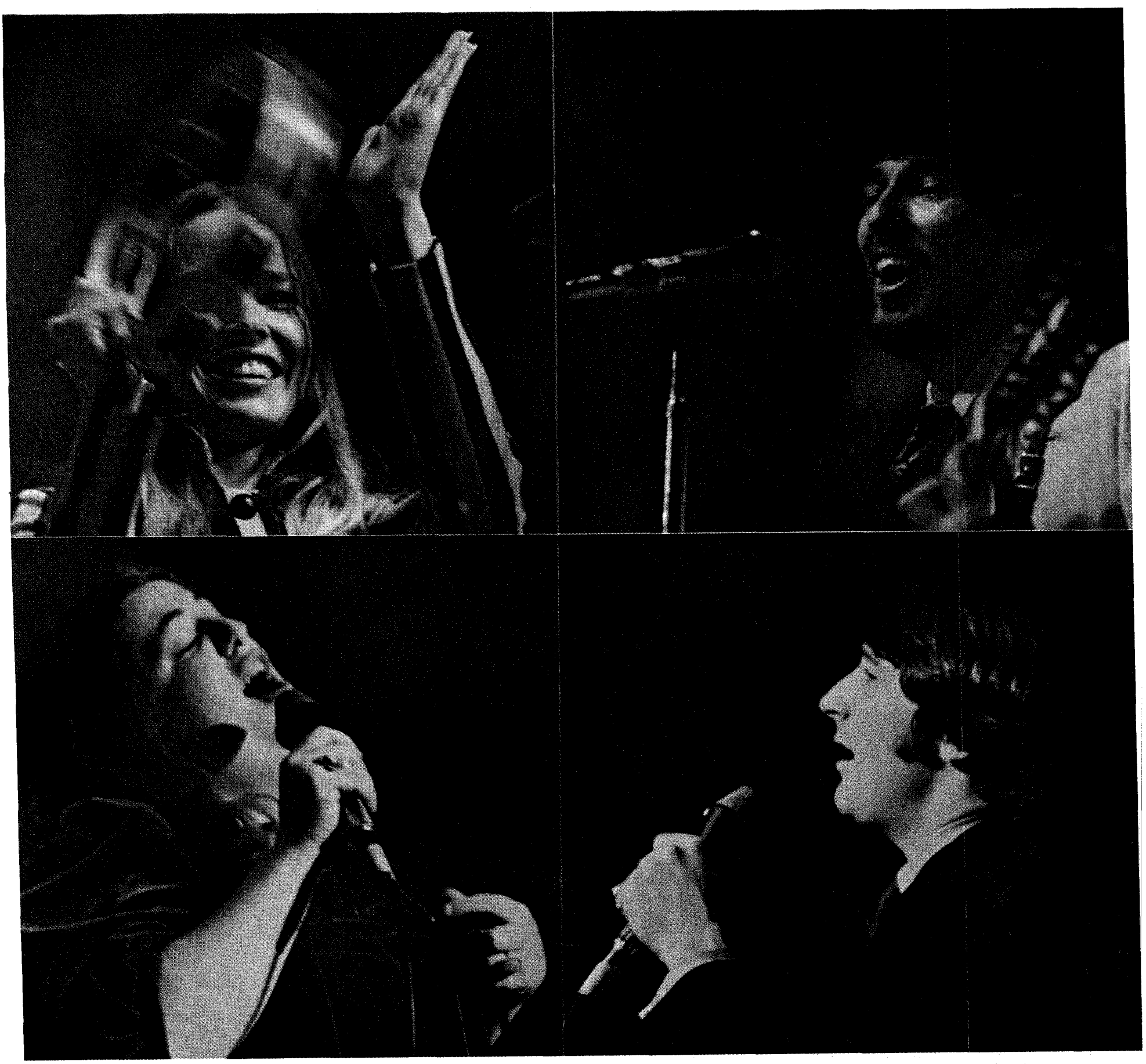

Mama Michelle (top, left) has been hailed as the "purest soprano in popdom." Papa John (top, right) composes and arranges the group's material. Big Mama Cass (bottom, left) has been called a "big beat Kate Smith" and Papa Denny (bottom, right) is lead tenor in most numbers.

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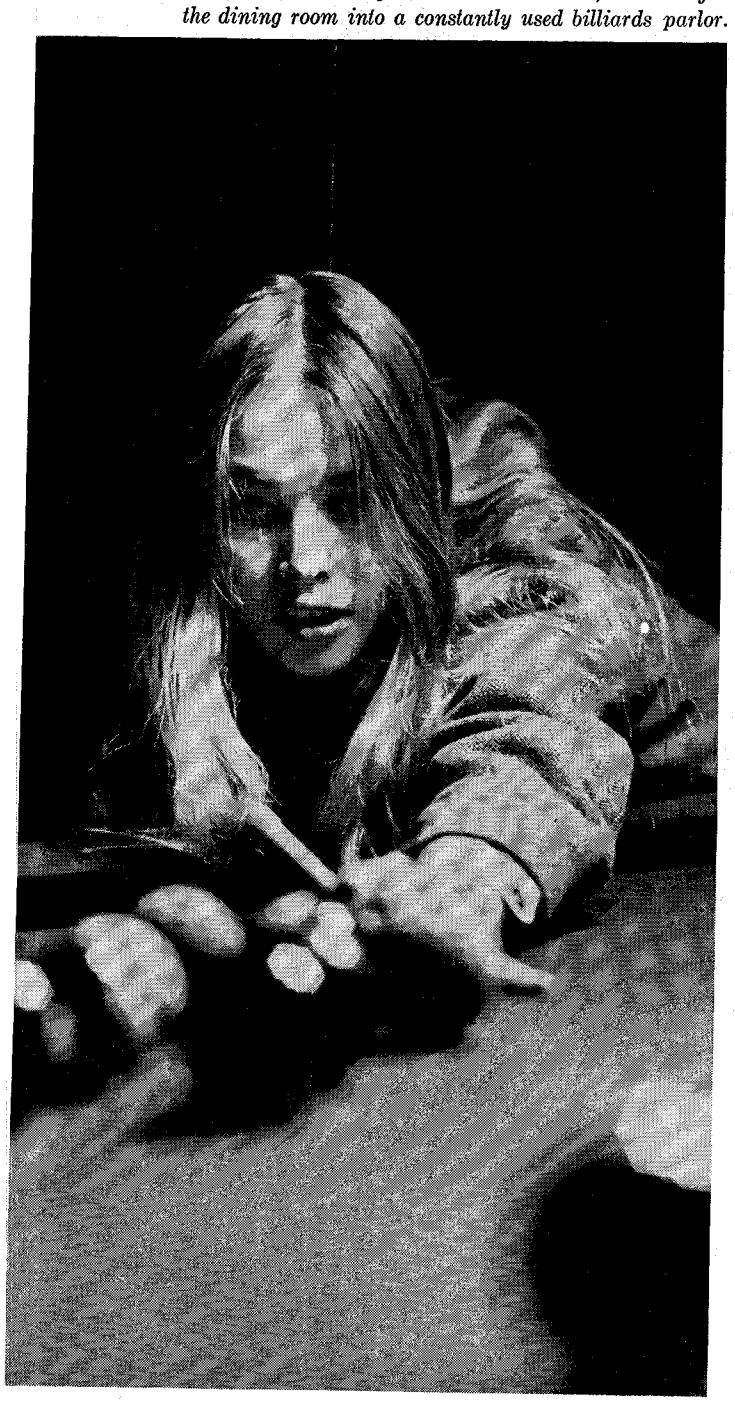
A boy in the balcony shouted, 'Cass, I love you!' Cass peered into the audience. 'Dynamite!' she said. 'Where are you staying?'

Michelle (below) and John Phillips moved into a Tudor home once owned by Jeanette MacDonald, and changed the dining room into a constantly used billiards parlor.



thing that impressed us was their appearance. They were so *odd*."

The group still lacked a name. "We'd been 'mama-ing' and 'papa-ing' back and forth for a long time in the islands," John Phillips says. "When we got to L.A. we were watching a television documentary on the Hell's Angels, and one of the members was being interviewed. He told the announcer, 'Some people call our women cheap. We call them mamas.' That settled it."

The rest, as they say, is history: Their song, *California Dreamin'*, caught on first in New England; became the biggest record in Boston since *White Christmas;* then made top of the charts in 1966 for both *Cash Box* and *Billboard*, the key trade papers of the record industry. By the end of the year they had sold out Carnegie Hall and caused a riot at Forest Hills.

The Fairmont Hotel, at the top of Nob Hill, has a lot of marble in its lobby. Like Rome, the Fairmont was built to last. To be admired through the ages. Guests walk softly through its halls because it is a sort of monument. Perhaps a monument to a vanished era's idea of class, but a monument nonetheless. Dowagers with honest-to-God lorgnettes can sometimes be seen sitting on red velvet settees in the Fairmont lobby, especially in the early afternoon, smiling among the potted palms.

At 2:14 on Friday afternoon the Mamas and the Papas, their musicians, managers and photographer trundled wearily through the Fairmont lobby toward the reservation desk.

"Harold," said a gray-haired businessman standing near a creamy marble column, "I don't want to believe my eyes, but there they are."

"That's right, George," said Harold, who had no hair at all. "And things are going to get a lot worse before they get better."

George turned to walk up a white marble staircase. "Well, I don't want to see it," he said.

The room clerk, impassive in double-breasted charcoal flannel, informed the company's road manager, in harlequin shirttails and striped green trousers, that no rooms would be available until four o'clock. Meanwhile, the group could wait in a vacant suite upstairs.

"We'll need four rooms and three suites when they're ready," the road manager said.

"I'm hip," replied the room clerk.

Upstairs, in Room 631, temporary headquarters for the company, Cass scanned a room-service menu. "Damn," she said. "No cherrystone clams." John and Michelle had gone out to explore San Francisco. Denny and the musicians halfheartedly watched a television program in which four babies, their parents cheering from the sidelines, raced against one another for automatic dishwashers and golf clubs.

Beer was brought up for the boys. A second bellman arrived pushing a tea cart, covered with pink linen, laden with jiggling goblets, silver compotes, steaming chafing dishes. A snack—for Cass—of fried scallops, creamed spinach, stewed tomatoes, chef's salad, French fries, iced tea.

"No matter what you order in this hotel, it looks like you're serving dinner for twelve," Cass said.

A visiting photographer began to draw a bead on Cass with his light meter. She scowled. "No pictures while I'm eating. It'll spoil the image."

More than the others, Cass relishes the role of celebrity. ("I'm a 'phenomenomenom,'" she says.) One is shy of calling a fat girl beautiful unless she is also rich. Cass is very rich. And admired. And loved. And funny. At one concert, between numbers, a boy in the audience stood up, shouted, "Cass, Cass. I love you."

Cass peered into the audience from the footlights. "Dynamite!" she shot back. "Where are you staying?"

A rehearsal was called for 5:30 in the Crystal Room, a medium-size banquet hall on the lobby floor. By 6:30 everyone had assembled. Cass, fresh from a nap, her hair in curlers, took a seat next to Michelle. John and Denny sat, half facing them, to the left. Photographers moved in on them.

"No pictures while my hair's up," Cass said.

The four settled easily and happily into the hard-rock beat of their opening number.

Don't get me mad.
Don't tell no lies.
Don't make me sad.
*Don't pass me by-y-y.**

The words were simple. Childish. But the blend of voices was subtle and complex. The Mamas and the Papas are part of the McLuhan Generation. The words aren't where it's at. The medium is the message.

The sounds came out effortlessly. Their concentration seemed focused on a faraway time, as if producing these harmonies were an act of memory rather than of creation. Mosquitoes, limousines and rioting teeny-boppers be damned. Making sounds together was what it was all about. If Cass became Girl of the Year, if it started raining Gucci luggage and Aston Martins, so much the better. But for the moment, a gilded banquet hall on Nob Hill, with no one to hear but fusty dowagers who disapproved anyhow, was where it was happening.

Baby, are you holdin',
Holdin' anything but me?
Cause I'm a real straight shooter,
*If you know what I mean.**

The two concerts on Friday were in the Berkeley Community Theater, which is near the university campus. Lou Robin, a Los Angeles concert promoter, had arranged the bookings after Berkeley students named the Mamas and the Papas their favorite singing group.

At 8:52 P.M., eight minutes before they were scheduled to perform, the company arrived at the auditorium's stage entrance. A shaggy local group, called The Grateful Dead, was on stage. In the wings, members of a second group—called in to replace the opening act of the second show, which was fogbound in Los Angeles—scurried around adjusting their red Mountie tunics and looking for misplaced amplifiers and guitar picks.

*By John Phillips. © 1966 by Trousdale Music Publishers, Inc.

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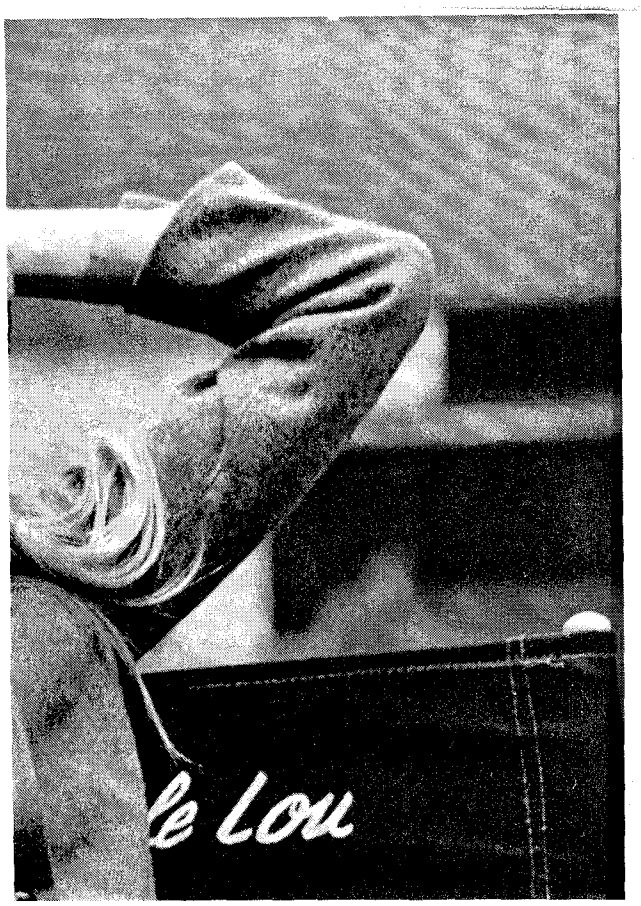


"We're the Canadian Fuzz," a member explained. "The union sent us. We only had twenty minutes' notice. One of our guys is still in the dressing room looking for his pants."

The Mamas and the Papas, inured to showtime chaos, took the scene in stride, performed satisfactorily, raced for the limousines when the curtain fell. Rather than make the 15-mile trip back to the Fairmont, they had booked rooms at a local motel for rest between shows.

Beer and sandwiches were ordered. Fans appeared, asking for autographs. San Francisco *Chronicle* jazz critic Ralph Gleason stopped by and presented John Phillips with a large, blue "Dizzy Gillespie for President" balloon.

The second show at Berkeley was loose and less satisfactory. Aside from the music, nothing in the Mamas and the Papas' show is rehearsed. Between-song patter depends upon the mood and inspiration of the moment. When the "vibrations" are good, communication between performers and audience is excellent. When the group is down, or the audience restless, the show may drag. Whatever happens onstage, Mamas and Papas don't criticize each other after the show.

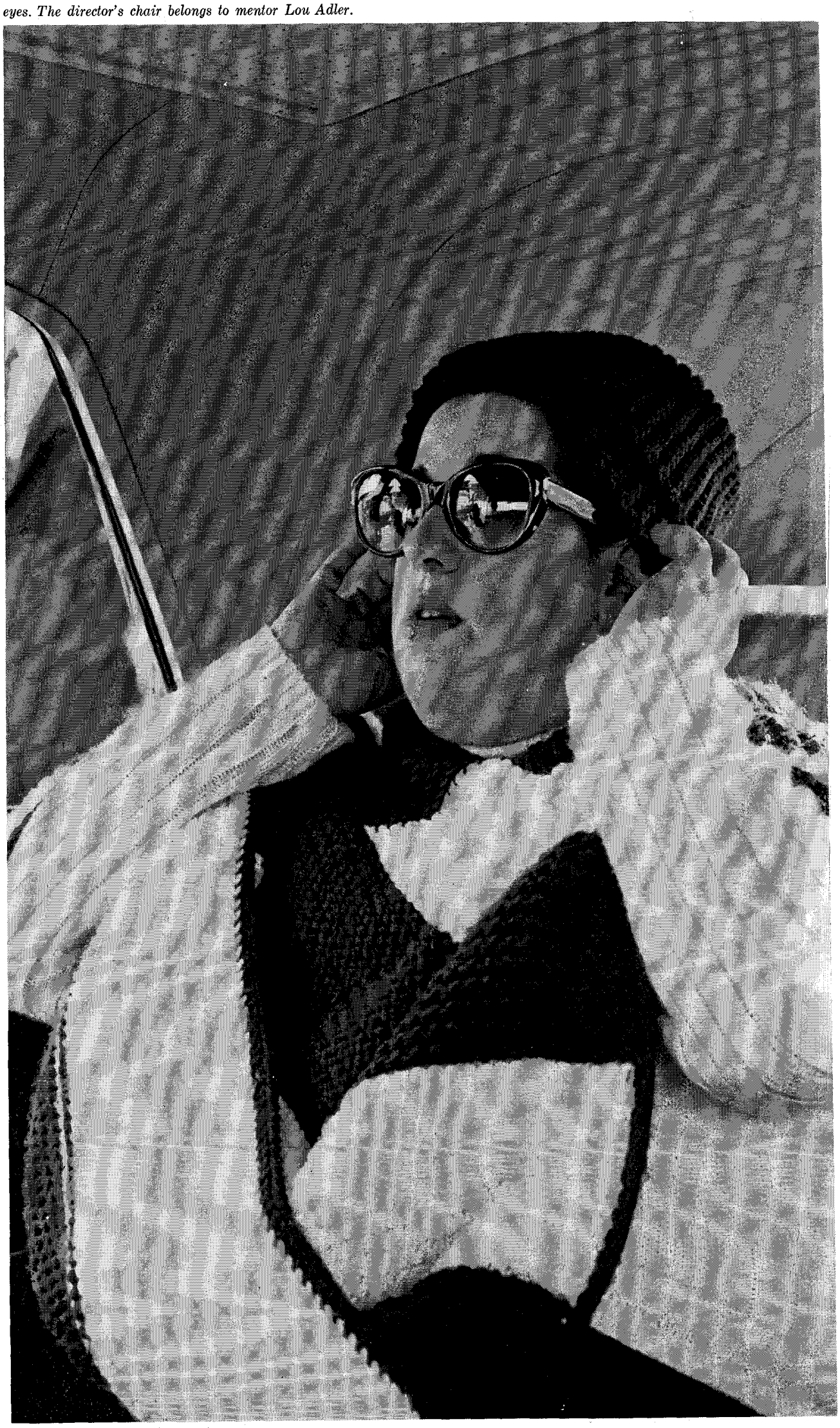
"It's the only way," says Papa John. "We're out there being who we are. When that's gone there's no point in being out there."

When the Mamas and the Papas were poor and obscure, remaining themselves was no challenge. Today it is. The pressures of fame and success nearly wrecked John and Michelle's marriage last summer. Michelle was ousted from the group, replaced by Jill Gibson, a singer who slightly resembles Michelle. Jill sang well, but with Michelle gone, the group seemed to lose its magic. After three months, Michelle and John decided to give marriage a second chance. Jill left. The unity the Mamas and the Papas had achieved on St. Thomas was restored, and friends claim that whatever problems John and Michelle had previously, they've now worked out successfully.

Today the Mamas and the Papas spend their money freely, seem disinclined to fret over the future. They have taken happily to the grand life of the rich and famous.

Cass lived for a while in a lavish Sunset Strip home previously occupied by Natalie Wood. Then a team of construction workers moved in on the neighborhood and began work on a middle-income

When powerful studio lights became too much for her, Michelle borrowed her husband's mink hat to shield her eyes. The director's chair belongs to mentor Lou Adler.



Mama Cass gets the most fan mail, is already the inspiration for one song (British popster Donovan's FAT ANGEL) and reputedly will be named in an upcoming Beatles tune.

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Papa John is addicted to show-biz trade papers. Even during the limousine ride from airport to hotel he read aloud from a local San Francisco music-news monthly.

housing development. Workmen peering through the windows and leaving their lunch-bags on the patio unsettled Cass. The final blow came when a bulldozer killed her dog. She moved out. Today she lives in the 1930-style opulence of the nearby Sunset Towers Hotel, awaiting clearance on the title to a new house.

Of the four, Denny seems most prudent in managing his new wealth. Six years ago he left Halifax, Nova Scotia, to seek his fortune. Having found it, he returned home last year carrying a cardboard box full of money to convince his skeptical parents that he had really hit the Big Time. Denny lives now in a Hollywood house once owned by Mary Astor, which he bought—furniture, knickknacks and all—with royalties from the group's records.

John and Michelle have become conscious of the need to shape their surroundings rather than be shaped by them. Their first major purchase—for $150,000—was the former mansion of the late Jeanette MacDonald. The house is on a hill which overlooks the homes of many celebrities. Kim Novak and Elvis Presley are neighbors.

"An old house like this can get to you," John says. "You have to make some changes so you don't forget who you are. What age you're living in." The first change was to sandblast the house's bright pink exterior, returning it to the natural color of fieldstone.

Although there are two Jaguar XKE's in the garage, a piece of ragged cardboard pasted to the front door marks the Phillipses' address. In the parlor where Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy rehearsed love duets, framed but unhung gold records sit propped against the furniture.

The library has been draped with silver cloth and is dominated by an ancient hookah, tall as a man and in need of repair. In the dining room John and Michelle have installed a pool table, which provides a form of recreation more natural to them than formal dinner parties. Meals, eaten hurriedly from trays, are prepared by their Mexican-American housekeeper, Esperanza.

There seems to have been no middle ground between vast obscurity and equally vast fame. Late on the night of the Berkeley concerts, Michelle looked out over the city of San Francisco from a window of her suite at the Fairmont. Foghorns could be heard from the bay.

"I always dreamed of playing the hungry i," she said. "But we went right past it."

On Saturday evening, three hours before the concert was scheduled to begin at the Sacramento Memorial Auditorium, small knots of young girls began to assemble, autograph books in hand, at the stage door. Harbingers. The advance guard of some 4,000 adolescents who were gathering to engulf the Mamas and the Papas in a flood of love and frenzy.

The Berkeley crowds had been mainly collegians: cool, receptive, appreciative. There to dig the sounds. Here, at Sacramento, were the True Believers, come, like certain aboriginal tribesmen, to devour their idols. Here was the real source of the Mamas and the Papas' prodigious fame, waiting, hoping to touch, to be electrically charged.

"Plee-eze," a child in pigtails pleaded with an unimpressed stage manager. "Can't you just tell us where they're staying?"

"I don't know papa from mama," he told them. "All rock-'n'-roll singers look alike to me."

By the time the entourage reached the auditorium, the crowd at the stage door had grown to about a hundred. Twenty Sacramento policemen had been dispatched to control the fans.

"Wow!" said Cass as the police cleared a lane for the limousines. "They've got Harley-Davidsons. They're *really powerful motorcycles!*"

Inside the auditorium five policemen squatting in front of the stage faced the audience. In the aisles, police matrons, armed with flashlights, kept what order they could. In the front row five young girls, followers of a local disk-jockey, chewed gum and held tightly to a banner which said, "The Tony King Fan Club" (in large letters) "welcomes the Mamas and the Papas" (in somewhat smaller script). The excited chirping of the crowd made the hall sound like a mammoth aviary.

'When it's all over, we're the ones that will have the legend. . .'

An announcer stepped in front of the curtain. "If you can believe your eyes and ears!" he shouted, "the Mamas and the Papas!"

As the curtain parted, the audience began to clap, but as the Mamas and the Papas bounded onto the stage the applause abruptly stopped, gave way to a sharp gasp which turned into a shriek.

"Oooeeeow!" 4,000 young voices screamed, as the group plunged into *Straight Shooter*.

Cass looked like a giant baby doll, in burgundy velvet and red boots. Michelle, sylphlike in a black and yellow pants suit, rocked with the beat of the music. Denny, also rocking, leaned into the audience, trying to overcome orchestra pit and police cordon to sell the song. He wore a double-breasted suit, looked like a well-turned-out mod executive.

Papa John, still in his mink hat, smiled broadly, communicating assent, joy, love for his little band of singers, for their big houseful of adoring fans. Here at Sacramento were the fans the Mamas and the Papas inherited from the Beatles—kids who weren't ready for the sudden transformation the Beatles made from the message of young love to songs of death, alienation and LSD.

Like the Beatles, each of the Mamas and Papas stands as a distinct personality. Each has his own following. From the little girls who have a crush on Denny all the way up through the aging hippies who dig Michelle and think Cass is a groove, there is something for everybody. Each of the Mamas and Papas has his own official fan club.

Onstage, Mama Cass, the Fat Angel, sang out. A burlesque-house drum roll was followed by the twang of electric guitars trying to approximate the rinky-tink sound of vaudeville piano.

Words of love, so soft and tender,
Won't win a girl's heart anymore.
If you love her then you must send her
Somewhere where she's never been before.

Flashbulbs lit up the auditorium, creating the effect of a gigantic indoor electrical storm, as Cass gave her solo everything she had to give it.

Worn-out phrases and longing gazes
Won't get you where you want to go.
Words of love, soft and tender,
Won't win her. . . .

In the wings, the Sacramento police were plotting an escape route for the singers. A limousine had been locked in an underground garage. The moment the show was over, the group would be herded down a backstage staircase to the garage and into their car. On a signal from the officer in charge, the garage doors would be raised and the party would race off into the night, escorted by the men on the big bikes. The Mamas and the Papas would vanish while the teeny boppers in the auditorium sat screaming for an encore.

The group moved into *California Dreamin'*, which was introduced as "a song which is singularly responsible for a sizable portion of our tremendous wealth."

"Oooeeeow!" went the audience again. The kids knew who had made the Mamas and the Papas rich, and they loved hearing about it.

After the applause had died down, squeals and bird-sounds continued. Shouts of "John! John!" and "Denny!" followed by shudders and swoons, came from various parts of the house.

"Now cut that out," John Phillips said. "Listen to the music."

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The audience seemed stunned, but Phillips is serious about getting his sound across, even to howling teen-aged fans. He claims that any pop performers, by carefully controlling the sequence of rhythms, can create audience hysteria.

"We know how to do it," he says. "Anybody knows how to do it. But that's not where it's at."

Once—in Phoenix—the Mamas and the Papas instigated a riot, mainly to test their theory that it could be done scientifically. John got a black eye for his efforts, and they have since tried to keep their audiences under control.

Teru Kawaoka, watching the concert from the rear of the hall, was caught offguard by the show's abrupt finale. Along with about a dozen teen-aged girls, he sprinted to the nearest door leading backstage. A large Sacramento cop blocked the door.

"I'm driver," he told the policeman.

"Nobody gets through," the policeman said.

"I'm driver for Papas and Mamas."

"Nobody," answered the policeman.

The Mamas and the Papas, following police instructions, ran directly to the underground garage, where they found their car securely locked and without a driver. A policeman at the garage door looked through a small window at a growing crowd of teen-agers outside and talked rapidly into a walkie-talkie. Motorcycle engines could be heard revving up beyond the garage door.

Outside, buffeted by swarming teen-agers, Teru circled the auditorium until he found an unguarded door. Inside, he found a stagehand who directed him to the garage where the getaway car waited.

Outside, faces pressed against windows. "Hi, Denny," "Hi, Cass," "Hi, Michelle," "Hi, John."

The Mamas and the Papas smiled nervously, waved back. "Hi, Cass," "Hi, John," "Hi, Michelle," "Hi, Denny," they said to one another.

A girl with freckles tried to break through the police line. She held a shirt-cardboard with "Denny" printed on it in lipstick.

"Denny, wave to that chick," said Cass.

Denny waved.

"Made her day," Cass said.

"What those kids really want," Michelle explained after Teru had navigated the car through the crowd, "is to go along. You're famous. You're riding in a limousine. You've *got* to be going someplace *fantastic*. Well, they want to go too."

The San Francisco airport was already in a state of chaos the following afternoon when the Mamas and the Papas arrived for their flight back to Los Angeles. A heavy fog had caused most of the morning's air traffic to be delayed, and long lines of restless travelers waited for their flights to appear on an electronic board.

"Is that flight board accurate?" Cass asked.

"Yes, usually," said the information clerk.

"Then how come it just showed three cherries?" said Cass.

Michelle carried a half-full bottle of champagne, which they had brought along to drink on the way to the airport. At the front of the entourage, John Phillips made a path through the crowd, the large blue "Dizzy Gillespie for President" balloon under his arm. Denny, in leather pants and sunglasses, stopped to sign a final autograph before the group vanished into a mob of southbound passengers.

Moments later three musicians, two managers and a photographer, loaded with instruments and baggage, made their way, Indian-file, in the same direction. All that remained to be seen of the super group were Papa John's mink hat bobbing above the heads of the crowd and an occasional splash of light from a flashbulb. □

Photograph by Dan Wynn

Since their first days together in St. Thomas, the Mamas and the Papas have been clothes-happy. They invested their first $5,000 royalty entirely in weird outfits.

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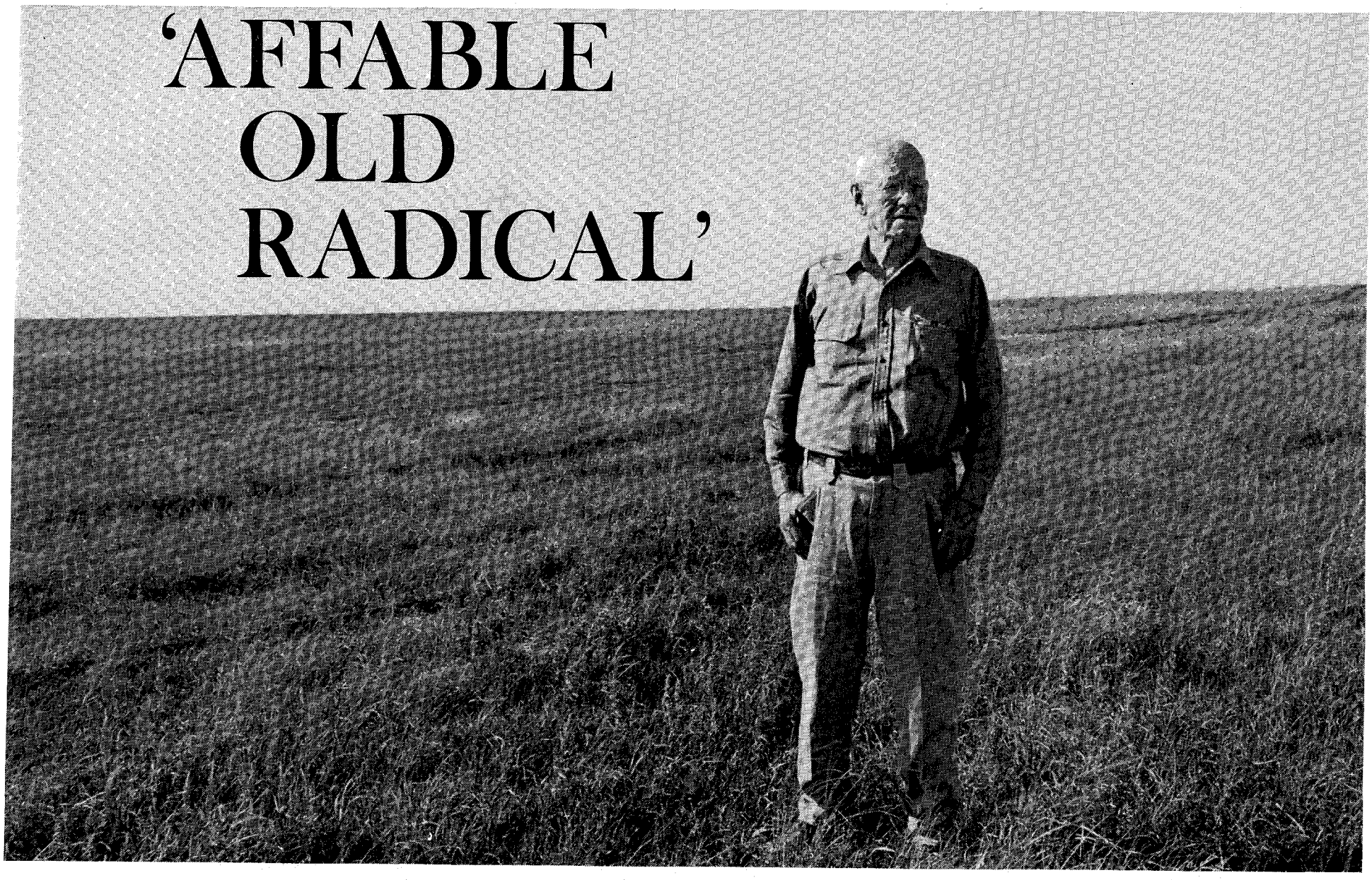
THE REPUBLICANS' 'AFFABLE OLD RADICAL'



For the first time since he suffered
the worst electoral defeat in American history,
Alfred M. Landon feels genuinely optimistic
about the future of the Grand Old Party.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Late one afternoon a spry old gentleman with thin white hair drove a visiting journalist up a winding, tree-lined driveway to a stately, white-columned mansion set among 30 acres of lawns and pastures on the outskirts of Topeka, Kans.

"I built this house the year after me and Maine and Vermont gave Mr. Roosevelt such a thrashing," said Alfred Mossman Landon. "Building a house like this was the signal that I was through with politics, except as an observer. Nobody with any ambition to run for political office ought to build themselves a house like this. They should keep the simple places they started off in, like Mr. Truman's place down in Missouri, or Mr. Johnson's ranch in Texas. That's one mistake Dick Nixon made; he went back to California and bought himself a two-hundred-thousand-dollar house. He should have known better."

Alf Landon is moving into his 80th year now, a solid, square-built man with a mind as quick as it ever was, and a body almost as sound, except for a little flutter around the heart sometimes when he walks up stairs too fast. He has not run for public office since that day in 1936 when Franklin D. Roosevelt piled up 523 electoral votes to his eight, but he still takes a keen interest in politics. Always something of a rogue elephant in the G.O.P. herd, the former governor spends much of his time these days counseling young, eager and progressive Republican candidates and criticizing aging, cynical and ultraconservative ones. A Kansas newspaper editor once called him an "affable old radical," and, Mr. Landon admits cheerfully "I guess that fits me about as well as anything else."

He led the way into a handsome foyer—from which a graceful stairway curved to the second floor—and then through a vast low-ceilinged drawing room full of fine old furniture. He was wearing a dark woolen shirt, a rumpled suit whose trousers wrinkled down over dusty orange-colored shoes, and a mashed-in black hat that looked as if it had been stepped on by a horse. Amid all thi

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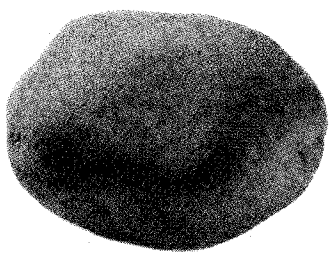
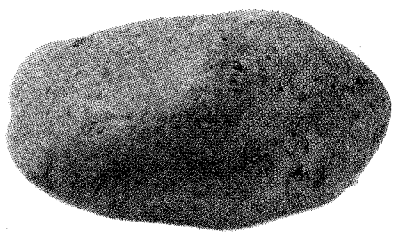
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

NORGOLD RUSSET



KATAHDIN



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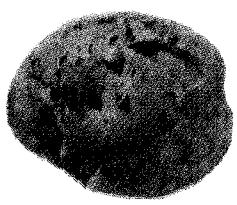

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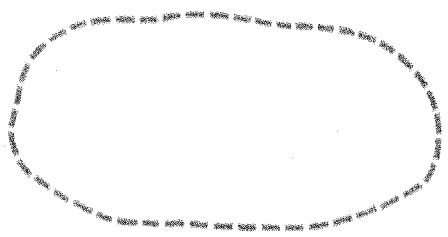
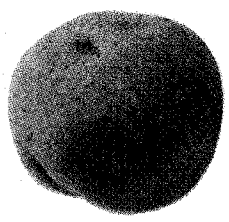
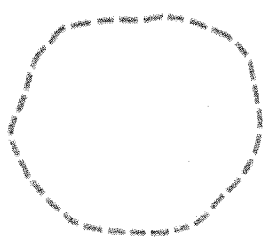




SUPERIOR

PUNGO



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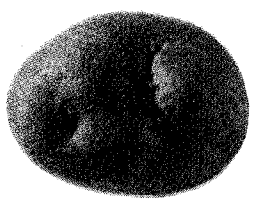
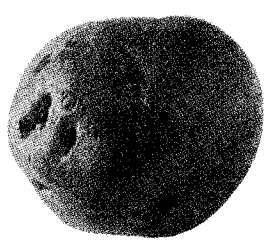
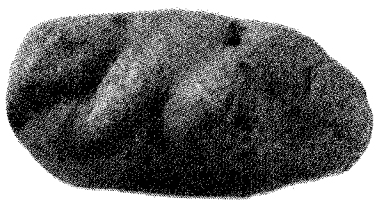


RED LA SODA

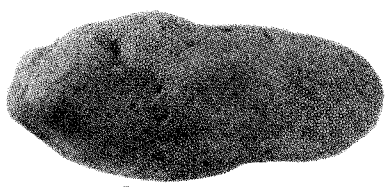
This space reserved for the Campbell Potatoes



RED PONTIAC



CALIFORNIA LONG WHITE



RUSSET BURBANK

"We may never find the ones we're looking for, but that never stopped us before."

Like all good cooks, Campbell likes to use the variety of vegetable that's best for the recipe. In several instances (the tomato, the carrot and the okra, to name just three), we've even *remodeled* vegetables to make them better suited.

And now, we're working on the potato.

To get the potatoes that are ideal for soups and stews—and for the fried, hashed brown, and whipped potatoes used in Swanson Frozen Dinners—we've had to use several different varieties and go to distant parts of the country to get them. We're glad to do it, since that's the only way at present to get potatoes that are "right for the recipe." But our scientists aren't sure it is necessary.

That's why we've been developing and testing new varieties for almost five years. We want to develop new strains that will grow closer to home *and* give better cooking qualities.

We may never find a single variety that is best for all areas and for all products. But that's not the point. The point is, Campbell scientists know that major improvements are usually the sum of many small improvements. Right now we are improving potato varieties for one product at a time.

That's what *Campbell Quality* is all about. And *Campbell Quality* is what helps you put better food on your table every year. And at a price considerate of your purse.

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The ex-governor keeps track of grass-roots sentiments by reading stacks of newspapers.

formal elegance he seemed curiously out of place. Then he passed through a double door into a spacious study paneled in dark wood. Here in this easy, firelit room, he was at home. Books and piles of articles torn—not clipped—from newspapers cluttered a handsome desk, which the students at the state School for the Deaf had made for him when he was elected governor.

"You'll notice I read a goodly number of national newspapers," he said. "But to keep up with what people are thinking down on the grass-roots level all across the country, I look to these little papers." He picked up a handful of editorials torn from the Somerset (Pa.) *American*, the Parsons (Kans.) *Sun* and the Sheridan (Wyo.) *Press*.

Near the untidy desk a seat-sprung easy chair stood beside a table bearing a lamp and a small black radio, on which Mr. Landon would presently be listening to the 1966 election returns. To the right of the door a huge walnut log steamed and simmered in a deep fireplace. A long sofa, covered with heavy cotton throws in bright Oriental patterns, stood on each side of the fireplace. Over the mantel hung a copper plate bearing the great seal of the state of Kansas—buffalo, covered wagons, a plowman, and the inscription in Latin, AD ASTRA PER ASPERA—roughly translated by Mr. Landon as meaning "through the mud to the stars."

He gestured across the room to where ice, two glasses, and a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of bourbon stood on a table beneath a portrait of Mr. Landon in his days as governor—a full-faced man who looked as if he would like to smile, but felt he shouldn't when posing for a formal portrait.

"Help yourself," he said, pouring an eyedropper full of Scotch into a glass. "I hardly ever touch it myself, but I like to keep a little on hand in case some thirsty city slicker drops by." He went over to the fireplace, put his glass down on the floor, got down on his hands and knees and crawled halfway into the fireplace to blow on the little flame that flickered under the big back log. He poked at it with a small piece of wood. "Burns like it's wet," he said. He got up, rising easily, and went out. Shortly afterward a door beside the fireplace opened, letting in a blast of freezing air. Mr. Landon entered, wearing an old corduroy cap with earflaps and a corduroy coat that looked as if it might have been inherited from some sod-busting ancestor. His arms were loaded with firewood.

"Radio says there's a freezing rain headed this way," he said. "What we need is a good snow. It helps pack the dirt down around the roots of the winter wheat." He went down on his knees to poke at the fire again, his rimless spectacles gleaming in the firelight. Old men generally hate to go to their knees, but Mr. Landon bounced up and down with ease.

"The riding keeps me supple," he said. Every morning for more than 20 years Mr. Landon rode a tall blaze-faced horse named Dandy Jack along a bridle path beside the Kaw River—until the big bay recently began stumbling to his knees occasionally, tossing Mr. Landon over his head. Mr. Landon realized something was amiss with his old friend, and he finally called a veterinarian.

"Alf," the vet said, "I hate to tell you this, but Jack has turned out to be a wobbler in his old age. He can't make his hind feet track with his front feet. You better get rid of him. for he is liable to fall with you and break your neck."

Mr. Landon heard this verdict with dismay. "No," he said. "I couldn't get rid of old Jack. I raised him from a colt. To tell you the truth, we had a sort of understanding between us. When he first started stumbling with me, I told him, 'Jack, you hold out another couple of years; then we'll both go out to pasture together.'"

Now that the fire was blazing to his satisfaction, Mr. Landon lay down on one of the long sofas, closed his eyes, and started talking about his favorite subject. Except for perhaps half an hour a day spent on the phone advising his "farm boss," Dale Gates, on how to coax a few more barrels of oil out of the 44 slow-producing stripper wells he has under lease in southern Kansas, and a couple of hours devoted to looking after the affairs of his local radio station, WREN, and of two smaller stations he owns in western Kansas, Mr. Landon's days are fully occupied with the fascination of politics. Local, state, national or global—the level does not matter. He is as well prepared to discuss the admission of Red China to the U.N. (which he favors) as he is to forecast the probable outcome of a sheriff's race in western Kansas.

"Pol-i-tics," he said slowly, savoring the word. "This may sound strange coming from a man who was elected governor twice, and once ran for President, but I never did consider politics a vocation. With me it was always an avocation, a hobby. In fact, I got into politics more or less as a by-product of my main business, which was oil.

"I was educated to be a lawyer, and then I tried banking for a while, but neither one of these professions seemed to fit my pistol, as the saying goes. So, I started drilling a few wildcat oil wells, and bringing back some old wells that had been pretty well pumped dry. That appealed more to my sense of adventure. About the time I started making pretty good progress, the big oil companies started pushing the little independent producers around. So I started fighting them. I'd go around over the state setting up boycotts against them. We little fellows fought rough. We had to. 'Pull their hair, gouge 'em in the eyes. Kick 'em in the belly.' That was my motto."

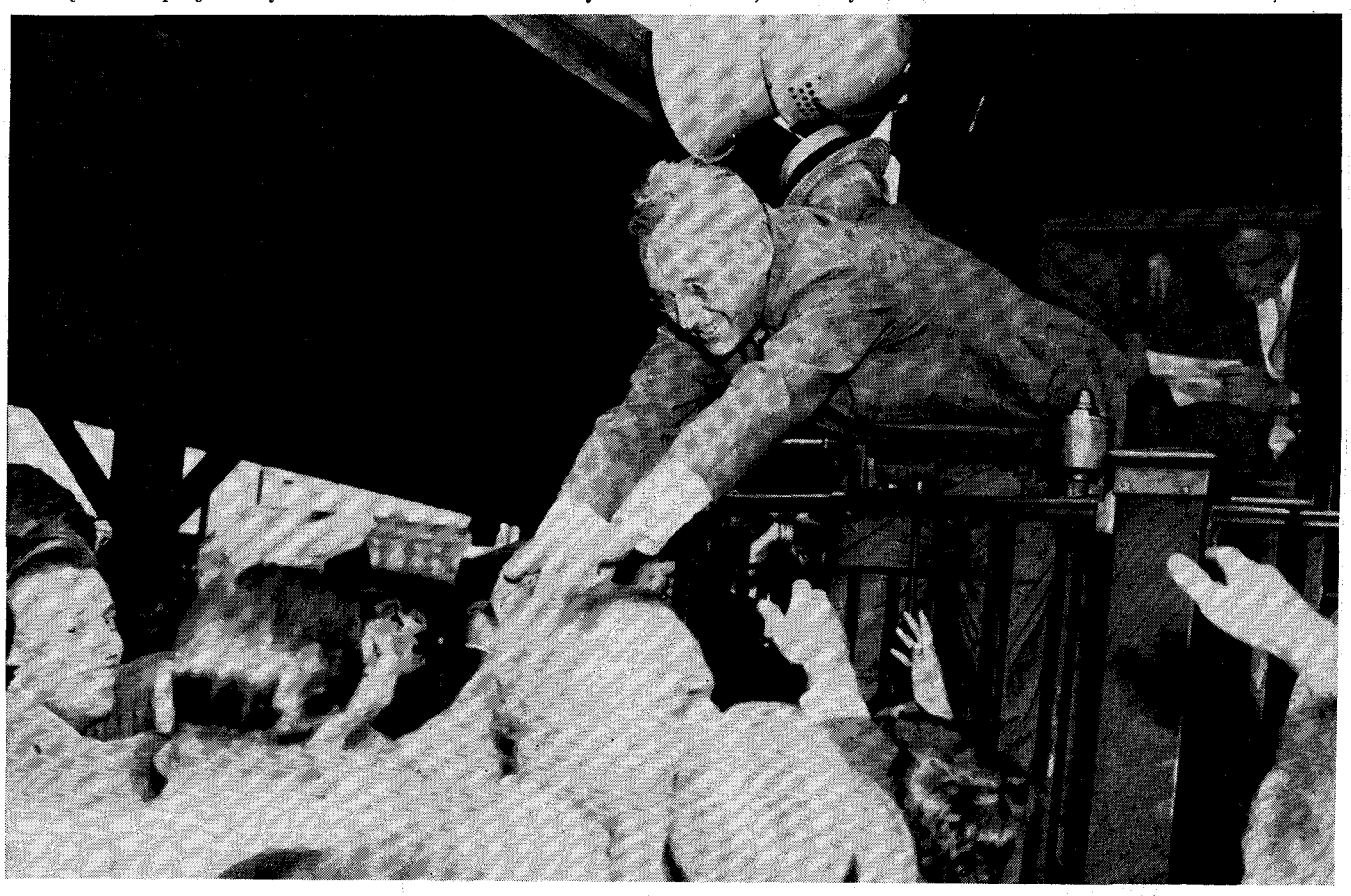
In his battle against the oil companies, Mr. Landon became a familiar figure in every county in Kansas, bouncing over the dusty roads in an old coupé, dressed in his oil-field outfit of boots, breeches and sloppy hat. He became so well known that he was urged to run for governor. This was 1932, when Democrats all over the country rode into office on the coattails of Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Landon was one of only two Republicans west of the Mississippi to win a statehouse race.

Running for a second term in 1934, he was the only Republican governor reelected anywhere. Thus, when the Republicans convened in 1936 to choose a challenger to throw in the ring against Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Landon was the best vote-getter they had.

"I was honored, of course, to be picked to represent my party," Mr. Landon said, "and, though I never did have any great burning ambition to be President, I did want this nomination, because there were things I wanted to say. I thought that Mr. Roosevelt was trying to do a lot of right things in the wrong way. I figured it wasn't the goals he was after that were wrong, but the wild way his programs were being administered. If I could get the country to understand that, it would be worth making the race whether I won or not."

Recently, President James McCain of Kansas State University arranged for a series of lectures on public affairs called the Alfred M. Landon Lectures, to be delivered by men such as Robert Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger, George Romney, Ronald Reagan and Ralph McGill. Mr. Landon, who gave the first lecture on December 13, recalls that the people who were organizing the lecture series asked him what he remembered as the high point of his life. "I guess they expected me to say it was the night the Republican Party named me its candidate for President," he said. "And

During his campaign to defeat Franklin D. Roosevelt's bid for a second term, Landon found an enthusiastic crowd in New Haven, Conn.



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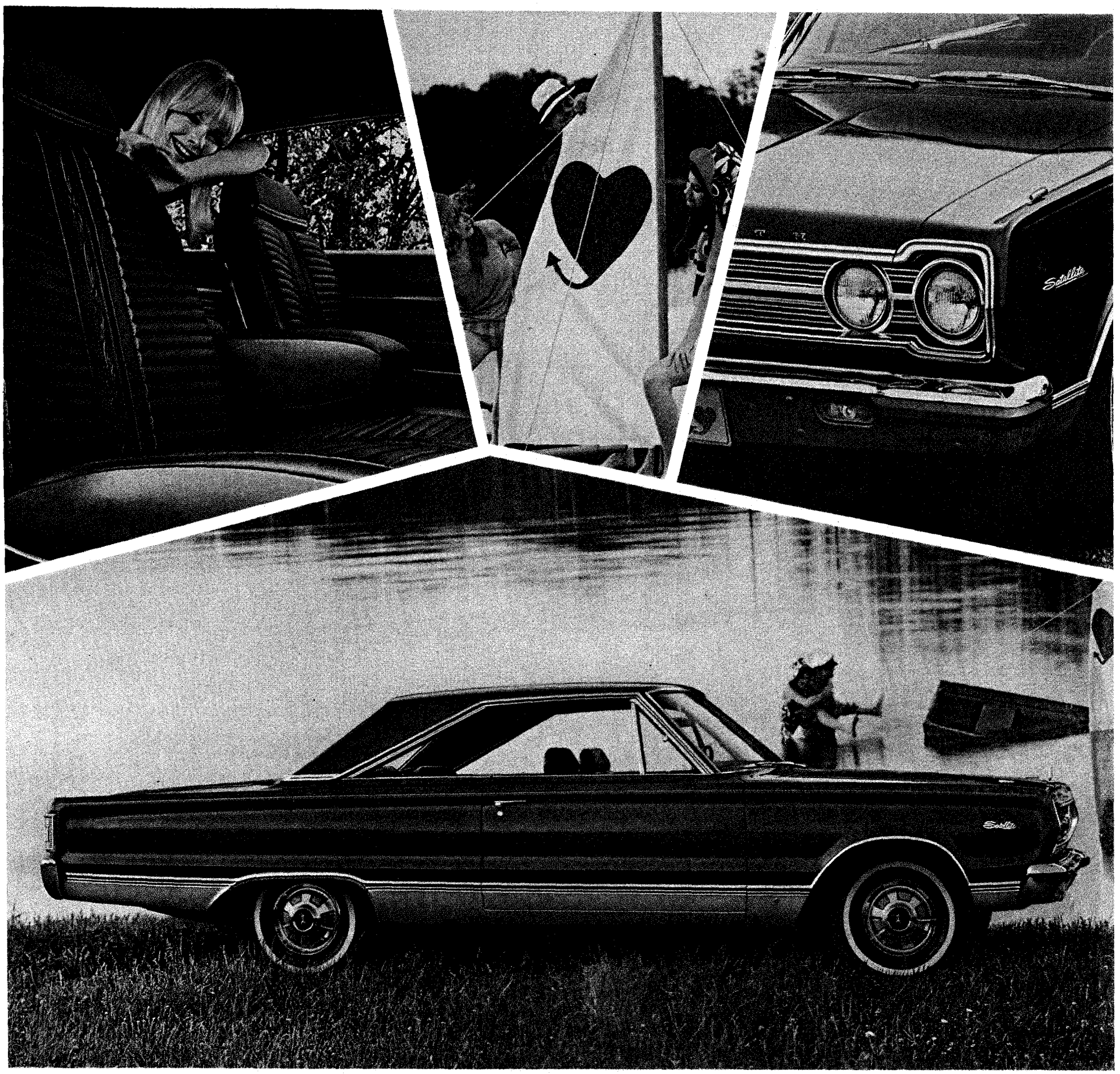

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that *was* a big moment. But just a few months ago the Young Republicans in Kansas held a big state convocation, and when I was introduced they gave me a standing ovation that went on for most of five minutes. These kids weren't even born when I was active in politics. So, I guess that was one of the high points. For I knew then the Republican Party had changed. It's now moving back into the mainstream of American life again. And nobody can be happier about that than I am."

He paused in his reminiscence, took a sip of Scotch and lay back, chuckling.

"As for my chances of winning in 1936—I never did have any illusions about that. There were just about two hours during that whole campaign that I let myself be deluded into thinking I had a chance. That was when a newspaperman came to me and said the *Literary Digest* had a poll showing that I was going to win because my farm vote was going to overcome the Democrat majority in the big cities. For a little while I let myself believe it. I lay in bed and thought about who I'd name to my Cabinet, but I didn't get any farther than Secretary of State before I dropped off to sleep. Next morning when I woke up, I was rational again.

"I remember going into Newark just a few days before my last big speech at Madison Square Garden. I'd been whistle-stopping from one end of the country to the other, and I was pretty well worn out. Governor Edge and Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey came down to the train, and we went to a hotel to talk. As soon as I sat down, I asked the question a politician always asks. 'Well, gentlemen,' I asked, 'how does it look in New Jersey?' Nobody said anything for a moment.

" 'Alf,' said Governor Edge, 'you haven't got a chance. How does it look around the country?'

" 'I'll be as honest with you as you have been with me,' I told him. 'Not a chance.'

"Soon as I said that a little feller sitting over in a corner got up and headed for the door. I thought he was one of Edge's people, and they thought he'd come in with me. It turned out he was a reporter. I called up his city editor. I told him that one of his boys, without using any trickery or subterfuge, had gotten himself quite a story. If he printed it, I wouldn't deny a word of it, but there wouldn't be much use of holding the election the following Tuesday.

"They didn't print it, and I've often wondered what would have happened if the story had gotten out that the Republican candidate had conceded he was beaten five days before the election.

"How could I be so sure I was beaten? Common sense, and knowing a little something about human nature. Business was getting better, little by little, every month. The American voter goes by a rough rule of thumb. If times are good, or getting better, he stays with the party in power. If times are bad, or getting worse, he'll vote for a change.

"That doesn't always hold true. There are some emotional issues that can overshadow pocketbook issues. This election today, for instance. The country is prosperous. But the war in Vietnam and riots in the streets—these are emotional issues that trouble the people. We are going to see how troubled they are when the returns start coming in tonight. We are going to see Republicans winning all over the country—senators, congressmen, governors.

"The personality of the President has something to do with the way his party fares in an off year, too, and Mr. Johnson has lost a lot of rapport with the people. They used to say—'He's a real wheeler-dealer,' and there was an admiring note in the way they said it. Now you hear—'He's *just* a wheeler-dealer.' That's something different. You are going to see some of that changed feeling reflected in what the voters did at the polls today."

He looked at his watch and got up. "Let's see what they *did* do."

Ignoring the television set which stood, dark and mute, across the room, he rose, moved over to his easy chair and snapped on the little radio, already tuned to his own station. The voice of WREN's newscaster came on, reporting that in New York Governor Rockefeller had won handily; in Michigan Governor Romney was a shoo-in, carrying a Republican senator on his coattails; in Illinois, Charles Percy had beaten Paul Douglas for the Senate; in Ohio, Rhodes had won. And in Kansas incumbent Republican Gov. William Avery had lost heavily to Democrat Robert Docking.

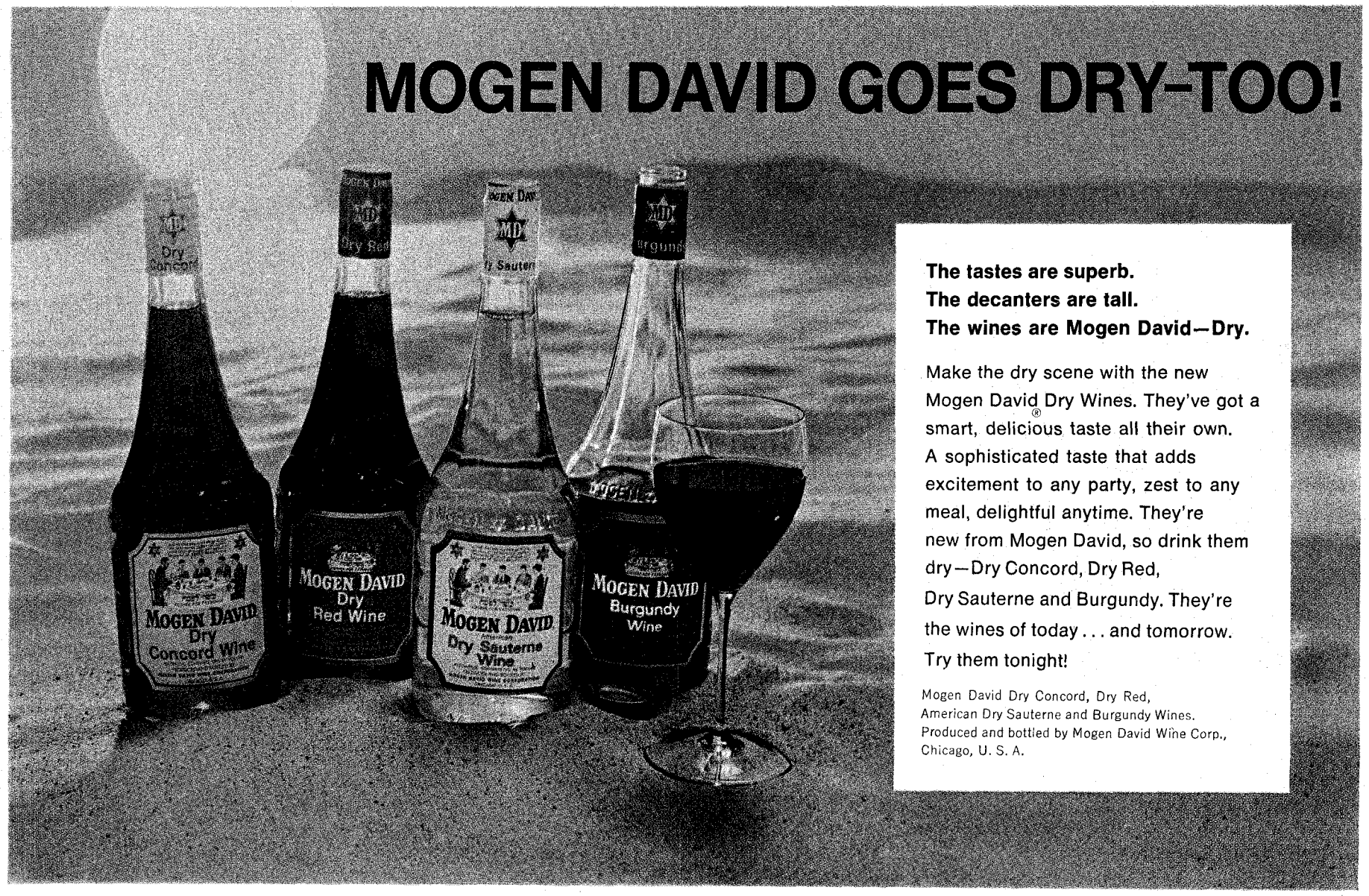
Mr. Landon stared incredulously at the little black box from which these confident assertions were pouring. He looked at his watch.

"How the hell can they say this early who's beat who and by how much?" he said. "The polls just closed in the East forty minutes ago. There can't be but a handful of Kansas precincts reporting in as yet. But they are already saying point-blank who won."

As if in answer, the radio newscaster pointed out that these reports were projections, made by network computers, on the basis of early returns from specially selected precincts.

Mr. Landon snapped off the radio and slumped, brooding, in his chair. "Well," he said, "it looks like the play ended just about the time the curtain rose. This is like reading the last chapter of a whodunit before you read the rest of the book. It used to be, my phone would start ringing off the wall about this time on Election Night, people calling from all over everywhere to ask me what I thought the early returns meant in this race or that. Now everybody already knows who won. Or think they do. And if the people who picked out the key precincts knew what they were doing, it's pretty likely the forecasts will stand." He leaned back, and as always when deep in thought, he closed his eyes.

"I remember when I could do just about what those projecting machines have done. I'd pick out two or three precincts in eight or ten key counties, and I'd call up a precinct chairman or a poll watcher or a newspaper reporter friend of mine and ask him to find out how the early voting went. Many a time, by two o'clock on Election Day, I'd be pretty sure how the state was going. But you have to know your people pretty well.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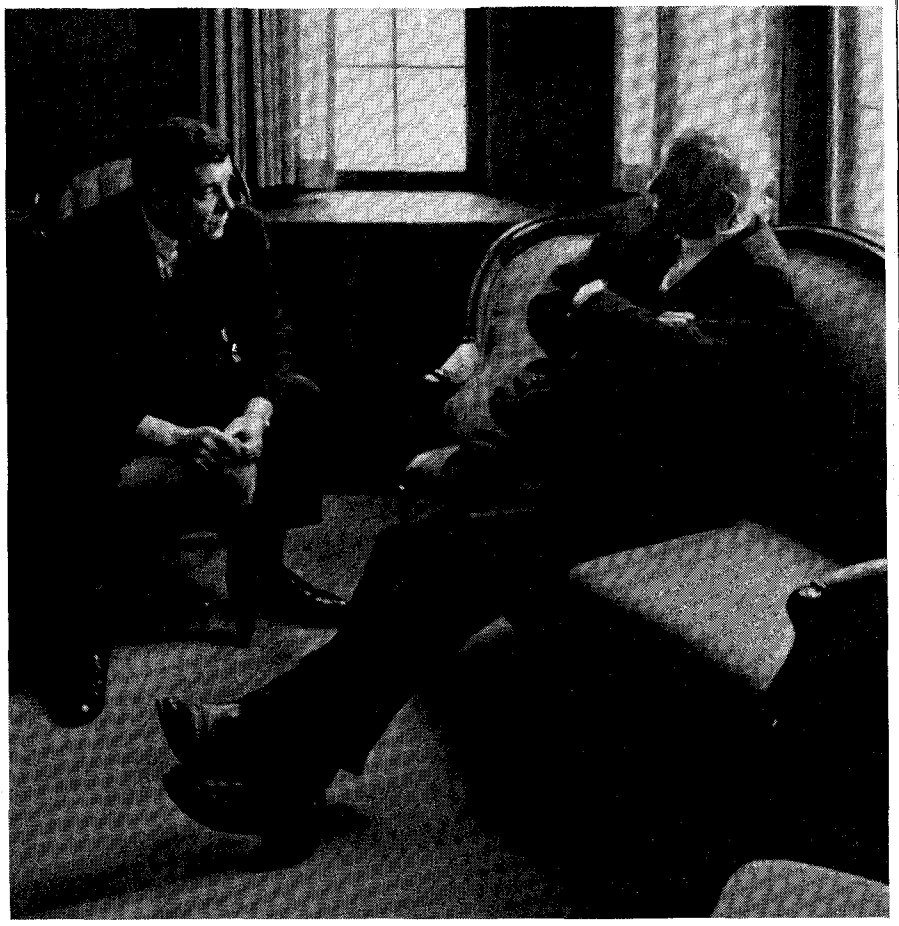


Elected governor of Kansas last November, Robert Docking—a Democrat—invited Landon to visit him in the executive mansion. He told Mr. Landon he wanted "the benefit of his wisdom."

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "who picked out those key precincts in Kansas. I wonder who they talked to about that."

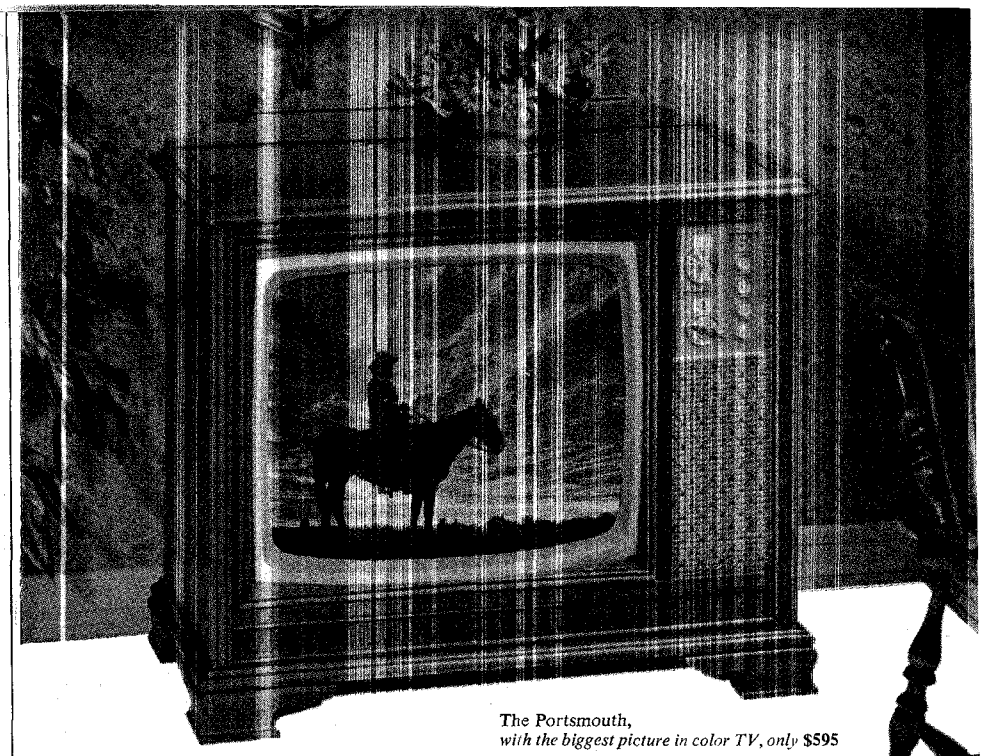
The phone rang. He rose quickly from the deep chair and crossed the room to where the telephone sat on a table beneath a lighted portrait of Abraham Lincoln. His voice was strong and eager as he answered.

"Hello! Who? Oh, hiya Billy. The lieutenant-governor's race? I don't want to make any comment on that one yet, not to put on the air. Too early to tell. Looks like a cliff-hanger. We might not know till in the morning. The rest of the races? Well . . . I think the forecasters may be right on those. Looks like we have lost the governor. I figured we would, but I didn't have any idea we'd get beat so badly. Yeah, taxes was the issue. That and a little overconfidence. Thank you for calling. Good-bye."

His step was almost sprightly as he went over and poured himself another minuscule sip of whiskey.

"That was the NBC station in Kansas City," he said. "They always call

En route to Maine—one of the two states to go Republican in 1936—the Kansas governor consulted New Jersey committeeman T. Frank Hickey aboard his special campaign train.



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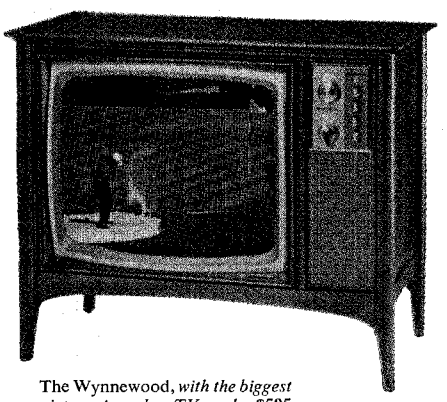

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me on Election Night. They wanted to know why a Republican governor was getting beat so badly in Kansas when the Republicans were winning big everywhere else. I told him taxes, and that's right. The governor had a good program, but he went about raising the money for it the wrong way. He got labor mad at him. He wanted an across-the-board increase in the sales tax. That hurts the workingman, and the retired fellow, worse than it hurts the rich. I favor a heavy inheritance tax instead of a big income tax or a sales tax—then the state would be taking it from the fellow who hadn't worked for it."

He turned on the television, and while waiting for it to warm up, he said, "We'll see how Reagan's doing in California. I can tell how it's going as soon as I see Walter Cronkite's face. A lot of Republicans feel that Walter looks sad when Republicans are winning."

As the picture came on, Mr. Cronkite, looking noncommittal, was announcing that on the basis of a handful of returns, Ronald Reagan had beaten Pat Brown in California. Mr. Landon turned off the television. The phone call had revived his spirits. His voice was almost blithe now.

"Well," he said, "I guess that wraps it up. Romney, Rockefeller, Rhodes, Reagan, Shafer in Pennsylvania. It's a new ball game. The power of a political party in a state lies in the county courthouses. The power of a party in the nation lies in the control of the statehouses. There's a lot of voodooism in politics. But there's a lot of logistics too. And five of the big states have just elected Republican governors."

It was plain that the keen old political mind was already at work—putting together a ticket for 1968.

The next day at his office in a remodeled residence in downtown Topeka, the zestful mood was still upon him. His phone had been ringing all morning. A television station had asked him to cut a tape. The head of the AFL-CIO in Kansas had called, and Mr. Landon had greeted him jovially. "You old devil," he said. "You clobbered us in the governor's race, didn't you?"

A woman reporter in the Chicago bureau of a news magazine called. She was an old friend, and he greeted her with warmth. "Marian! Where've you been so long?" he shouted into the phone. "I've been wondering what I'd done to make you mad. . . . Sure, doing fine. Still got a few little oil wells and a couple of little radio stations, and a little politics to keep me stirred up. . . . Why'd we lose a Republican governor and win with a Republican senator? Simple.

"They voted against Governor Avery because he had made them mad. They voted for the Republican senator, Mr. Pearson, because Lyndon Johnson had made them mad. Just human nature at work. The weather had something to do with it too. There's an old saying in Kansas—'Good rains make good crops, and good crops make good Repoob-licans.' There's been a spell of dry weather in northern Kansas and human nature being what it is, the people probably blamed the governor for the drought."

He hung up and leaned back, looking content. "I don't want to sound boastful," he said, "but it is sort of consoling, thirty years after Maine and Vermont, to have people calling you up to ask you what you think about things."

At noontime Mr. Landon moved his base of operations to a small, nondescript restaurant called the Chocolate Shop, located in the basement of an office building. For years, until the restaurant closed down not long ago, he had lunched there on bean soup, pie and coffee nearly every day, lingering far into the afternoon to counsel the supreme court justices, circuit court judges, lawyers and statehouse bureaucrats who assembled at the round lawyers' table on what the Republican Party had to do to be saved.

Arriving at the Chocolate Shop on November 9, he did not wait to be asked what he thought about the election. He started talking even while John Parkinson, the owner, was helping him take off his overcoat.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Landon said, "the first thing to remember is that the vote yesterday was not a pro-Republican vote. It was an 'agin' vote. Some euphoric Republicans are saying that we could have elected a President yesterday. Well, maybe. If we had had one to offer. So, the thing we've got to do right now is start thinking about who we can have ready in 1968. Now let's think about Mr. Nixon for a minute. . . ."

By late that afternoon Mr. Nixon had been thoroughly thought about—the decision being that as the Republicans' chances had improved, Mr. Nixon's had declined. Mr. Romney and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Percy and Mr. Hatfield of Oregon and Mr. Reagan also had been discussed. Their names had been shuffled into every possible combination by Mr. Landon and his Chocolate Shop conferees.

"The way I see it, Alf," one of the men said, "we've already got the Republican convention in a hopeless deadlock and it's still two years off!"

Mr. Landon laughed. "That's about the way it does look now. But there'll be a lot of shifting around between now and '68, and a lot of differences will be reconciled in the name of party unity. Mr. Romney and Mr. Goldwater may even come a lot closer together. The way I see it, Mr. Romney will pick up strength. And Mr. Nixon? He will probably go into the convention with a handful of delegates—mostly from the southern states—and they will start looking around early for a bandwagon to climb on."

He struggled into his overcoat and went back to his office to sign his mail. Mrs. Judy Root, his secretary, came in to tell him that Robert Docking, the Democratic governor-elect, was on the phone. Mr. Landon was cordial; he congratulated Mr. Docking on his victory, and told him he had expected it, but he was greatly surprised by Mr. Docking's majority. Mr. Docking told Mr. Landon that to be frank about it, "It surprised me too." He then asked Mr. Landon to join him for lunch the next day. Just the two of them. He needed Mr. Landon's "advice and counsel," he said, "the benefit of his wisdom." Mr. Landon was pleased to accept the invitation. "Nearly every governor in the past thirty years has called me for a talk," he said. "Democrat and Republican both."

A visitor wondered if old-line, knee-jerk Republicans would not accuse Mr. Landon of giving aid and comfort to the G.O.P.'s enemies.

Mr. Landon chuckled. "I've been at odds with the old-line Republicans so long it doesn't worry me any more." Among other heresies, he has supported social legislation which orthodox Republicans condemn as profligacy—"people have always meant more to me than property," he explains. And he has frequently spoken well of Democratic Presidents, particularly the late John Kennedy. "Mr. Kennedy's views," he says, "were closer to my own than any President's since Teddy Roosevelt.

"I've always been a maverick," Mr. Landon continued. "I followed my daddy into Teddy Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party. I admired Woodrow Wilson, and I supported the League of Nations and the World Court. I didn't vote for Warren G. Harding because I knew too much about him, and in 1924 I didn't campaign for Calvin Coolidge because I thought, after the scandals of the Harding Administration, that the Republicans deserved to be beaten.

"I was for the Wagner Act and Social Security, and I was told that Mr. Roosevelt wanted me to come into his Cabinet. I would have, if he had asked me, and if I could have gotten a solemn pledge out of him he wasn't going to run for a third term. I did what I could to help Mr. Truman, once he was in office. But Mr. Eisenhower was not my idea of what a President should be. I never thought that a man whose main accomplishment was being able to estimate accurately how many lives it would cost to take a hill or a beachhead was therefore automatically qualified to serve as President of the U.S. So, while Mr. Eisenhower was President, I stayed home and kept my mouth shut."

Later that afternoon, in his library, he crouched on a stool before the television set, watching himself being interviewed. His wife Theo came in to announce dinner.

"Shhh," he said. "I'm on the air."

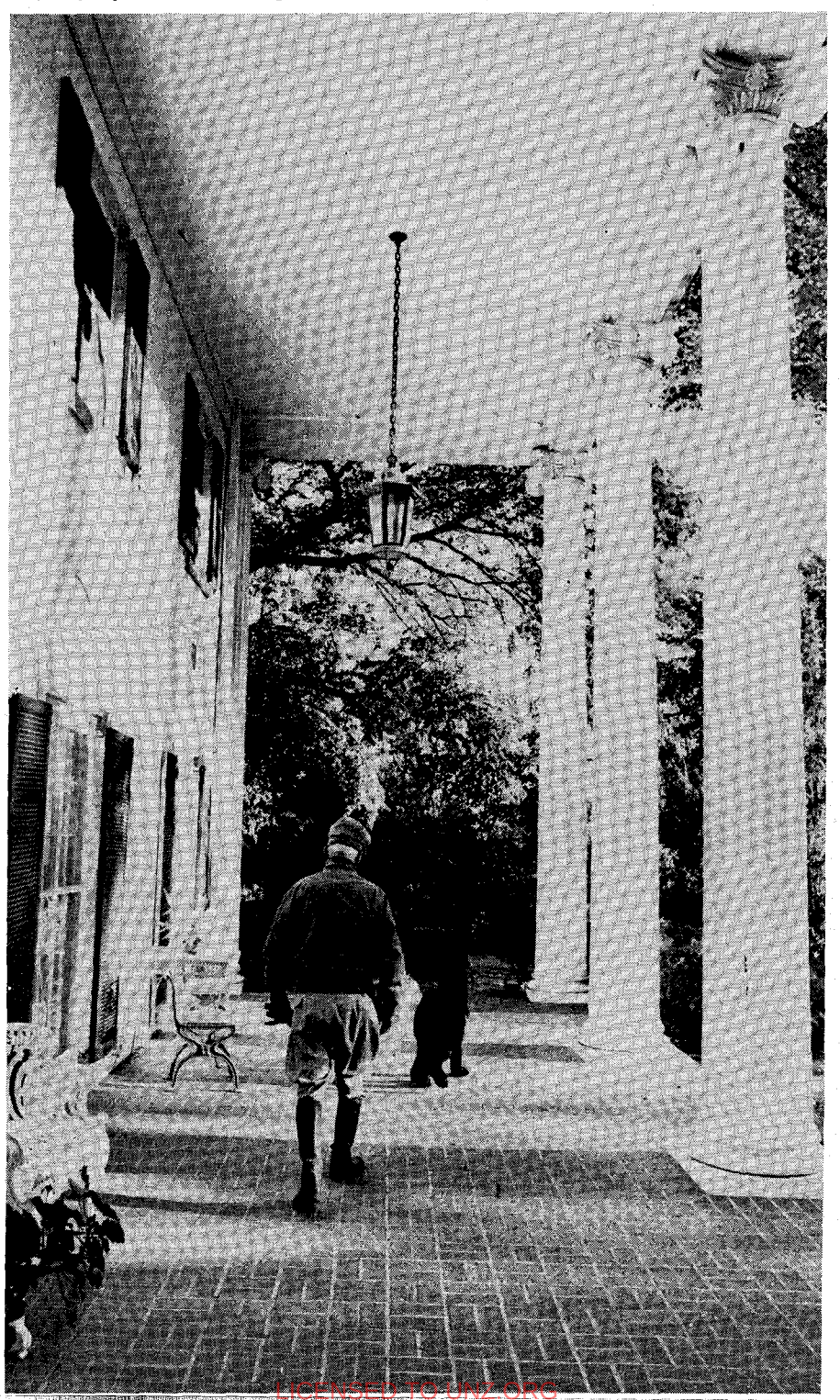
"That black shirt makes you look like a priest," Mrs. Landon said.

Asked what he thought about when watching himself on television, Mr. Landon laughed. "Think about all the things I'd like to say but shouldn't."

This brought him back to the subject of his war with his party over the years, of his efforts to "prod it into being positive and progressive, rather than foot-dragging and negative," to make its leaders realize that "only by being *for* something can the true conservative make his influence felt.

"I know I've made a lot of old hard-shelled Republicans mad," he said, "but that's all right. There aren't too many of those old dinosaurauses left." □

Building a grand house in Topeka was Landon's "signal that I was through with politics."



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Who's cuter—Baby or Grandma? Who's prouder—Father or Grandfather? Isn't it wonderful how much a picture can *say?* Especially when it's taken on Kodak film. You can always depend on Kodak film not to miss a thing, whether in color snapshots, slides or movies. Just be sure the name Kodak is on the box; because rain or shine, **everything comes out best on Kodak film.**

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Here's why work-a-day truckers like Chevy's new build

Half-ton Custom Sport Truck (CST)

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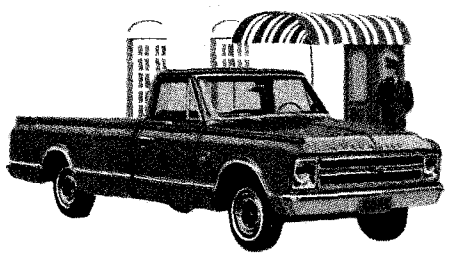
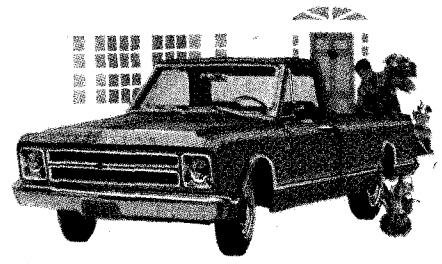
(also work-and-play campers, commuters, den mothers and others)



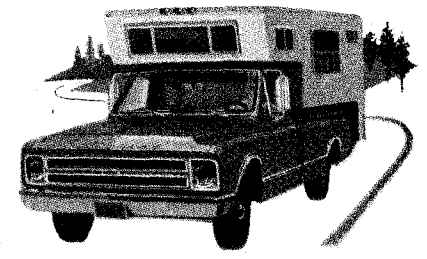
IT POLISHES BUSINESS IMAGES

You'll like the way your company name looks on the side of a '67 Chevy pickup. (So will your customers.) Chevy's new appearance is lower, sleeker – good for business!



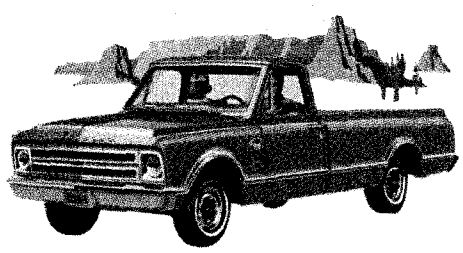
LOOKS GOOD IN DRIVEWAYS

Chevy's styled to be seen in the best places – including your drive. *Ladies please note:* a lot of cars don't look as good; and where else can you get so much help with the chores?



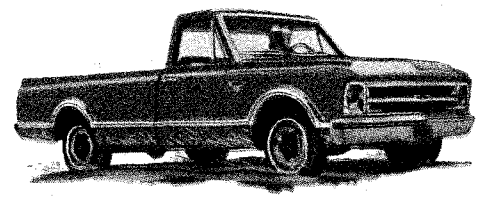
MAKES A GREAT CAMPER

A Chevy pickup camper gets you away from home – but doesn't leave your comforts behind. You can specify all kinds of power assists and you'll ride in a bright roomy interior. (In some models, there's even carpeting and bucket seats.)



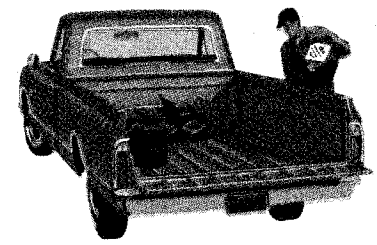
RIDES LIKE A CAR

A Chevy pickup rides as smooth as it looks; you'll forget you're in a truck. Tough work-proved suspension system provides independently suspended front wheels that step right over bumps.



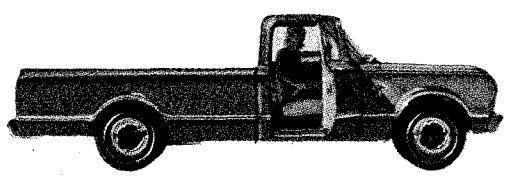
DISCOURAGES RUST

Long life is built right into Chevy's new sheet metal. For instance, on the Fleetside pickup body, there are no external joints to corrode. And there's a new splash shield at the rear of the new rust-resistant wheelhousings.



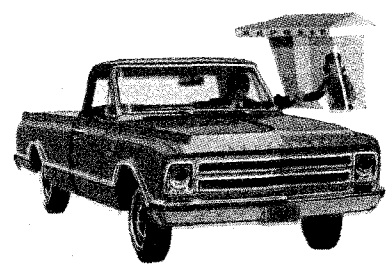
STAYS STRONG

Chevy pickups have extra strength where you need it most. Like the Fleetside pickup box, where side panels are made of double-walled steel. And the frame, built with tough carbon steel.



ADDS TO SAFETY

Chevy pickup features such as these add security to safe driving habits: Telescoping lower steering shaft; energy-absorbing instrument panel; dual master cylinder brake system; good visibility all around.



SAVES MONEY

Chevy pickup economy comes from careful engineering as in the efficient design of famous fuel-saving 6-cylinder and V8 engines. Now you know most of the reasons why Chevy's new build will do you a lot of good. You'll learn the rest at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

a brand new breed!

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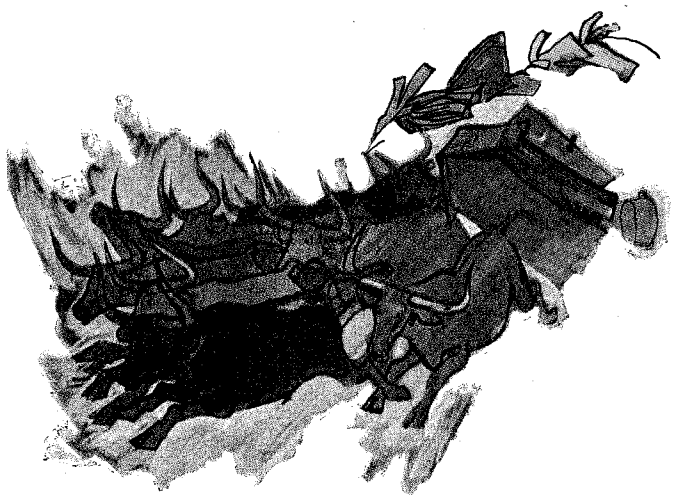

Early one morning,
Mustang Springs turned upside down:
The deacon had an
apocalyptic vision, the schoolteacher
galloped off like Lady Godiva, and
nobody knew what had happened
until someone yelled

Stampede!

BY
ROBERT FLYNN

Ed Meharg took a day off from his farm and went into Mustang Springs to sell his cow. He got ten dollars for it and immediately invested it in warm beer, redeye whiskey, and the charms of Bonnie Bess. Now, groping in the darkness of Bonnie Bess's house, he pulled his shirt on over his head and stepped into his overalls, hooking one gallus. Mercifully blinded to the raw, gritty town with its unpainted shanties, he stepped from the darkened house where the pock-faced Bonnie Bess lay contentedly curled in sleep.

Remembering that he had promised his wife money from the sale of the cow to buy some thread and maybe a piece of calico, he searched through his pockets, hoping to find enough to buy one last drink before going home to the farm. He found no money, but he did find a bottle in a back pocket. Holding the bottle up, Ed tried to gauge the level of the whiskey. Unable to judge the number of drinks left, he turned the bottle up and finished it in one gulp, then threw the empty bottle, smashing it against Bonnie's door.

"It's open," she said drowsily.

Hunching his shoulders and shoving his hands in his pockets, Ed turned his back to the town and started down the long road home, cursing when his foot slipped in the mule-puddled street.

Now he had neither cow nor money nor the heat of passion to keep him warm. By the time he got home, it would be daylight. He would eat breakfast in silence across the table from his hard-eyed wife and his four ringwormy kids. Then he would begin another day under the sun, working with the dry, dead soil, coaxing the feathery seedlings out of the ground into the sunlight, where they sickened and died. He thought of crawling into bed with his stringy-haired wife, but the thought gave him no comfort. "Just the same, I should a done like I thought and saved a few cents for my wife," he said. "She could a fixed herself something pretty to wear to church."

Church! Today was Sunday. He wouldn't have to get up and work in the field. He wouldn't have to get up at all. "At least I'll be too sick for church," he said to himself.

The night, just before sunrise, was at its darkest, and even the white thread of the road was invisible. As Ed walked on, grumbling to himself, he became aware that something was wrong. He sensed that he was not alone. There was something else. He stopped twice along the road to listen, but he could not make out what he heard. It seemed to be a shifting and soughing and tossing about. It was a fearful, eerie sound, and it made him uneasy. It was not that he was being followed, but that he felt surrounded by some mysterious presence in the night.

It occurred to Ed that he should go to church after all, whether he felt like it or not. Even if his head did throb. Even if the preacher shouted, the pump organ squealed, and the women's choir shrieked and howled, he should sit quietly in church, his trembling fingers pressed to his temples, and allow his soul to find peace and rest. He had promised to save some of the ten dollars for his wife. Now he wished he had saved it for the Lord.

Ed stopped again as something moved near him. It was like something heavy being tossed through the air without falling. Ed had heard of devils casting lots for a man's soul.

"I done wrong, Lord," he said, praying aloud to frighten the devils who trembled at the mere mention

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ILLUSTRATED BY SANDY KOSSIN

of God's name. "I should a saved You some of that money, but I am still a child of Yours, and I aim to walk right on down this here road and not be harmed by any fool thing," he said. Something flicked lightly across his face.

He remembered that demons feared the singing of praises to God by a good man. "Praise to Thee, O Lord, for my lovely wife and my healthy children," Ed began. Before him, directly in his path, one of the demons raised its huge and grotesque head. Ed recoiled in horror, stepping back and treading on a devil's tail. The devil jumped into the air and exploded into action, its four feet going in different directions, its eyes and horns flashing in the darkness.

"O Lord!" Ed screamed as a thousand devils lunged at him. He turned and ran back toward Mustang Springs and the sanctuary of the church, the thousand devils behind him, clicking their pitchforks together; their cries of anguish belched forth like thunder, shaking the very ground he ran on.

Ed Meharg prayed as he ran. First he vowed to the Lord that he would never take another drink. Then he vowed to himself he would never again mix beer and whiskey. Then he vowed to save his breath until he got into the church. But by the time he got to town, he was completely surrounded by the fiends who raced with him down Main Street, uprooting hitching posts, shoving shanties off their foundations, knocking down the porches, and tossing picket fences into the air. "Door's open," he heard Bonnie Bess call as the front wall of her house collapsed. He led devastation through the streets.

Ed Meharg passed the church, surrounded by the devils, pricked by their pitchforks, lashed by their tails. He felt them crowd against him, massive and unyielding. Smoke rose from the ground, choking him and stinging his eyes, as he ran through the town and down the road. "I will run like this forever," Ed cried. "Cursed to run for the rest of my life, pursued by devils."

Unaccountably, the demons swerved to the left, knocked down a fence, a picket corral, and a pigpen. Ed, seeing his chance, dived into a haystack, only to have the demons dive in with him, the straw exploding in the fury of their pitchforks. He emerged running as they circled back toward the town. And it was then, in the first faint promise of dawn, that Ed Meharg noticed that the unorthodox devils had four legs apiece and unscripturally long horns, and that they looked very much like cattle. Ed gaped in disbelief. Stampeding longhorns! A sight he hadn't seen in fifteen years! Ed watched them explode upon the town, and he wondered which was worse—devils or longhorn cattle.

Deacon Jack Lewis lovingly lifted the silver chalice he had given to the church in memory of his mother and turned it slowly in his yellow, wrinkled hands. The reflected light from the single candle on the altar glinted faintly on the three stained-glass windows along the east wall. Already the glass revealed traces of the morning, and with the help of his memory, Deacon Lewis could make out the figures of Jesus being tempted by the devil in the wilderness, which he had given in memory of his first wife, the frail hysteric Eula Mae; Jesus preaching by the Sea of Galilee while the happy fish leaped for joy, given in memory of his present wife, the buxom, bucolic Rita Murl; and Jesus riding

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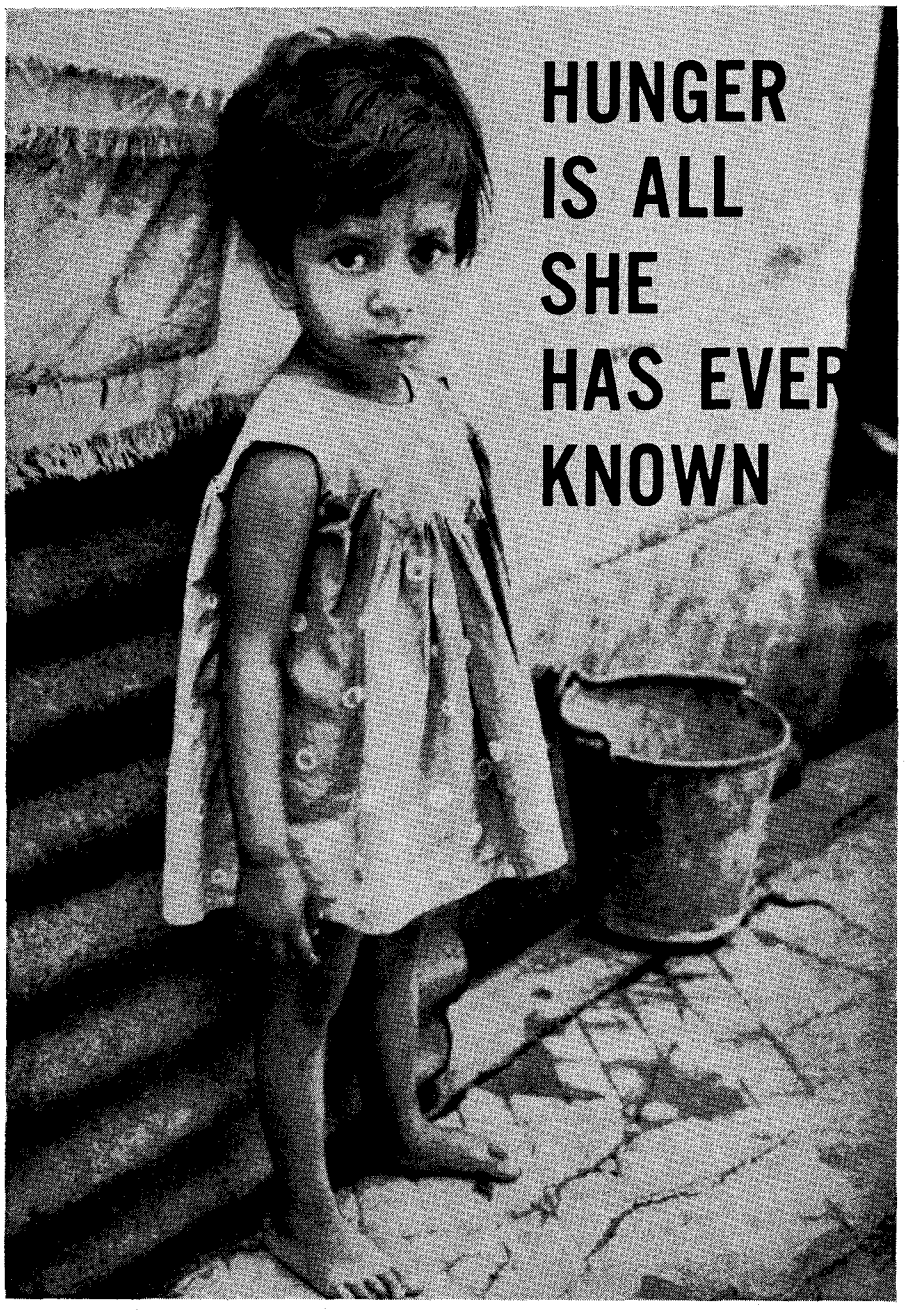

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only $10.00 a month, you can sponsor her, or thousands of other desperate youngsters.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938 American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Formosa, India, Brazil, Japan and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

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I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay $10 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information SEPa37

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down a palm-strewn street in Jerusalem, given in memory of his favorite wife, the dark-skinned Rose.

Because his mother, a fat, tearful woman, had taken to bed when he was twenty, never to rise again until the Resurrection, Deacon Lewis had been unable to marry until after her death, when he was already in his forties. Two weeks after his mother's death, he married Eula Mae, an eighteen-year-old belle of the town, who died of love and consumption at twenty-one. A short time later he married the flashing-eyed, dark-skinned Rose, whom he was rumored to have met in a border-town bordello. After a brief spell of connubial bliss, Rose had run off with a cigar salesman. Deacon Lewis had then married his third wife, Rita Murl, a farm girl strong enough to help him upstairs at night, ample enough to keep him warm, and simple enough not to run away from a bad bargain.

In his later years, burdened with physical infirmity, cares and tragedies, Deacon Lewis had become a religious man. Perhaps it was because Rita Murl went to church, and the simple girl dressed him and took him with her. Perhaps it was also because spiritual pleasures were the only ones left him.

But Deacon Lewis had grown tired of mere glimpses of spiritual enjoyment and halfhearted spiritual pleasures. He wanted ultimate gratification. He desired consummation. The real thing. A vision.

On the morning of Communion Sunday, Deacon Lewis came to the church before anyone else to polish the silver chalice, prepare the wine, and wait for a vision.

Sometimes Deacon Lewis wondered if the Lord had simply overlooked giving him a vision, and sometimes he feared that he had been given a vision and had not recognized it. Such thoughts greatly disturbed him, and he would lie awake all night, his head on Rita Murl's young breast, trying to see a vision. Sometimes he almost captured it, and then, tantalizingly, it would be gone.

On this most important of mornings, he had come to church before dawn. He had prepared the wine and polished the chalice. Then, catching hold of the altar, he fell on his knees, one knee at a time, beside the single candle, and prayed. Sincere as was his spirit, his flesh was weak and weary. His prayers became rambling and pointless, full of unfinished sentences and lengthy pauses. His head nodded, his shoulders sagged. Slowly, he lost the sodden weight of his tired old flesh and dreamed he was running tirelessly across the flower-flecked prairie with Rose at his side.

From somewhere he heard the mighty wind, the rush of great waters. He took Rose in his arms, and the earth trembled and shook beneath them. A sharp pain shot through his knees, and, awakening with a groan, he fell on his face before the altar. Rubbing his cramped and throbbing legs, he got up and searched the shadowy church. Nothing had changed. But what of the noise, the rush of great waters, the passing of angels' wings, the trembling of the earth? Had it been only a dream? Or had the vision come while the flesh slept?

"Could ye not wait one hour?" he heard the Master say. And then he heard it again. The sound of many waters. The thunder of angels' wings, until the earth began to tremble and the candle on the altar beside him wavered and flickered, then fell, giving one last brilliant flash before it sputtered into darkness. In that flash Deacon Lewis had the consummation of his desire. In that flash Deacon Lewis saw horns appear over the head of the devil, a cow eating fish by the Sea of Galilee, and Jesus riding a steer down a palm-strewn street of Jerusalem.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I know there's a hole in the bottom!—Put it in anyway!"

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Miss Fairy Nell Prosper, the schoolmistress, awoke from her prim, gentle sleep. As was her habit, she dressed in the early morning darkness because she did not wish anyone to know that she was dressing, and that for a transitional moment between proper night clothes and proper day clothes, she was improper. She was troubled by a foreign sound, totally out of place in her neat, well-organized home. For a moment she huddled in the darkness, clutching the lacy throat of her gown while she tried to identify the sound. Unable to do so, she called it "noise" and blamed it on the evil boys of the town who loved noise and destruction just as she loved peace and order. After the noise had passed, she peeked out the window to see if any of the young gentlemen were still about. The eastern horizon was beginning to redden. She realized that the dreadful noise had put her off schedule and that she must hurry to perform her duties before it was daylight, so that no one might see her in the compromising position of walking to the privy.

Hurriedly, Miss Prosper dressed and put on a bonnet. Then, slipping a straw flower basket over her arm, she backed out the back door, and with clasped hands, smiled at the lovely flowers still hidden in the dark shadows of the house. With great care, she picked half a dozen irises to demonstrate that picking flowers was all she was going to do, selecting the last one near the outhouse door. She placed the flower neatly in her basket, and while pretending to smile upon it, backed into the privy, slamming the door behind her.

This was the moment of terror. Miss Prosper had never seen the inside of the privy in daylight, but she had seen the myriads of granddaddy longlegs that congregated on the outside of it. She had seen the hairy caterpillars and toads in the garden. She knew that Mustang Springs was inhabited by spiders, centipedes, vinegarroons, rattlesnakes, and fuzzy tarantulas that could jump six feet in the air. And she had no way of knowing which of these had crept into her outhouse during the night to drop on her bonnet, catch at her long skirts, or jump on her bare limbs. Suddenly, she heard thunder, or perhaps it was those young men trying to frighten her by thumping on a rawhide stretched over a rain barrel. The privy began to shake and tremble, and there was a genuine bump. Someone was trying to turn the outhouse over with her inside it. She was terror-stricken at the thought of being tumbled about in an outhouse full of tarantulas and toads.

"Get away, you nasty, nasty boys," she called.

There was another bump, and then the outhouse began slowly to turn on its axis and tip dangerously. The door was banged open, knocked off its hinges, and in the light of the early dawn, Miss Prosper saw the entire garden filled with galloping cattle. With a cry of terror, Miss Prosper leaped from the outhouse, her skirts billowing as it crashed on its side.

The curious early risers on the west side of town were standing in the middle of the street, rubbing the sleep from their eyes and surveying the broken-down porches and tipped-over houses in disbelief, when Deacon Lewis led a congregation of cows out of the church. While running for cover, the citizens were further amazed to see Miss Fairy Nell Prosper riding a lobo steer, carrying a basket of flowers over one arm, and looking like the nearest thing to Lady Godiva the town had ever seen.

By the middle of the morning, the ladies were standing in the street, waving scented handkerchiefs and gossiping, while the men put houses back on their foundations, propped up the sagging porches, and cleared the litter from the street. The mayor was making a survey of the damages. The tall, bald, bareheaded sheriff sat on an overturned rain barrel in the middle of the street and worked on a fresh chaw of tobacco. In the church, Deacon Lewis was gathering up the shattered, stained memories of his three wives.

It was a day of surprises, not the least of which was a group of dusty, grimy men who came limping past the wreckage of a pesthouse and down the main street of town. Leading the way was an old man in a wide-brim hat, and bringing up the rear was a sore-footed, scar-faced cowboy wearing a six-shooter and looking for trouble.

"You folks seen any cows passing this way?" asked the old man as he stepped over a diamond-shaped privy seat.

"Yeah, we seen some cows," the sheriff admitted.

"Did they have an undercrop with a 4 **F** trail brand?"

"I didn't get a good look at the ear-mark or the brand," the sheriff said.

WHAT GIVES TAREYTON THE TASTE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

The charcoal tip.
It actually improves the taste of Tareyton's fine tobacco. So join the Unswitchables. Smoke Tareyton.

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

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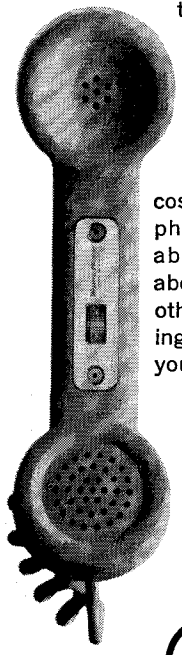
HEARING PROBLEM?

Volume Control Handset amplifies phone voices. You hear voices louder, easier, with just a flick of the thumb-operated wheel on the Volume Control Handset. It's as easy as *turning up* the sound on a radio. Volume Control Handsets come in colors to match your phone, at small added cost. Call your Bell Telephone Business Office about them. Ask, too, about the loud bell and other aids that make ringing telephones easier for you to hear or see.



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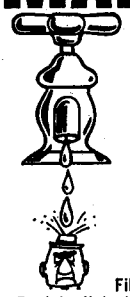
Look for the

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY

Saturday Evening Post Order Card

Bound Between Pages 26 & 27 in this issue.

MAD ABOUT THAT BIG DRIP?



YES! Not only annoying, but costly. Wastes water and fuel, ruins expensive fixtures.

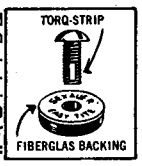
Most washers are fastened with too long or too short screws, thus loosen and destroy themselves. Leaks follow.

THE SOLUTION

New Patented Monel Screw with Nylok® TORQ-STRIP locks at proper depth automatically. Holds washer firmly.

® TM Reg., U.S. Pat. Off. Nylok Corp.

Used with Patented Easy-Tite Washer with Fiberglas reinforcement. Resists distortion and shut-off grind. Outlasts ordinary repairs 6 to 1.



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The only one with new Anti-Mildew that keeps caulk clean.

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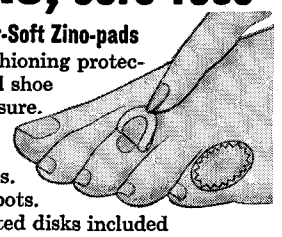
Fast relief from pain of Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes



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Put Zino-pads on at first sign of irritation, wherever new or tight shoes rub or pinch. Discover the joy of pain-free walking again.

Dr Scholl's SUPER-SOFT Zino-pads®

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add Casite

STAMPEDE

"All I spied was that they had two horns apiece, and they couldn't seem to get both of them through the street without knocking into something."

"I reckon them was my cows, all right," the man said. "My name is Lampassas. Me and my hands here are driving them up to Trails End."

"Folks don't do that no more," the sheriff said. "Why, they quit doing that ten or fifteen years ago. And even then I never heard of nobody trying to do it afoot. Ain't you fellers got no horses?"

"I mean to tell you about that," Lampassas said. "Me and my boys got this herd up ourselves, chasing them old cows out of the brush where they'd been hiding so long folks forgot they was there. We aimed to drive them to Trails End to sell, and we was doing pretty good, too, even with them cows stompeding ever two or three days. Even with everbody along the way trying to stop us, plowing up the trail and putting up fences. And last night somebody rustled our horses and stompeded the herd. Got ever last horse except one which June accidentally shot," he said, indicating the scar-faced man wearing the six-shooter. "I reckon you better get up a posse."

"Tell you what I'll do," the sheriff said. "I'll spread the word, and if anybody spots them horses, I'll have them picked up and sold to pay for the damages done to this town. But until we get the horses, I reckon we'll have to hold you responsible."

The mayor bellied his way through the crowd, shaking hands, patting backs, carrying a yellow ledger in one hand. "Sheriff, is that man in custody?" he asked when he had attained the center of the crowd.

"He is."

"Charge him with aggravated and atrocious assault and the willful destruction of public and private property."

The sheriff turned to Lampassas. "We've got reports on you boys and the damage them wild cows has been causing along the way, and I reckon we got a good sampling of it right here," he said. "Mr. Mayor, have you got an accounting there?"

"Yes, sir, I sure do," the mayor said, smacking his fat lips and waving the ledger for the crowd's approval. "First, the personal damages. Ed Meharg has a broke leg. Buster Breedlove had a horn stuck through his—the seat of his britches and the fatty portion of his back, and Miss Fairy Nell Prosper lost something she held dearer than life. That unfortunate woman, so dear to us all, was gathering flowers in her garden when she was caught in the very center of the stompede and borne away. And she is at this very moment hiding in a ditch at the end of town waiting for the Ladies Aid Society to fetch her some decent clothes. And sends word that school will meet tomorrow."

The mayor returned his attention to the ledger, ignoring the boys who ran for the ditch at the end of town to inquire about tomorrow's school assignments. "Now, as for the property damages: The citizens of Mustang Springs lost seventeen outhouses, three clotheslines without clothing, one clothesline with, six houses knocked off their foundations, approximately half a mile of fence, six porches, and a vacant shanty. In addition to which, there ain't a sign left hanging in the whole damn town—no DOCTOR, no WELCOME, no NICKEL BEER, no CHURCH, no LADIES, no GENTS. A stranger could pass through this town and not have no idea what we're like.

"The church lost three stained-glass windows, two doors, and a silver chalice, and there was extensive damage to the carpet. In addition to which, the city lost three hitching posts, three horse troughs, the city-limits signs, the jail two-holer, and the finest pesthouse west of Fort Worth."

"Was there anybody in the two-holer?" asked the sheriff.

"No, but there was three unfortunates in the pesthouse. A case of the mumps, a case of the smallpox, and one undetermined."

"Was the unfortunates hurt in any way, Mr. Mayor?"

"The smallpox and the undetermined was spreading the contagion as fast as they could run, the last I seen of them, but that poor devil with the mumps was down to a crawl."

The sheriff declared that he was holding Lampassas in jail unless Lampassas had the money to pay the damages.

Lampassas said he didn't have the money. June said Lampassas wasn't going to jail.

The sheriff apologized but explained that he was holding Lampassas for the destruction of property, and June for carrying a six-shooter on or about his person.

June allowed he wouldn't give up the six-shooter.

Lampassas allowed he wouldn't go to jail.

The sheriff allowed that June wasn't going to go around carrying a six-shooter, which was against the law, and that Lampassas wasn't going off and leaving the town all busted up, since it was his cows that did the busting.

Lampassas explained that the cows had run free all their lives, and that if they broke down a fence, it was the fence that was at fault. If they ran down a horse, it was because the horse wasn't fast enough. If they fell and broke a leg, it was their own leg. If a man had to be responsible for them, he would never have owned one, much less tried to drive it across the country. "No, sir, there ain't nobody liable for a longhorn cow. A feller just tries to stay out of their way."

The sheriff explained that there were property rights, that property couldn't get out of the way, and that Lampassas was liable for any standing property that was no longer standing, or any property that was moving, or had moved. And that Lampassas was not at liberty to leave until he had paid his liabilities to the last outhouse and farthing.

June and Lampassas allowed they weren't staying, and the sheriff allowed there was going to be an altercation.

The trouble might have become serious if the participants had not been distracted by the struggle of another of Lampassas's men at the far end of town. Four wide-eyed, trembling steers, linked to each other and a wagon by a tangle of harness, were trying to stampede, but, because of the harness, succeeded only in propelling themselves and the wagon conspicuously and erratically down the street. The driver

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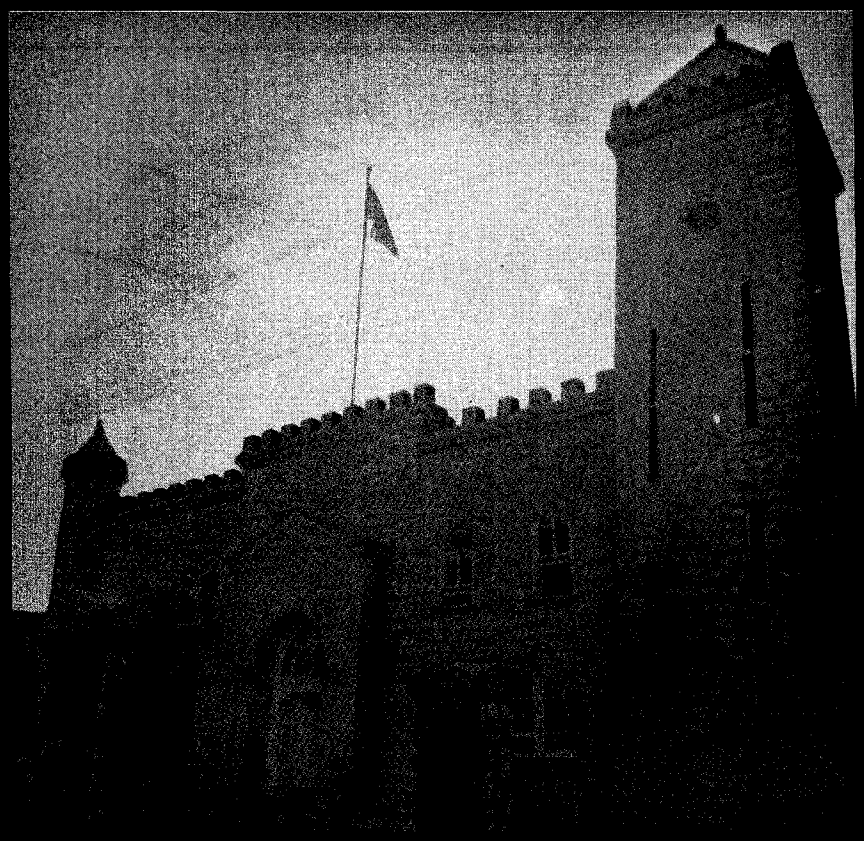

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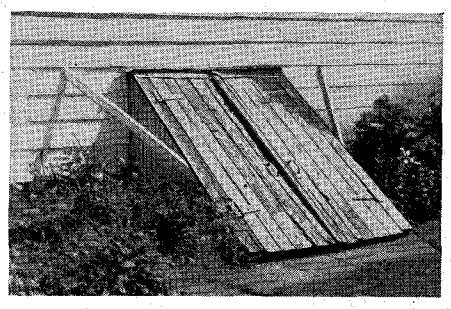

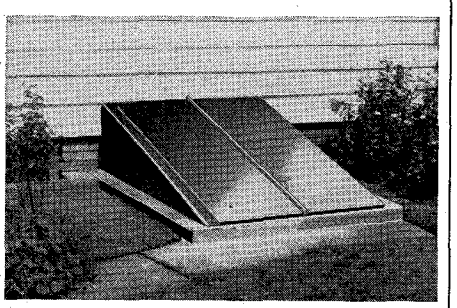

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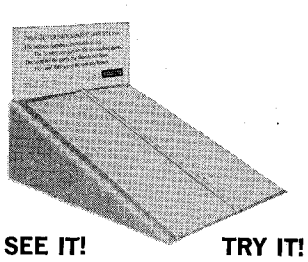

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

STAMPEDE_____

stood on the wagon, holding the hopelessly snarled lines, and yelled at the steers. "Woe unto you, Sodom! Whoa! God strike you dead, Judas!" Seeing the group of men standing in the street, the driver took courage. "Head them off, somebody. Get a rope around them and slow them down."

June moved quickly. "Keep your pants on, Preacher," he called to the driver. "I'll get them in hand." He grabbed a rope from one of the men, made a loop, and tossed it over the horns of the lead steer on the off side, and dallied the rope around a splintered post which was all that remained of the hitching rail. The steers plunged on past until the rope jerked them down in a tangle of horns and harness. While June snubbed the lead steer up close to the post, the Preacher, who looked like a clergyman and liked to think of himself as one, jumped down from the wagon and, with the help of the other hands, rolled the wagon back, stretching the harness taut, and got the steers back into line. "Jump in, boys, and we'll get after the herd," the Preacher said.

The sheriff explained that the Preacher would have a slow start if he waited for Lampassas and June, because he was holding Lampassas for owning a bunch of cows that had busted up the town, and June for carrying a six-shooter on or about his person.

"Have you ever trailed cattle?" the Preacher asked.

"I went up the trail to Abilene oncet."

"Did you carry a six-shooter?"

"Things was different then. We had to protect the herd from rustlers."

"Ain't our horses been rustled?"

"Yeah."

"Then don't you think the law might excuse him carrying a six-shooter under the circumstances?"

"I'm going to overlook it this time," the sheriff said. "But he's going to have to put that six-shooter away and get himself out of town pronto. And I don't never want to see his backside around here again."

"Is that agreeable to you, June?" the Preacher asked.

"I don't know," June said. "Ain't nobody taking my six-shooter."

"Put that thing in your pocket and get up in that wagon or I'm going to wrap it around your head," the Preacher said.

With one last scornful look at the town, June jumped majestically into the wagon.

"But I got to hold this feller for the damage his herd done," the sheriff said.

The Preacher sat down on a barrel, took off his hat, and scratched at his head. "Well, we ain't got no money. I don't know nothing else to do but for Lampassas to go to jail. Me and the boys will go round up the herd and head them back this way. That's the only collateral we got."

As soon as the townspeople heard that the cows might be brought back they quickly expressed sympathy for

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Lampassas's cause, and the mayor loudly deplored the extra work of returning the cows, suggesting instead that the herd be driven as rapidly as possible toward its destination.

"They're his cows," the Preacher said, pointing his hat at Lampassas. "If we was to drive them off without him, that'd be stealing. But we'll bring them back here to pay the damages."

The mayor was adamantly opposed to the return of the herd.

The sheriff explained that it was pointless to hold Lampassas unless he was able to pay the damages.

The Preacher volunteered again to bring back the herd.

In an informal meeting, the town council decided that Lampassas could pay the damages on the way back from Trails End, provided he were unaccompanied by cows.

The sheriff assured the crowd that the excitement was over and they were free to return to whatever homes were still standing. In somewhat more direct terms, he told Lampassas and his hands they were free to go.

"I was hoping to buy some supplies here," the Preacher said. "We're running a mite low on flour and coffee."

"This here is Sunday," the sheriff said.

"We can't go no farther without supplies," the Preacher said. "I reckon we'd best wait here until the store opens."

"It's open, it's open, no need to wait," said the storekeeper, gesturing at the general store, which was minus the front door and two windows. A bolt of gingham had been snagged on a passing horn and lay twisted and soiled along the street. "I don't want to disconvenience you boys none. I know you're anxious to be on your way," he said, and with a strength surprising in one so frail, he began carrying sacks of flour, beans, and coffee out to the wagon.

"That's too much flour," the Preacher said.

"Ain't no need in you boys having to come back for more."

"I don't believe we got the money to pay for that much," the Preacher said, looking at Lampassas.

"Not unless you want some cows," said Lampassas.

"No, no," said the storekeeper. "No cows, please. Just pay me on your way back. And here's a bucket of blackstrap molasses in case you boys get hungry for something sweet."

"Well, I reckon you can go now," said the sheriff, when the wagon was loaded. "There ain't nothing for you here."

"I ain't going nowhere till I get some horses," Lampassas said.

"Ain't no need to get sore, mister," the sheriff said. "We're doing the best we can. Folks around here is farmers. They don't keep nothing except a mule or two."

"Then why is it called Mustang Springs?" asked the Preacher.

"The springs down there used to be a water hole for mustangs. But since the farmers come, there ain't been any mustangs. There ain't been any springs, neither. It's all filled with silt now."

"How far do you reckon we'd have to go to get some horses?" Lampassas asked.

"Can't never tell. Maybe on the other side of the river. Folks don't keep horses like they use to."

"How in the hell are we supposed to get the herd across the river without horses?" asked Lampassas.

"How in the hell are we supposed to get the herd *to* the river without horses?" asked June.

"How are we supposed to get horses if we don't have any money?" asked the Preacher.

"We'll worry about them things when we come to them," Lampassas said.

"I can't go no farther," June said. "I can't hardly even stand on this foot the horse stepped on."

Lampassas and the Preacher sat down, and June climbed out of the wagon to join them.

"I wouldn't quit now," said the sheriff.

"I could give you five more pounds of coffee," said the storekeeper. "And some tripe."

"It ain't a fur piece to the river," said the sheriff.

"And the river's low. A feller could just walk them cows across it," said the blacksmith, wiping his hairy hand across the front of his suit, conscious of his nakedness without his leather apron.

"There's sure to be horses on the other side," said the storekeeper.

Lampassas rubbed his sweat-stained face and looked at the men who were sitting on the shambles of a store front, their heads between their shoulders, staring at the ground. "We got to get to Trails End some way," he said. "Might as well walk."

"I believe if I had yokes on them steers instead of bridles, I could handle the wagon," the Preacher said.

"I ain't got none," said the storekeeper, wringing his hands and looking at the crowd.

"Seems like I use to have one," said the blacksmith, breaking into a run. Two or three other men also ran to look for a yoke.

"Will two be enough?" asked the blacksmith, carrying a yoke on each shoulder as he came out of his shop.

Harnessing the steers properly was slow because of the number of hands and the enthusiasm involved, until, out of patience, the blacksmith shoved the others aside and finished the job himself.

"I reckon we're ready," Lampassas said, slowly getting to his feet. The crowd was flushed with relief. The hands pulled themselves erect. The crowd beamed.

"I ain't going," June said.

The crowd blanched.

"I can't stand on my foot."

The crowd hastened to set June on his feet.

"I can't walk," June said.

"You can ride in the wagon with me," the Preacher said.

"Foot's too sore to take all that jarring around."

"What he needs is some pain killer," Lampassas said.

"Do you think you could make it if you had some pain killer?" the Preacher asked.

Heroically, June nodded his head.

"The saloon is closed on Sunday," Lampassas said, spitting in the street in disgust.

"Folks thought it was quieter that way," said the sheriff.

"There's not a doubt in my mind but what it's quieter," said June. "But it sure does show little heed for the troubles of your fellowman."

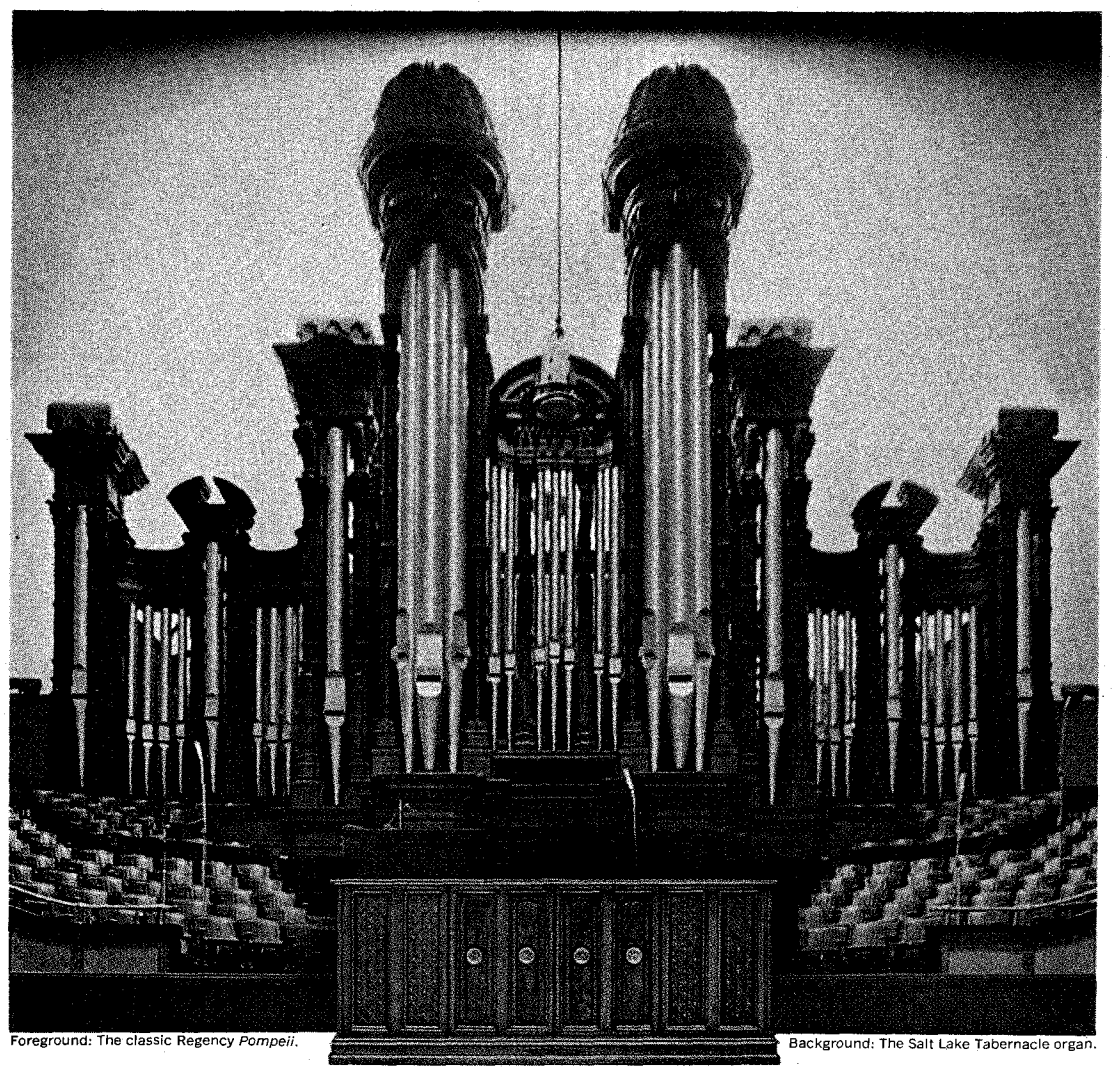
"Wait right here," the sheriff said. 'I got a little something in my office."

Tenderly, the citizens of Mustang Springs lifted June up to the wagon seat, and the Sheriff returned and placed a bottle in his lap. The Preacher climbed up beside him, the hands caught hold of the wagon stanchions, the blacksmith cut the lead steer loose, and with a shout from the crowd, off they went down the street. Old men waved good-bye and young girls threw them kisses.

"Do you think they'll come back?" asked the storekeeper.

"If they do, let's just move off and give them the town," the blacksmith said.

"We won't see them no more," the sheriff said. "We won't see nothing else like them, neither. But I reckon we got enough to remember." □



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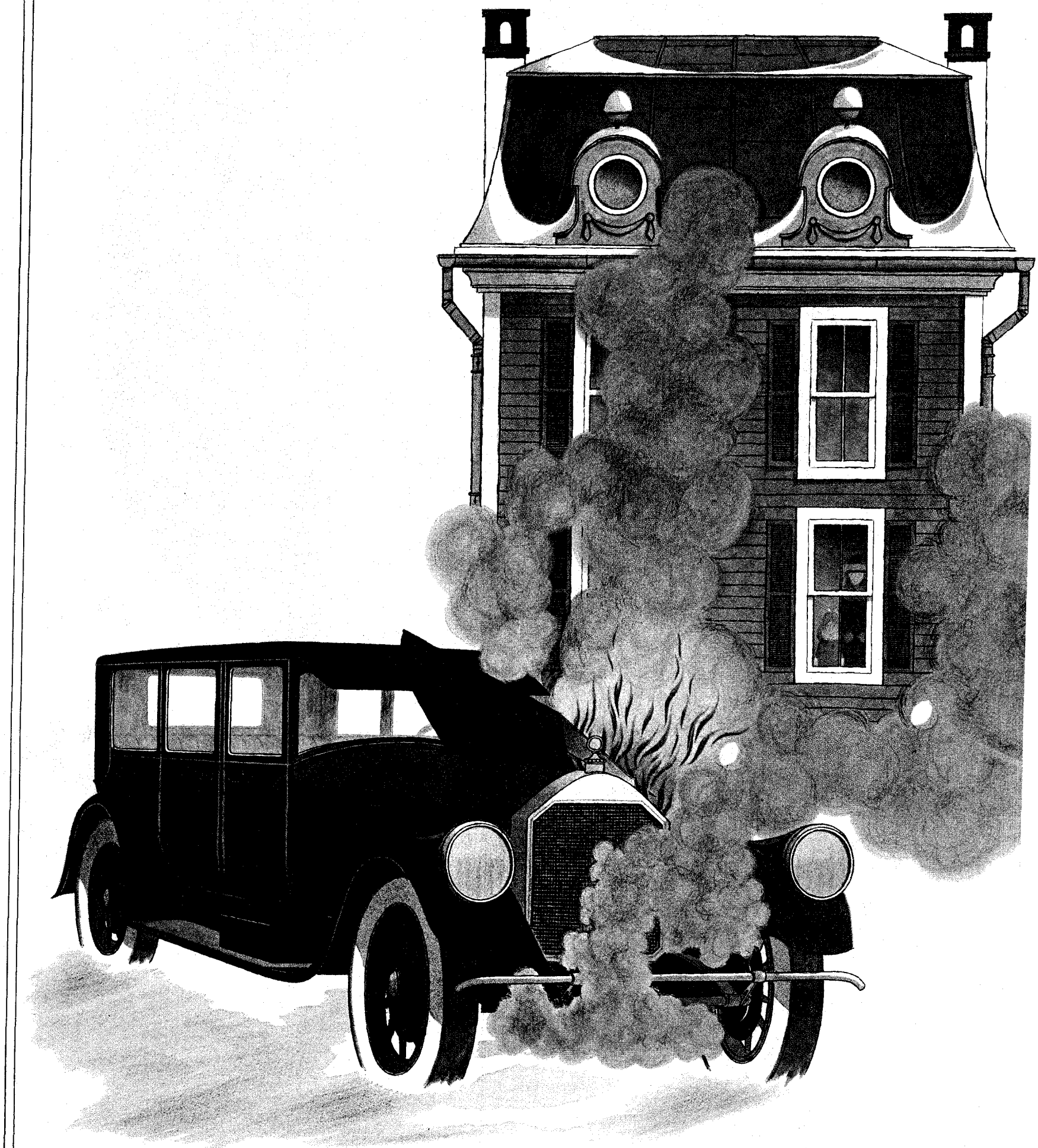

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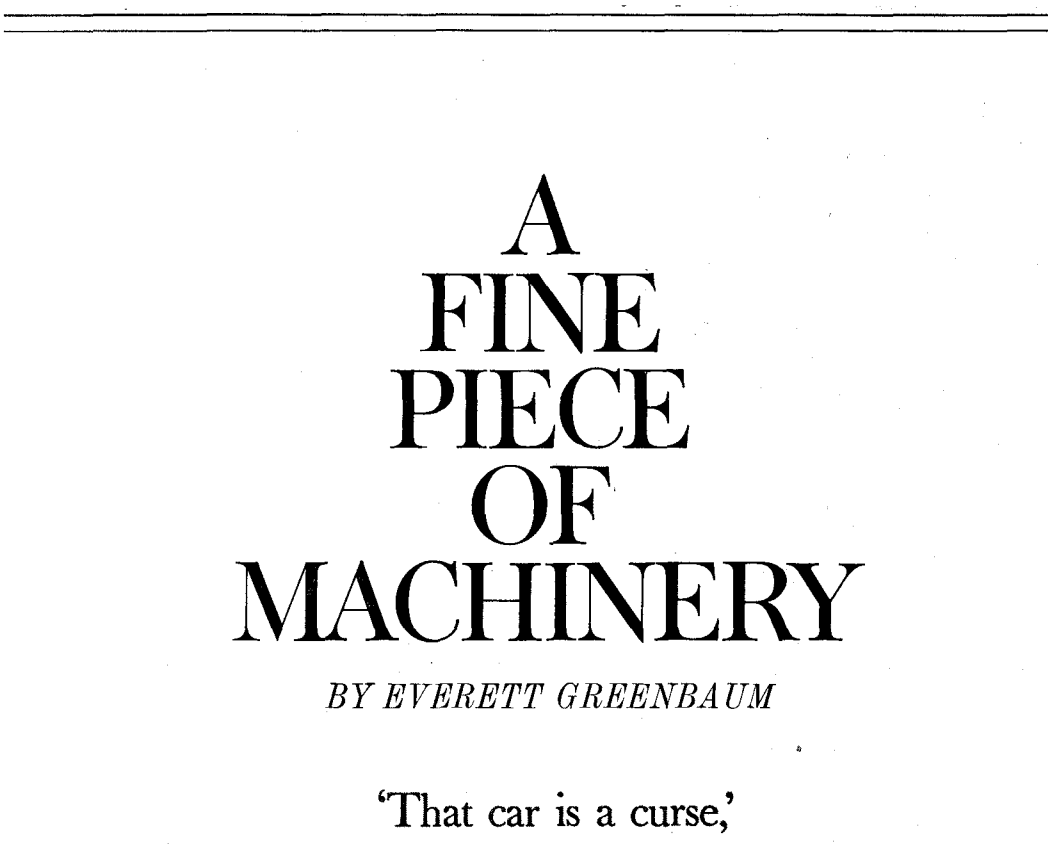
A FINE PIECE OF MACHINERY

BY EVERETT GREENBAUM

'That car is a curse,'
my mother said, but neither fire, snow,
nor the Buffalo streetcar system
could rid us
of that terrible, wonderful
1926 Pierce-Arrow.



Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

My father bought his Pierce-Arrow in 1926. The Pierce was one of the great cars of its day. It had huge headlight eyes growing right out of its fenders. Ours, with its twenty coats of deep-green lacquer, had a handsome, reptile look. It had a beautiful box of tools right on the running board; vases in the back where you could put cut flowers; and, on the cylinders, little brass priming cups into which you squirted gasoline to start the engine in cold weather.

"Now, there's a fine piece of machinery," my father would say, admiring it. Then he would sock one of the fenders, producing a dull thud.

"Aluminum!" he would say. The body was made of aluminum. The use of this metal for automobile bodies was a rare thing then. As a child I had a notion that they saved enough aluminum foil from chewing gum until they had enough to make a car, and that's why they cost so much.

My father really knew how to handle the Pierce. At stop signs he could make it play music by letting the clutch out a bit and shifting part way into gear. To play higher notes, he fed more gas to her. He could play the first part of *Valencia*, and *Button Up Your Overcoat* as far as "when the wind blows" but not as far as "free."

"Are you sure you're not hurting it?" my mother would say.

"You can't hurt a piece of engineering like this transmission," my father would say.

The older we got, the fonder he became of that car. And the older the Pierce got, the more ashamed of it Mama and the girls became. When we passed certain key locales in our home town of Buffalo, New York, where it was necessary to make an impression, they would slump down so they wouldn't be seen. They went down on Nottingham Terrace and Delaware Avenue, really hitting the floor when we passed Temple Beth Zion.

Each year when the new-model cars came out, my mother left folders around the house, hoping something modern would catch my father's eye. She hoped he'd buy a car like the ones she rode in with other ladies to mahjongg afternoons or to the Fort Erie races.

He treated her automobile brochures with scorn. I remember the year the streamline Chrysler came out. My crowd thought it was terrific. My father stared at the folder. "Tin balloon!" he scoffed. He tore it up, throwing it into our gas fireplace among the fake logs and moss.

Certain events connected with the Pierce stand as signposts in my life. I must have been eight when it caught fire. It was one of Buffalo's cold, winter Sundays. We were getting ready to go to Sunday school. She wouldn't turn over. The oil was like molasses.

"Well, Les, we'll have to prime her," my father said happily.

"We don't have a can of gasoline," I said.

"Don't matter, you'll just suck on that

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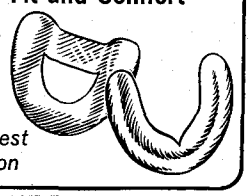

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A FINE PIECE OF MACHINERY—

pipe there till she begins to siphon down, and we'll catch some."

"But, Daddy, I just had breakfast! What if I swallow the gasoline?" I said.

"Suck," he said.

For a moment I sucked unsuccessfully. Then a sudden rush of fuel gushed all over the engine. Since we had left the ignition switch on, it burst into flames.

"Fire alarm!" My father waved toward the red box on the corner.

Neighbors on their way to St. Mark's next door were astonished to see me rushing against them to get to the firebox. I broke the glass and pulled the thing. I had always wanted to.

When I got back, my father and the Catholics were throwing snowballs on the fire. It was only smoke by then. When the firemen arrived, it was just a wisp of steam. The Pierce's hood was still a shiny, deep green.

"What a finish!" my father murmured.

But gasoline and corn flakes and sliced bananas were too much for a Sunday-school boy. As I went upstairs to throw up, I saw the females of our house watching everything from the dining-room window.

"Is the car all burned up, Mama?" my little sister asked.

"No, dammit!" my mother said.

I didn't have to go to Sunday school that time.

The Pierce saved me from Sunday school another time, too. As always, I was dressed earlier than the girls. I had on my itchy, navy-blue Sunday suit and my itchy, blue overcoat. Both suit and coat had horsehairs in the lapels to keep their shape. I must have had a hundred dollars' worth of horsehairs in that Sunday-school outfit.

I thought it would be a nice surprise for everybody if I got the Pierce out of the garage all by myself. I couldn't drive, being only nine, but I had a plan. I would push the car until she got rolling down the hill of the drive. Then I would dash around to the front seat, leap into the car, and slam on the brakes when it reached the sidewalk. That way, when my father and the girls came out of the house, there would be no tiresome getting that old car out of the garage. It would be a nice surprise.

I had to rock her several times. At first I thought she wouldn't go. But she did. She went like mad. She hurtled down the drive like sixty. The plan slipped out of my head. My only thought was to hang onto the bumper and stop that car. I was dragged like a dead mouse right down the drive, right through the Catholics, right into the street, where oncoming cars screeched their brakes.

The Pierce hit a large tree, which later turned brown. But it stopped. The front of my Sunday outfit completely shredded, I got to my feet. Naturally I was terribly embarrassed. I had climbed behind the wheel when my family appeared, openmouthed, on the veranda.

"It wasn't my fault," I said. "She got away from me."

I didn't have to go to Sunday school that time. Nor did I get to go to Shea's North Park Theatre for the next ten Saturdays.

Not too long after that, however, I saved the lives of our entire family in the line of automotive duty.

It was springtime. My father had decided that we would get in the car and drive to Cleveland to visit our friends, the Alperins. We were still within the city when it began to snow. As sometimes happens around Buffalo in the spring, the storm developed into a blizzard. We slithered along the highway.

"Have to shift her into second now," my father said, double-clutching.

Things grew worse. The snow was falling so heavily and wetly that the Pierce's wipers couldn't budge it. We looked out at a dark gray wall.

"Good night, nurse! What are we going to do now?" my mother said.

"Les," my father said, "you'll get up on that hood and keep those wipers clear."

I did. By the time we reached Lackawanna, where the streetlights were lit and snowplows were working, I was frozen solid. But a Buffalo kid is frozen half the year anyhow; a little hot tomato soup thawed me out.

A lot of things connected with the Pierce seemed to happen on Sundays. It was on a Sunday that Mama and the girls really thought they'd got rid of the dragon-eyed car for good.

We went to Polonsky's restaurant for dinner on Sundays. Our favorite waitress there was called Honey. She had a mop of frizzled, peroxide hair. My father kidded her a lot to make her giggle. He would wait until the whole tremendous meal was finished and we were leaving, then he would turn to her and say, "Well, Honey, how about bringing me a nice bowl of soup?" She would die laughing.

This one particular Sunday, right after the soup joke, we got into the Pierce, which was right out front alongside the trolley tracks.

My father fired her up, ground her into low, and gave his cold-weather signal: one gloved finger sticking out of the barely opened window. We began to pull out.

"Watch out for the streetcar!" my mother said.

"We've got the right of way!" my father said.

The thing I remember most about the wreck was my astonishment at how much wood there was under the aluminum. It was all over the street. We were unhurt but shaking like Jewish leaves.

'I'll take care of the boy," someone said. It was Honey. She took me into the ladies' room to put cold water on my face. I hoped none of the kids would hear about this.

visit us during
National Salvation Army Week
MAY 21-28, 1967

"Don't talk to anyone," my father ordered. "I'm going to phone Bill Brock." He left to call his lawyer.

Well, Bill Brock handled the streetcar company all right, and, to my mother's anguish, the Pierce looked as good as new in three weeks.

"You can't kill the heart of a well-made machine," my father said.

As I reached adolescence, the Pierce got new piston rings and I got pimples. A lot of my friends had them, but I really hated mine. I determined to do something about them. I decided that a pimple was nothing more or less than some foreign substance under the skin. If you could get that right out of there, the pimple then had no reason to exist and would go away.

The Pierce had a vacuum-operated windshield wiper. When the engine was running, you could slip the rubber hose off and actually feel that strong suction. If you put a lighted cigarette in the hose, it got smoked in a jiffy right in front of your eyes; my friend Calver Oakes and I did it often.

Here was the answer to my skin problem. I got hold of a glass straw and waited for a good pimple to show up. Sure enough, one did, right on the nose. But Calver and I weren't going to rush things. We held the glass straw under the hot-water spigot until we were sure it was sterile. Then we went out to the Pierce, put the unsanitary end of the glass straw on the hose and the sanitary end on my nose. Then I started the engine and stepped on the gas. It drew nicely.

"Take your foot off the gas," Calver said. "You'll get more vacuum."

I did. The suction was fantastic. The tube became an angry little leech trying to inhale my skin. I heard a soft *pop* and watched a piece of nose go up the straw. Calver had the sense to turn the ignition off. He helped me into the house, blood running down my face.

"That car is a curse," my mother said.

How nice it would be to be able to say that the Pierce became my first "dating" car, to be able to tell of long moonlit rides along Lake Erie, with my arm around Ralpha Becker or Irene Egbert or even Claire Hochgrebe. But the Pierce left our family before I reached that stage of development.

Like many terrible things happening then, it was because of Hitler. War was getting close in Europe. The price of aluminum soared.

The car was stolen on a Thursday night while my father was having a sweat and a rubdown at the Montefiore Club. The police thought the thief must have followed him for a couple of weeks to learn his habits.

No crime ever precipitated more phone calls. There were calls without letup: calls to detectives, desk sergeants, judges, and the Chief of Police.

Just before dawn Friday, an incoming call ended it all. We hung over the upstairs banister in our pajamas, listening. The Pierce had been found in the woods, stripped of her aluminum.

"No," my father said quietly, "no, no, I don't want to look at it." He hung up, and we all went to bed.

We never really knew for certain, but for as long as she lived my mother stuck to the story that she had won fifty dollars at the Fort Erie track and had given it to two men to steal the Pierce-Arrow. □

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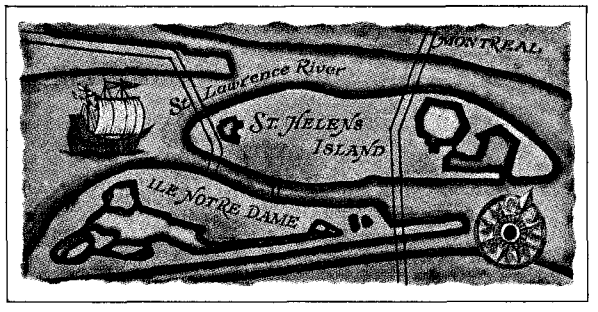
COLUMBUS GOOFED

(THE WORLD IS FLAT.)



Not only flat, but just three and a half miles from end to end. Come to Montreal, Canada, this year and see for yourself.

In 987 astonishing acres *you* will discover a new world. A world of science, the arts, exploration, hopes, dreams, entertainment and fun. A world created by the governments of some 70 nations, at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars, to give you an authentic picture of life in lands around the globe.

It's called Expo 67. The greatest international exhibition of them all, and the first of its kind *ever* held in North America.

Imagine a group of green islands in the St. Lawrence River, linked by graceful bridges, crisscrossed by canals and lagoons. Amid trees and fountains stand well over 100 pavilions, spreading before you the genius of men from five continents. In this magical city throng people from every corner of the earth.

You could call your visit to Expo 67 a glimpse of the world our grandchildren will know. Or a marvelously carefree trip abroad. Or a college education, in days. Or a real ball. Whatever you call it, you'll never forget it.

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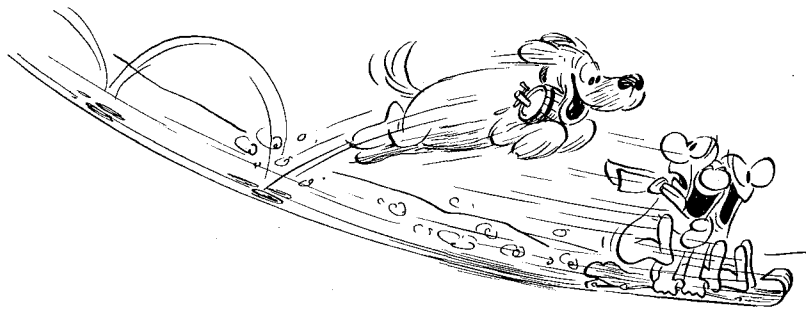
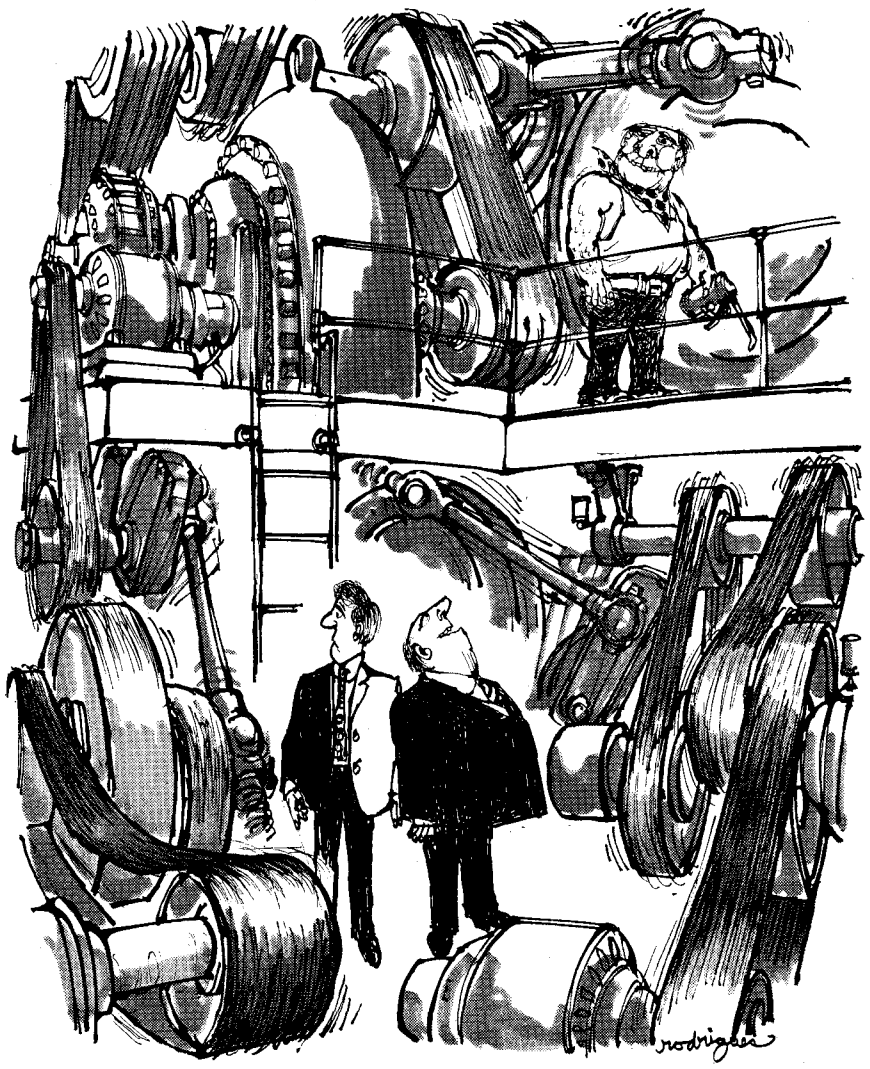


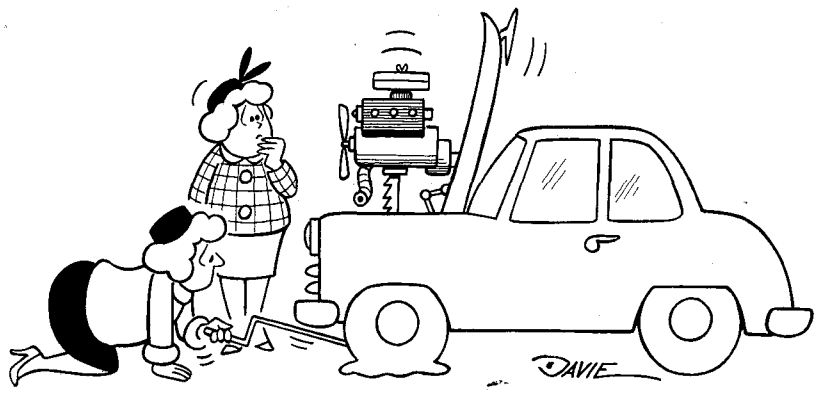
Post scripts

"The doctor says to stay away from fried foods."

"I was just stretching."



"Lars, this is Stanley Webb. Stanley says he wants to be where the action is. . . ."



"Could you fellows make your counterattack 100 yards to the right? That's where our TV cameras are set up."

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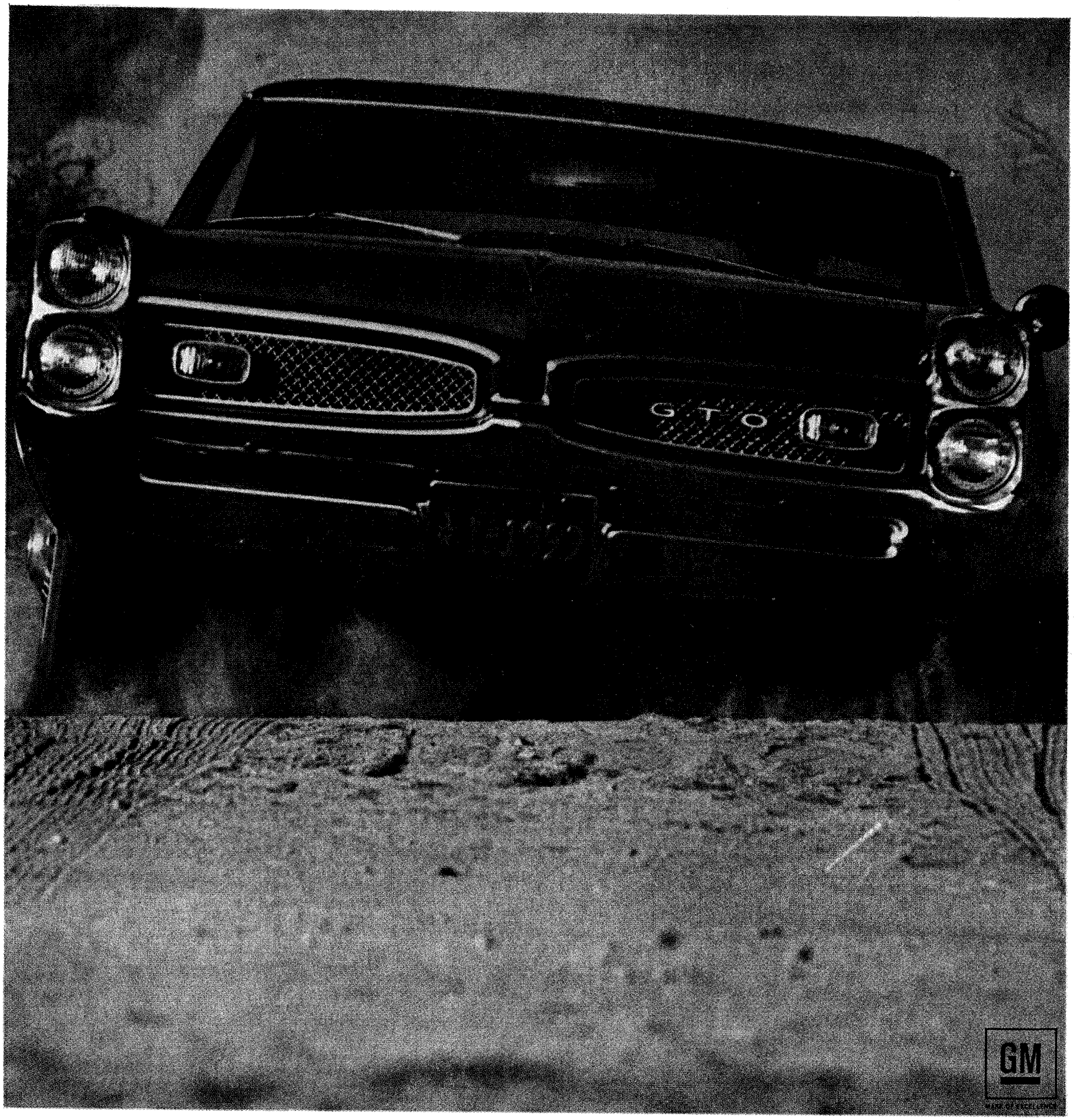

Pontiac Motor Division

There are few great moments in life. This is one of them.

There is only one thing more spectacular than owning a GTO. That's driving one. Even if you don't own it.

For a GTO was made to drive. Relentlessly. In fact, the more you drive it, the more eager and responsive it becomes. Like a sleek cat that achieves perfection by being put through a hoop.

A GTO handles itself well because of its 400 cubic inches of powerplant and specially designed suspension. You can order a 255-hp regular-gas version (only with Turbo Hydra-Matic), the standard 335-hp or the 360-hp Quadra-Power 400. All come with the GM safety package which includes folding seat back latches and GM's energy absorbing steering column.

When you drive this driving machine, you will understand the ultimate conceit of our calling it The Great One.

The Great One by Pontiac

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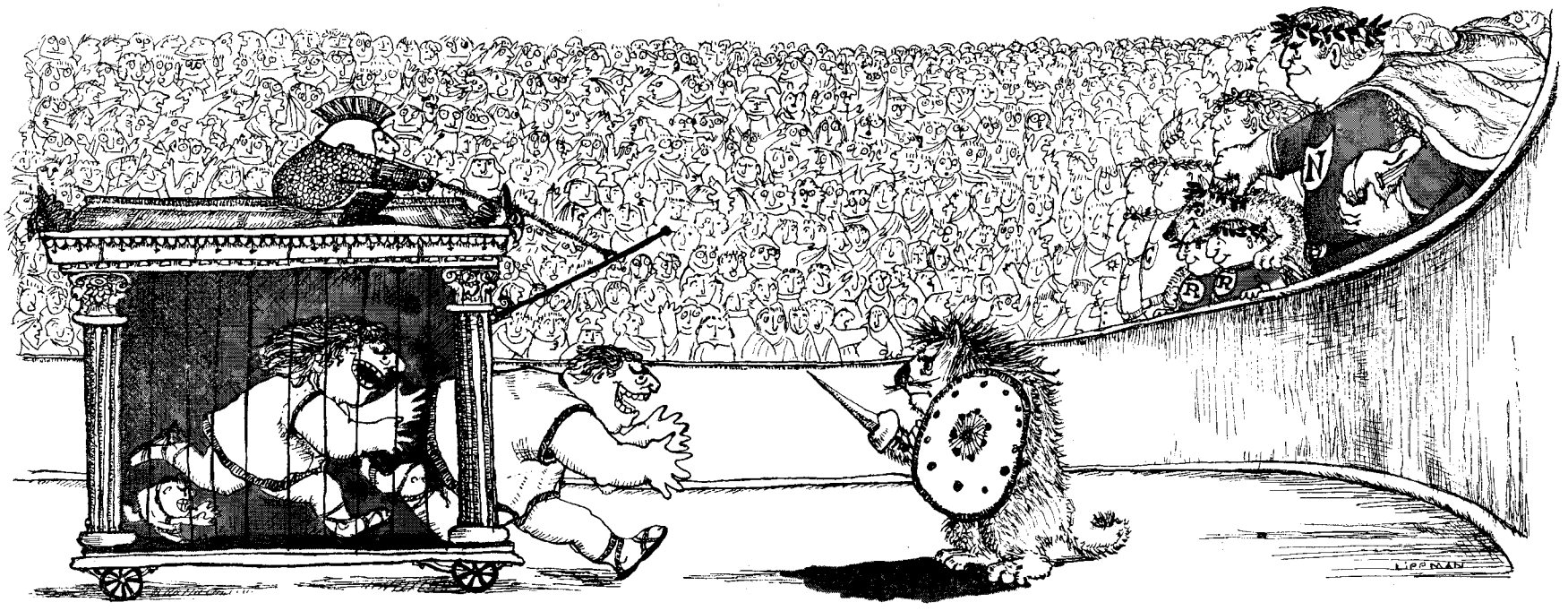


THE DAY THEY BUILT ROME

(THE AUTO OF ALICE B. OGRAPHY)

By John Slate

Although the founding of Rome is not so much a fixture of the contemporary scene as it was earlier on, I have repeatedly been asked to explain the circumstances under which this well-known city was built. At first, candor compelled me to say that I simply did not know—at least not with sufficient certainty to venture an informed opinion. Now, however, I have completed some researches into this question and am prepared to outline the salient facts in the form of a few vignettes—that is, small vigns.

I should explain that the format I have decided to employ reflects a number of improvements over all previous efforts. In the first place, I have not found it necessary to adhere to any particular chronology, nor have I permitted various other historical considerations to obtrude.

Secondly and perhaps lastly, instead of Acts and Scenes, I have written just Scenes, and these have been given only *even* numbers so as to avoid the pitfalls of the odd or uneven scene.

I have used the 24-hour clock throughout to specify the time of each Scene as well as to ape our military thinkers. At the same time, I have preserved the usual A.M. and P.M. suffixes to indicate morning and afternoon as well as to ape our non-military thinkers.

In some cases the subtitles I have used may be taken as suggestions for songs—or perhaps thematic music. However, this remains to be seen. Then, too, additional songs have been interspersed where this seemed unavoidable.

Since the construction of Rome took longer than has been supposed, these playlets have been scattered at random. They bear little relation—except of course in the sense that Alice B. Toklas is said to have believed all bears to be related. On the other hand, if these presentations are not scattered at random they are to be read separately, as part of a single encompassing whole.

PROLOGUE

(By the entire cast, before the curtain)

HOLD THAT TIBER

Attend us yet awhile each wight
and wain
For here approacheth two with
might and main.
Yea, Romulus and Remus
draweth near
*So button up your lip, that all
may hear!*

Enter J. Caesar, clowning.
Neither a parent nor an
offspring be
And it must follow as the
night the day
Thou cans't not then be kin
To any man.

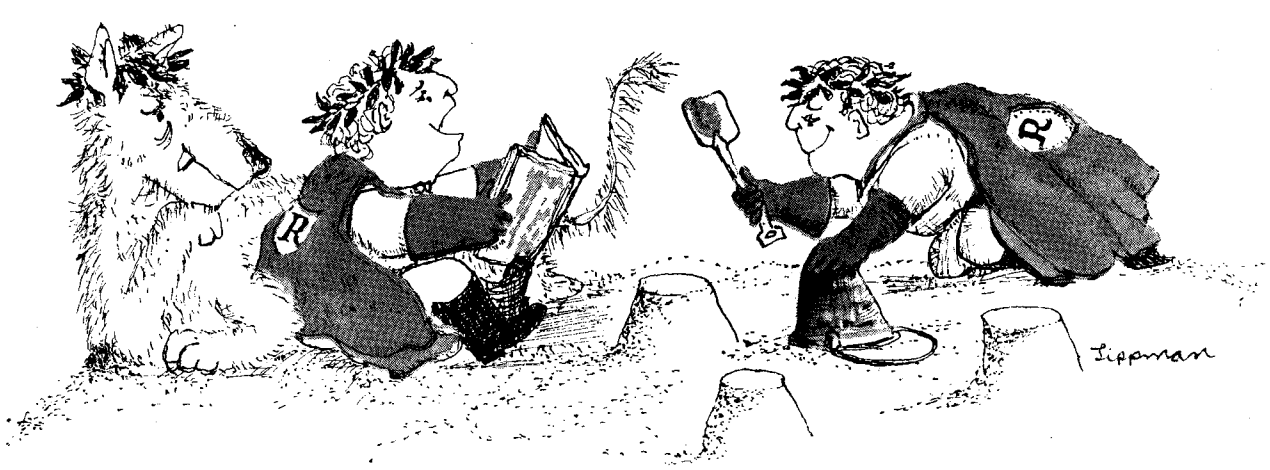
(All laugh)

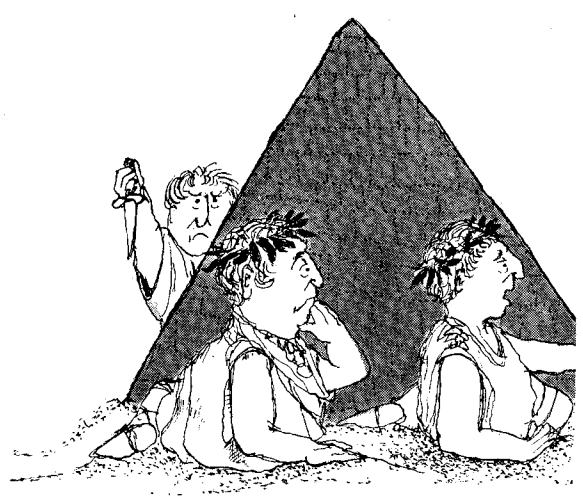
(*Caesar is struck loudly with inflated bladders, and all Exit.*)

Scene 2 (Day One, VII:30 A.M.)

DRAT THOSE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES

Curtain opens on a long shot of Romulus and Remus, nursed by shewolf. Zoom in to a *tight close-up*. The





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entire Scene is rendered nearly invisible by a carpeting of *historical fumes.*

ROMULUS: (Listlessly)
Well, what's on the agenda for today?
REMUS: (Yawns)
Oh well, more of the same, I suppose.
ROMULUS: (Brightens)
I say, why not found Rome?
REMUS: (Excited)
By George, that's wizard! (Pushes teats aside)
Where shall we start?
ROMULUS: (Thinking)
Well, we'll need some hills ——
REMUS: (Eagerly)
How many?
ROMULUS: Four.

(*Quick cut to Scene 4*)

Scene 4 (Day One, 10:XXXI A.M.)

AGRICOLA'S QUESTION

Half the morning is gone and Rome is still not completed. Open with *pan* along Appian Way, tightening in on lictors, agricolas, etc., milling about the Colosseum which is already being torn down because it was first erected backward by the "engineerii." As the curtain begins to rise, two offstage voices soar above the busy tumult.

VOICE 1: (Shouting angrily)
Hey, Jack, where do they want these damned aqueducts?
JACK: (Harassed but cheery)
What?

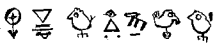
(*Full rise*)
AGRICOLA: Here come the lions.
LICTOR: (Rattled)
Sweet jumping Praxiteles! Where are those gladiators?
Where's ——
CENTURION: Pardon me, Mr. Lictor, sir, but can you direct me to the Xth Legion?
LICTOR: (Polishing aegis and shouting)
Great Baals of fire, son, can't you see I'm *busy?*

(*Trumpet, clash of arms, thumbs down and curtain*)

Scene 6 (Day One, XII: XXX P.M.)

PEOPLE ARE MY KIND OF YOU

H. R. H. Cleopatra, M. Antony, J. Caesar and M. Brutus are reclining among some pyramids and the like. We *pan* from Luxor and *tighten* in on their discussion.

J. CAESAR: You don't have to be crazy to rule Egypt, but it sure helps.
(All laugh)
M. BRUTUS: Me too, Caesar.
M. ANTONY: (Aside to Cleopatra)
I am dying, Egypt, dying.
H.R.H. CLEO.: 

(All laugh)

(*Fade and curtain*)

Scene 8 (Day One, 1456 Hours P.M.)

(FRY NOW PRAY LATER)

In this Scene we *fade in* and *tighten down* on Caligula having his afternoon nap or semester, surrounded by fawning hetaerae, parthenons, etc. *Dissolve* to *Caligula's Dream* which is a flash forward to the Inquisition. Camera Two retains C.'s beatific smile as a *shimmering background.*

INQUISITOR: (Worried)
We're running out of martyrs!
J. CAESAR: (Singing in false Irish tenor)
Did your martyr come from Ireland?
(All laugh)
CALIGULA: (Frowning)
So let them send a leper then I say
That we may have some wretch to burn today!
J. CAESAR: (Singing again)
I'm gonna sit right down and light myself a leper.
(All laugh)
ATTENDANT: (Awakening Caligula)
Imperator! Imperator! Your horse has arrived for dinner.
CALIGULA: (Petulant)
He always eats too much.

(*Curtain*)

Scene 10 (Day One, XV P.M.)

THE AUTO OF ALICE B. OGRAPHY

It is the "cocktail" hour. We *pan* across the Seine through the Place St. Michel ("Boul' Mich' ") to Closerie Des Lilas and *tighten in* on Gertrude and Alice.

ALICE: Zang! I could have sworn that was Fred Williston.
GERTRUDE: No, I don't think so.
ALICE: (Thinks)

(*Fade*)

Scene 12 (Day One, 18:V4X P.M.)

STRENGTH THROUGH SMOKING

And so, almost before we know it, we have come to the end of the first busy day in Roman history. Now the Colosseum has been "put right" again and is bright with garlands. The Xth Legion is countermarching, three Gauls are shouting Caesar Go Home, slaves are being beaten and set free and snow drivers are bringing in the pure driven snow.

The baths are also full of water, and all is somewhat in readiness. As the westering sun casts its dying rays on praetor and tribune alike, we *dolly* to Nero and Caesar idly watching the first diaphanous tendrils of smoke. Nero speaks (at first rather absently) in mixed roman and italics.

NERO: Now let our stringèd viol stringless *be*
Natheless we'll *play*
yet playing nathelessly
Amusement bring to ev'ry fevered eye
That hapless *weeps* to see our city *die.*
AUGUSTUS: (Enters nervously)
I've lost my bassoon.
J. CAESAR: (Singing to Augustus)
When your hat's on fire smoke gets in your eyes.
(All laugh)
NERO: (Rankled)
An' you not list our music with some zeals
By Jove we'll set you burning by the heels.
AUGUSTUS: (Ruminating)
I much bethought that I should never see
A palace burning like a tree.
NERO: (To Caesar, and becoming worried)
'Tis true ('tis true)
Hey you (hey you)
Call us a chariot eftsoons
That we may leave this place
This afternoons!
J. CAESAR: OK, you're a chariot.
(All laugh)
NERO: (Exits hurriedly)
Paf!!
J. CAESAR: (Looking after Nero)
Cool it, man,
Rome Wasn't Burnt In A Day.

(*Augustus stands aghast. Caesar is again struck with bladders and dragged off. All laugh as we fade into the Epilogue.*)

Epilogue (Day One plus 1)

PARDON ME, BOY, ARE YOU THE CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO?

Lap dissolve from the smoking ruins of Rome and *dolly* through the *historical fumes* (from Scene 2) to a Visigoth and a Vandal.

VISI.: Hot enough for you?
VAND.: Sure is.
VISI.: Hey them Sabines is OK.
VAND.: Yeah.
VISI.: Can you talk Etruscan?
VAND.: Only to order ambrosia.
VISI.: (Belches) Can't stand them books. Give me heartburn.
VAND.: You better knock it off, they'll rot your gut.
VISI.: Nah.

(*Fade and Curtain*)

Afterpiece (Day One plus 2)

UTOR FRUOR FUNGOR POTIOR AND VESCOR TAKE THE ABLATIVE

Open with Cicero and Cato tragically limned against the pellucid immensity of the sky like so many sentinels of eternity. *Dissolve* and *pan* along the grass-grown Appian Way (gibbets broken now and hanging all askew) to the Taj Mahal—to suggest a happier time to come. Meanwhile, C & C speak in unison, voices fading *as all fades.*

Now are we cast upon the ending
of our time
Alike to many others whom have
gone
Accrost the wingèd Tiber with
their sticks

To seek if any other place or
clime
Can haply be to them as this to us,
The Mother and the Uncle of the
heart.

Come, let's away
And pause to build a Rome
Some Other Day.

(*Final Curtain*) □

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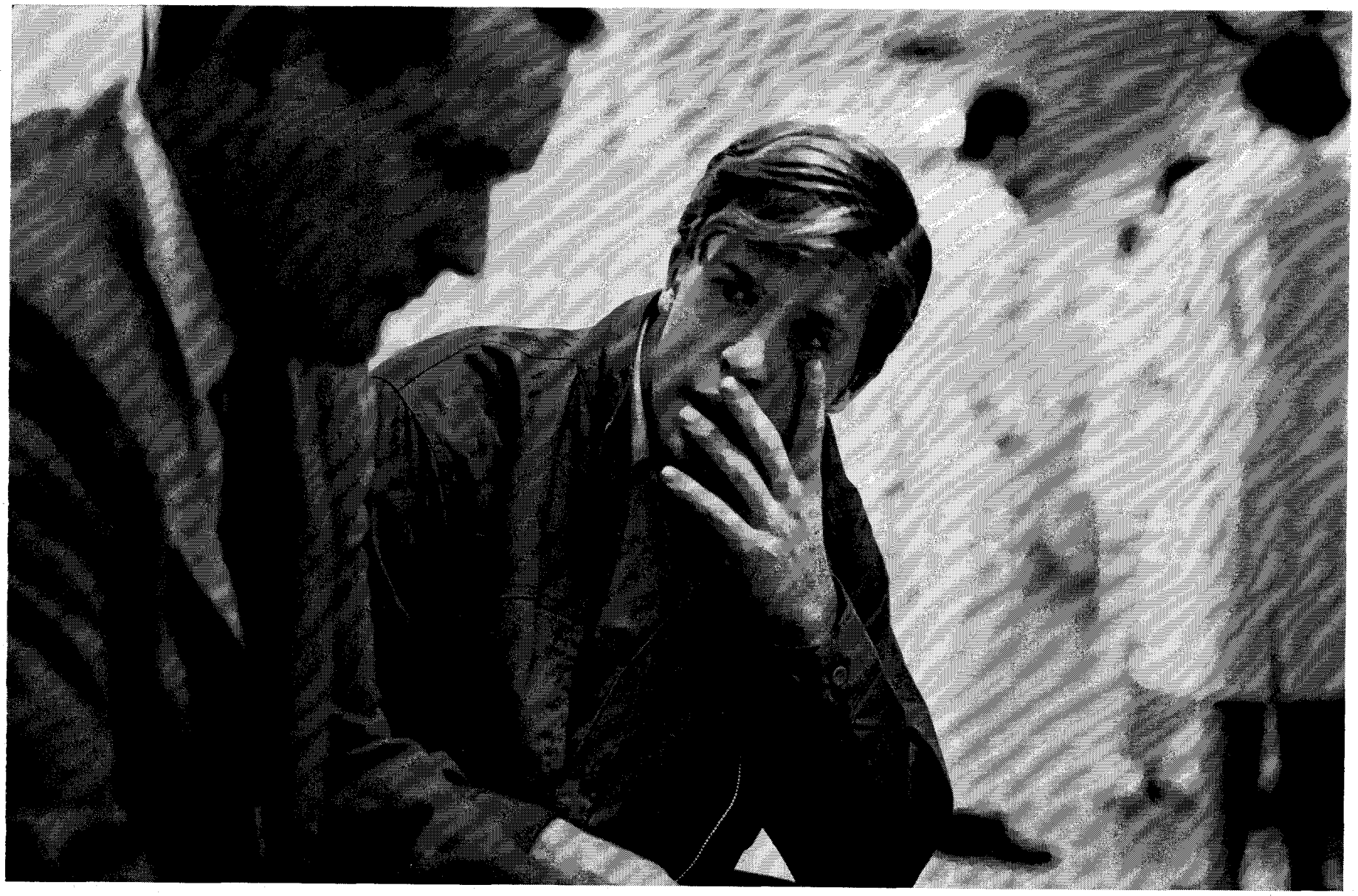

"They dared me to try it, Dad. I didn't see the other car..."

There's nothing tougher for some teenagers to turn down than a dare.

I dare you to cut history. I dare you to eat seven banana splits. Go on, I dare you to run that red light.

That's the problem. Too many dares happen in a car full of kids. And too many kids die on a dare. (Last year, 7,700 teenagers were killed in automobile accidents.)

The driver of the kids-full car is king. It's his... his road ... his moment to perform, surprise, impress, frighten and look big.

But, you're at work... or at home. How can you know if he's showing off, dragging, speeding, taking curves at sixty?

Check his tires. If they're wearing out too fast, chances are he's driving too fast—or even dragging. If his brakes are going fast, he's going fast, too. And making too many emergency stops. If he's getting traffic tickets, that's the clincher.

Once you know, what do you do? Take his license away for awhile. Then dare him to drive right. And make it a dare he can't turn down.

Your teenager's driving can be one of the biggest problems you'll ever face. It's a problem that can't be solved by rules alone. He must *want* to be a safe driver. Your new car dealer hopes this series will help you to help him. The National Automobile Dealers Association commends the *Saturday Evening Post* for its cooperation in this safe driver campaign.

THE NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE DEALERS ASSOCIATION
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Official organization of America's franchised new-car and truck dealers

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Toledo to Toronto nonstop, $2.55

Here's a typical family that likes to travel. But with a fairly tight budget and two youngsters in school, every buck they spend has a lot to do.

So they drive a Simca.

Take this little junket. Distance, 294 miles. Figuring 35.6 mpg (the same experienced in recent Chrysler proving ground tests), gasoline will run about $2.55. Regular, of course.

Something else. There won't be any worry about unscheduled stops. Simca's tough.

So tough the engine and drive train components are warranted by Chrysler Motors Corporation for 5 years or 50,000 miles.

Sure, maybe Simca doesn't turn it on like a high-powered Detroit V-8 might (which Pop really didn't expect for $1639†). But 52 frisky horses and 4-on-the-floor let him pass the poke-alongs whenever he likes.

What it all boils down to is this: Simca makes it easy to search out the sights, clear across the state or just down the street. But it always keeps its place—on the small end of a thin budget.

***SIMCA'S 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty coverage:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in material and workmanship and will replace or repair at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business the engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings of Simca models, provided the owner changes engine oil and re-torques cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter changes engine oil every three months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; cleans oil separator every six months (spring and fall); cleans carburetor air filter every 6 months and replaces it every 2 years; cleans the crankcase ventilator valve oil filter cap and changes Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; and every 6 months furnishes evidence of this service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and asks him to certify receipt of such evidence and his car's mileage.

†Mfr's suggested retail price E. Coast P.O.E. for a Simca 1000. Destination charges, Deluxe trim package, whitewalls extra.

Simca: the tough 5/50* economy car from the Chrysler people.

SIMCA

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VIETNAM

'Believe me, he can kill you'

Continued from page 35

had scattered the dogtags and wallets along the road. Rigor mortis had set in, and the bodies were hard to move, or even recognize. There were so many head wounds that I think the V.C. had shot them again during the night to make sure they were dead. But we got them zipped up in what they call 'body bags,' these plastic bags that the helicopters had brought in, and got them out to the clearing."

Chance looms large in the Vietnam war. One of Noble's best friends in the 1st Division was Lt. Dennis Gillem, 25, a West Pointer from Los Angeles. "I had the best platoon in my battalion, and everybody knew it," says Gillem. "We made a game out of patrolling in the thick stuff without making a sound. We made up our own hand signals to maintain silence and control. And in six months of combat we never got in one good fight. It was day after day of giving your best and not finding Charley. We killed a few snipers, and they got a few of us. Our biggest day was when we captured fourteen V.C.—and seven of those were women."

"The greatest strain is mental, not physical," said Carl Lieberman, 23, a compact little lieutenant from Sterling, Ill., another O.C.S. graduate. "Turning out a Number-One platoon day after day, because if you get sloppy they will kill you. When you lose somebody you stay up half the night wondering, what if I had done it this way or that way instead? Would he still be alive? You spend half your time playing nursemaid, making sure they get their share of beer and pop when you come off patrol."

"That's right," said 1st Lt. Donald Wolfe, 24, from Kalamazoo. The monsoon rain was beating down on his tent and blowing in gusts through the open sides. "Now I know with this rain I am going to get a lot of immersion foot—that's what they call jungle rot these days. So I am going to be spending half my time making them air their feet off duty and change their socks when they get wet. You can lose more men to this stuff than to Charley. But the biggest problem is boredom. You wouldn't think it, but morale is highest when you are making some contact, finding Charley, even though you are taking casualties. Then you are really soldiering. You go for six or eight patrols without making contact, and the men get complacent. That's when they stick their rear ends out, and that's when they get zapped.

"We have learned a lot, and we have toughened a lot. It really takes a man two months to get acclimatized to this damn place. When I took out my first patrol, we had three heat cases in the first three clicks [kilometers]. Now they could travel three times that far with triple the load. They've learned fire discipline. You don't shoot without a target. You run out of ammo just once in the middle of the night, and you get so scared you don't let it happen again."

Wolfe has had good results with a 1st Division tactic called "saturation patrolling," which is pretty much the same as the Airborne's "checkerboard." "The more small units you have working around out there, the more chance you have of finding Charley. Once you find him, there's no time for Fort Benning maneuvers. You either call in the artillery, or the air, or you bring your men up and bust out and get him, cutting loose with everything in the arsenal."

All this emphasis on the checkerboard and its varieties has placed a weight unprecedented in warfare on the noncoms of middle grade. "It is a small-unit war," said Lt. Wolfe, "and your corporal or your sergeant is the key. He is the man who must decide in an instant, out on an ambush beyond all hope of help, whether to open up on a Viet Cong column or to radio the news back and hide out for the night."

One of these men was Sgt. Edward Shanks, 26, chunky and sandy-haired, from the 3rd Battalion of the 9th Marines. He was waiting on a helicopter pad south of Danang to take his squad of 11 men 10 miles into Viet Cong country, where they would live along a ridgeline, completely on their own for five days. Sergeant Shanks was carrying 65 pounds on his back, and except for ammunition, it was almost all liquid. His rations consisted of a gallon of water in four canteens, a half-gallon of grapefruit juice in two big cans, and two small cans of boned chicken. "Each man makes up his own ration," he said, "and I've learned from experience that I just can't eat when I'm out there. A swallow of juice tastes better than a steak.

"We've got the landing zone picked out, but if we get even one round of fire from the ground, we cancel, because

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that means the mission has been compromised. If we get down OK, we work our way up the ridgeline and find a place to hide, and we set up a tight perimeter. We change our position every night, just in case we've been spotted.

"These canteens won't last long. Out there you drink a gallon to two gallons of water a day. So tonight or in the morning we'll have to find a waterhole. The water may look bad and smell bad, but if you drop enough pills in it you can drink it. Several of us have been trained as snipers and can kill a man with almost absolute accuracy at 500 yards. But that's not what we're there for. We're there to spot Charley, and stay alive, and call in the artillery. I've never had any training as an artillery observer, but I'm getting pretty good at it. I can usually get it right in there after one or two adjusting rounds. If we're spotted, we fire and maneuver. On the last day, if Charley shows himself, we'll hit him just to psych him a little and let him know the Marines are in there. We've gotten some kills from as far away as 1,500 yards with a rifle, but you need a good still day. At that range any little puff of air will blow the bullet off."

The helicopters lifted Shanks, his grapefruit juice and his men off into the dusk. The helicopters circled in varied patterns for almost an hour. "That's standard procedure," a Marine noncom on the ground explained. "If they play around long enough, the V.C. think they're just on recon and don't pay much attention. Now, look, they're going in." Almost too quick for the eye to see in the fading light, the helicopters darted behind a ridgeline. Five minutes later they reappeared above a different ridgeline and resumed their monotonous pattern. Shanks and his men were on the ground and on their own for the next five days.

Staff Sgt. José Laguana, 32, of the 101st Airborne, is, according to his commanding officer, "the best noncom in the 101st, and maybe the best combat noncom in the whole Army." He is a native of the village of Barrigada, on the island of Guam, and he joined the Army there at the age of 17. He is short and square, speaks with a heavy Spanish accent, and he has been awarded two Silver Stars. In a jungle clearing, after five days on patrol, he stood with his fatigue jacket open, scratching his stomach and shouting orders. His men hunkered down in the clearing in groups of seven, waiting for the helicopters to come in and take them off on an assault against a new enemy position. His eyes were shining at the prospect of combat, and he kept looking overhead for the choppers. "All the men we get here are paratroopers, and you don't have to tell them much, maybe give a yell when they're bunching up on patrol. What you're paid for is to be the most aggressive man in the outfit. You don't win anything lying around on your tail."

In the battle of Tuy Hoa, a village roughly halfway up the Vietnamese coastline, Sgt. Laguana's platoon got pinned down by heavy machine-gun fire. He told his men to lay down a barrage of rifle fire, and under this covering fire he crawled along a ditch to within 20 yards of the machine-gun post. At this point, according to his Silver Star citation, "Sergeant Laguana braved almost certain death as he aggressively charged into the hail of fire and overran the fortified emplacement." "The key thing in a battle is who is scared," said Laguana. "When I popped up out of that ditch they should have got me. But they were scared, and I killed all three of them at point-blank range."

The rewards for this aggressive small-unit action can be surprising and large. Marine Cpl. Samuel Conner, 20, was in command of a five-man ambush patrol, far out beyond the company perimeter. "We heard some dogs barking about midnight, and so we figured there was something out there. We snuck up to what looked like a hedgeline. The moon was coming up, and I saw something move. I switched my rifle to automatic fire and gave the hedgeline a full clip. Hell, it wasn't a hedgeline at all. It was about 200 V.C. We just unloaded on them, half of us firing while the other half put in new clips. I fired five clips, and then we charged in there to see what it was all about. We found dead V.C. all over the place, four mortar tubes and a big pile of ammo. They had been setting up to mortar the company position. They started lobbing grenades, so we picked up the four mortars and hauled out of there. When we told the company we had captured four mortars they didn't believe us, because Charley would rather lose a company of men than a mortar. They believed it next morning when we walked in and brought the mortars with us."

These squad and platoon leaders are not kind or gentle fellows. Most of them

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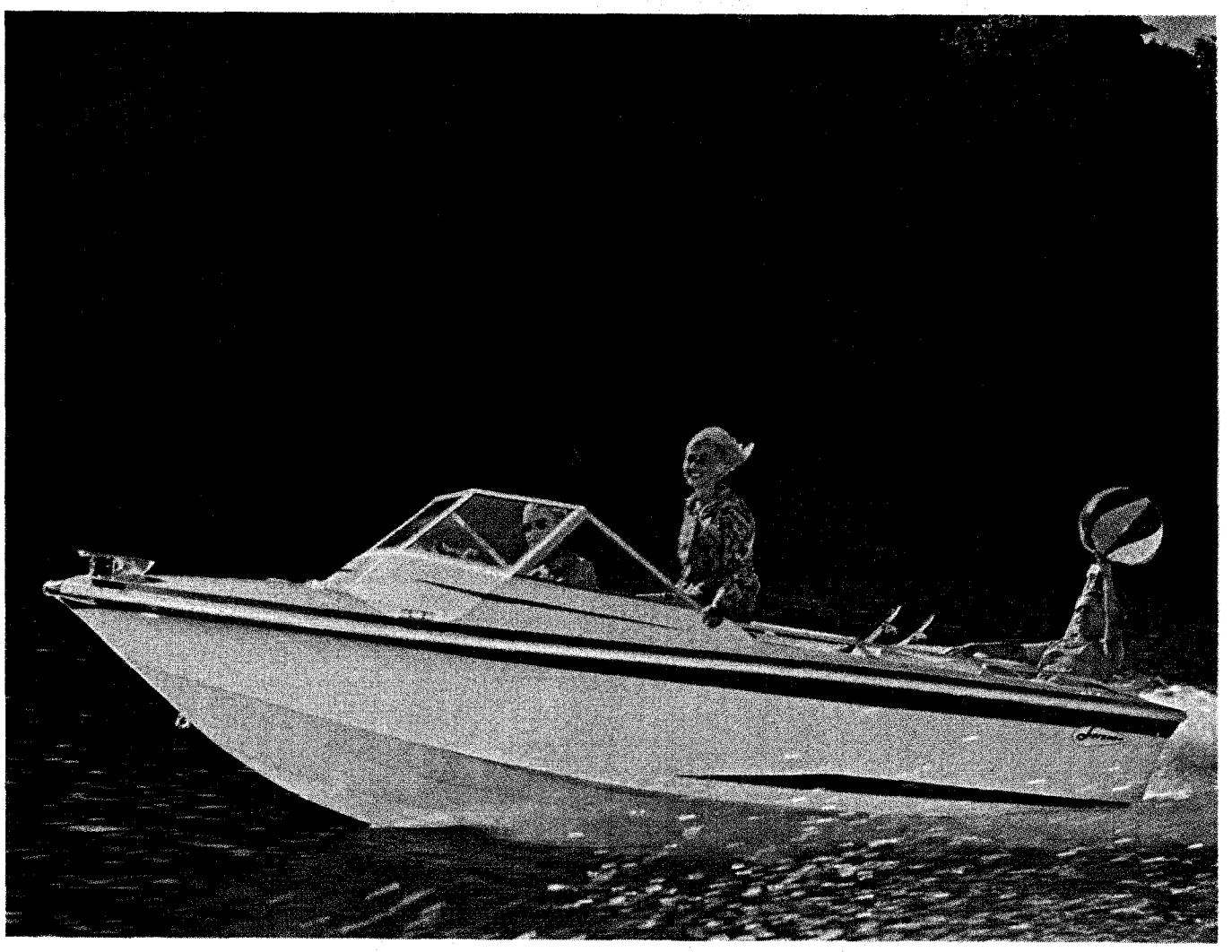

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are plucked out of the ranks after a few months in Vietnam on the basis of their physical fitness and combat valor. Promotions for these combat leaders are surprisingly slow. (In Korea the armed services promoted thousands of privates to master sergeant in the course of a year, and they have regretted it ever since, because in peacetime service these 19-year-old top sergeants did not have the maturity and judgment to match their valor. In Vietnam the services have gone to the opposite extreme: they give a man the job but not the rank.) Thus a Marine like George Morris, 20, from Philadelphia, regularly commands men who outrank him. Although his company commander called him "my best squad leader," and his job called for the rank of staff sergeant, he was only a lance corporal, which is the Marine Corps equivalent of Pfc. "I don't say they should jump him straight to staff sergeant," said his C.O., "but hell, he's sticking his neck out every day, and I can't even get him promoted to corporal."

Lance Cpl. Morris, tall and freckled, with a rasping voice, gathered his squad about him that morning in a formation that roughly resembled a football huddle. He told them the route for the patrol. "Now we will go in trace along the trails, and I want a wide wedge when we cross the paddies. It's your turn for point," he said, picking out one of his men for that most dangerous job of being lead man on the patrol. "I don't want any straggling or bunching up. If one of you characters gets clumsy and steps on a mine, that's your tough luck. But if anybody else is close enough to get hit by the shrapnel, he is disobeying a direct order and he will have me to deal with. Any questions? OK, move out."

Several sweaty hours later, well out into Viet Cong territory, Morris shook down the first of several V.C. hamlets along his route of march. Racks of tobacco leaves were hanging up to dry, and each hut was spotlessly clean, in startling contrast to the squalor of Vietnamese towns. One of the Marines lifted a trapdoor, barely visible on the dirt floor of the hut, and pointed to the air-raid shelter underneath. Deep underground were tiers of straw bunks. The roof, walls and ceiling were all of dirt, yet the shelter too was so spick-and-span that some hamlet housewife must have dusted it out that morning.

There were no young men in the village, of course—only women and children and grandfathers. Every adult in the hamlet could produce an identity card except for one pregnant woman. She was surly and angry and seemed to be daring Morris to arrest her and take her back with his patrol. They were growling at each other in two different languages, and since there was no interpreter present, Morris finally turned and walked away. "In a V.C. village like this," he explained, "they're all just gooks to me. Come on down here, and I'll show you something."

Fifty yards from the village, down a hard dirt trail through the trees, Morris stopped and pointed to a splatter of blood, flesh and fragments of American uniform that spread for yards around. There was a great hole in the soft dirt to the right of the trail. This was where one of Morris's men had been killed the day before. "That mine was planted from that village, and that sweet little old pregnant lady either did it herself or she knows the men who did.

"You see how clever they were about it? You can't really plant a mine in a hard clay trail that has been pounded down for years. We're trained to step over any slight break in the soil. But at this point the tree branches close in on the trail, so he stepped off to the side to go around them. He didn't die easy. One of his legs was blown off, and his entrails were hanging out. I kept hoping he would die. He was here for almost an hour before the chopper came in, and then he died on the operating table." Morris turned to two of his men. "Get the web belt and the ammo pouch off those bushes, but don't step off the trail. There's probably a mine on the other side." The men gently snaked the equipment off the branches on their rifle barrels. "He was a good man," Morris said, "and I don't want them to hang this stuff up as souvenirs on some Viet Cong flagpole."

Then he turned and let loose his anger on the nearest private in sight. "Get that [obscenity] rifle off your shoulder. You think you can fire it backward? Move out. We're getting out of here."

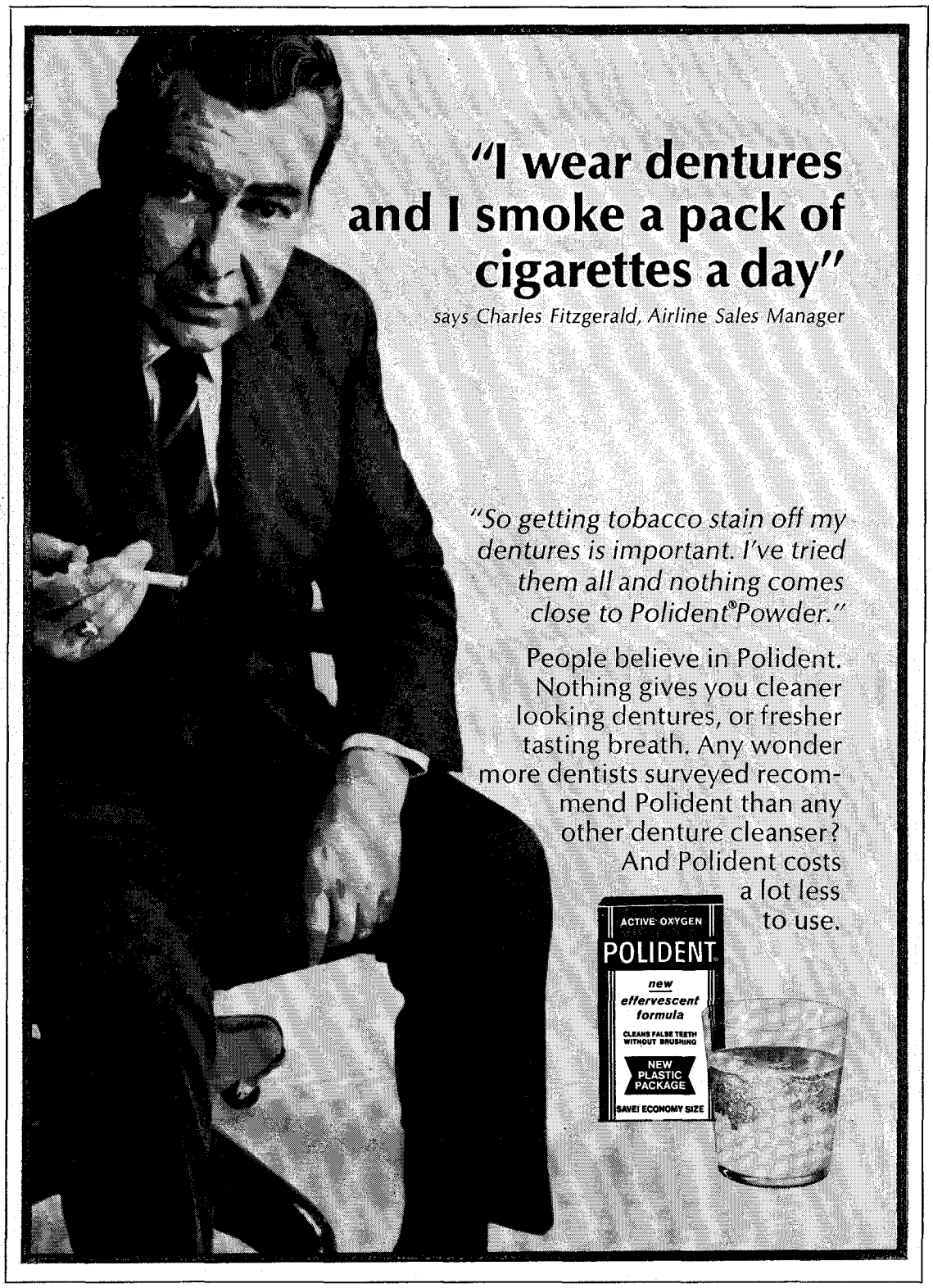
In remote isolation from day-to-day contacts with villagers, the Air Force has a provocative theory that deserves to be examined, if only because so many Air Force men of such high rank will argue it. This theory is that the presence of so many gallant American fighting men on the ground has not made a whit of difference in the war. It has brought a corresponding force from the north to counter every American buildup on the ground. It has encouraged the South Vietnamese to sleep comfortably on their arms in the expectation that the Americans are going to do the fighting in their stead.

By this theory the tide of battle actually turned more than two years ago, when the American fliers came in as a full arm of battle, rather than as advisers to the fledgling air force of South Vietnam. These strategists have a great deal of prisoner intelligence to back them up. Almost all of the defectors from the Viet Cong cite the U.S. Air Force as the main reason for their defection. "Before, we could rest and plan our campaigns, and train our new recruits," said one of the defecting V.C. "Now we get killed even on our way to the waterhole."

The command post for this devastating air war is deceptively casual. It is a one-story stucco building at the Saigon airport that looks much like a unit in some American motel. There is a perfunctory check of passes at the door, but once past the door, anybody can roam about pretty much at will. This is T.A.C.C., for Tactical Air Control Center, the computerized brain center that programs and controls the hundreds of daily air strikes all over Vietnam. There is no guard at all on the door of the inner sanctum, which looks like a big sunken living room, or a small stock exchange. On the upper level are the colonels who run the show. Down in the pit are the captains and sergeants who are in charge of the air war for the various sectors of the country, with batteries of telephones at their side. The room is quiet, air-conditioned, and run with an efficiency that approaches boredom.

Behind a wall-sized Plexiglas screen in one corner of the room stand the true technologists of the scene, privates and corporals who have graduated from a special Air Force school that taught them to write backward. The school does make a peculiar sort of sense. These are the men who plot the positions of the planes, moving them around by grease pencil. The trouble before was that the men moving the planes obstructed the view of the colonels. The solution was to put them behind the Plexiglas and teach them to write backward. "A lot of the guys had trouble with it," said Airman 2/c David Gross, "but it seemed to come naturally to me. I can write about as fast backward now as forward."

"We have known for a long time how to hit the oil depots and ammunition dumps," said Col. William McGinty, the Air Force information chief in Vietnam. "What is new is that we have learned how to get the guy in the sneakers, hiding out under a rubber tree.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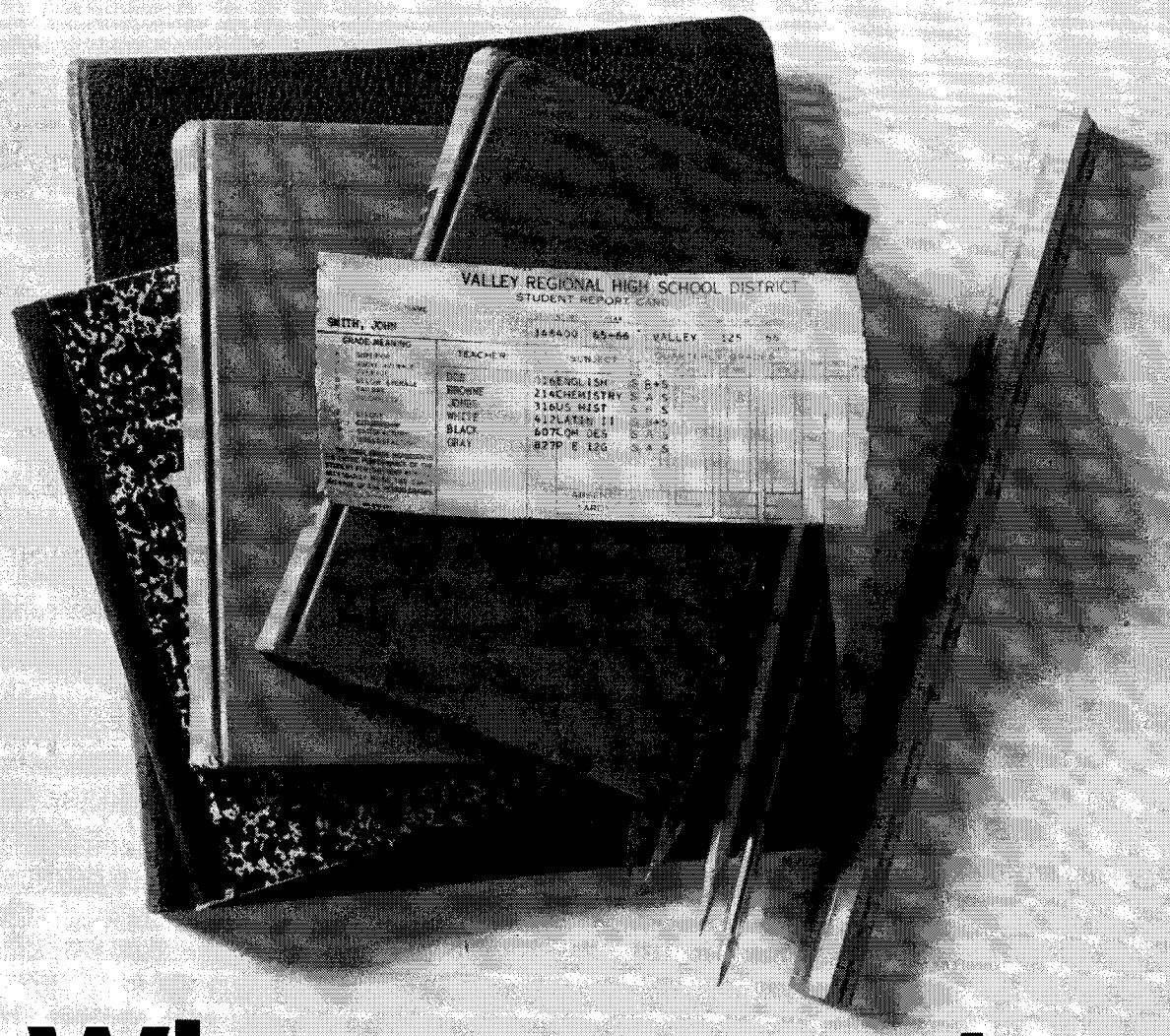

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The strategists said that air power could not cope with guerrilla warfare. We are proving that thesis wrong. The change came when Vietnam got top priority on everything—brains, bodies, equipment. It is almost a blank check. If I sat down one morning and fired off a cable that I could not carry out my assigned mission unless I had one thousand aluminum canoes, I would then go out and look for a place to park them, because otherwise I would soon be up to my hips in canoes.

"We are getting the guy in the sneaks because of two factors unheard of in air warfare. One is the fast response," said McGinty, waving his hand around toward the Plexiglas where the privates were writing backward. "We can lay down a strike anywhere in the country within twenty minutes, and usually we can do it in five or ten. A flight of jets may have taken off at Danang, up at the top of the country, but if we get a priority call for help we can send them down to the southern delta for a strike. The theory of the thing is to keep as many planes working around in the air as you can. Then if you need them they can converge and save lives on the ground. If you don't have troops in trouble, then the planes hit their preassigned targets, such as ammo dumps and jungle trails.

"The second key to the operation is the F.A.C., the forward air controller. Here is a guy in a little $20,000 airplane, about like a Piper Cub, that strikes terror in the heart of the enemy. The V.C. hate him because he is the guy that can put the napalm on their back. The F.A.C. pilots develop eighty percent of our targets. He patrols the same sector every day. He gets to know the trails, the houses, the life patterns, even the water buffaloes. If a V.C. unit moves in, he usually spots them."

"One thing you acquire is a hard tail," said Maj. Rex O'Connor from Detroit, in the course of a F.A.C. flight over the Mekong Delta. "You fly up to eight hours a day, and it consists of long stretches of boredom relieved by a few minutes of stark terror." After two hours of monotonous circling, the major got a call for help from the ground. It turned out to be something short of an emergency. A Vietnamese company out on patrol in the rice paddies had managed to get themselves lost and wanted O'Connor to find the trucks that were to take them back to camp. They gave him map coordinates, and O'Connor spotted the trucks and the troops at once. "Good God," he said, "they've marched off five miles in the wrong direction, and they're still going."

He circled the rice paddy near the trucks, the appointed staging area, and tossed a smoke grenade out his window. It landed exactly in the center of the paddy and started blossoming. "That's one thing you get proud of as a F.A.C.," he explained, "laying down the smoke exactly where they want it. You just toss it out the window, but with a little practice you get pretty good." He flew back over the Vietnamese troops, did an about-face and headed home.

A few minutes later the radio in the cabin crackled with excited chatter from the ground. A Vietnamese company on the ground had come under fire from an enemy machine-gun post. O'Connor entered into the radio debate. "I can give you air within five minutes," he said. A Vietnamese artillery unit wanted to start firing, and there was also a U.S. Army helicopter gunship in the area. The American adviser on the ground gave the job to the helicopter. As it went in on the target, firing rockets and machine guns, O'Connor put his little plane into a bank and headed home. "That's always the way," he griped. "The Army wants to hog the whole show. Whenever they let us in on the act, you know they're really in trouble."

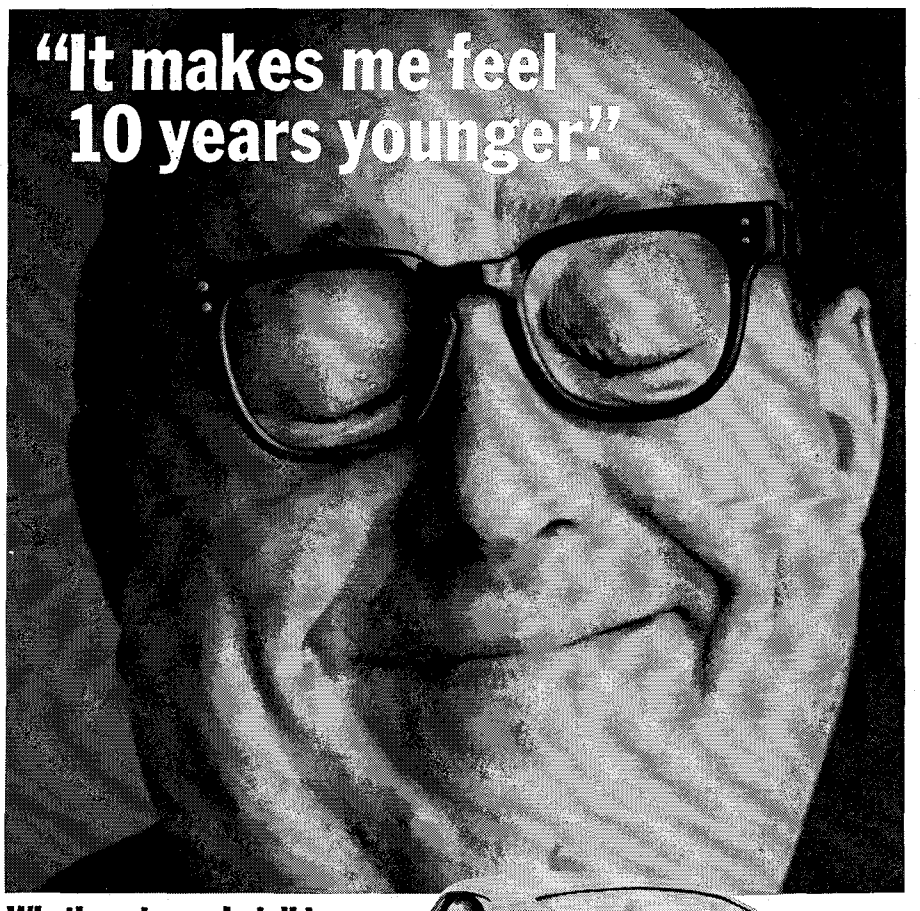
Capt. Kenneth Kerr, 32, from Carlisle, Pa., was one of the most decorated officers in Vietnam. He had flown everything from jet fighters to B-52 bombers before being sent to Vietnam to pilot the lowly 0-1 spotter plane. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross on his first day in action because, although he had been wounded by a bullet through the windshield, he stayed over the target for another half hour directing fire. He has since won one Silver Star and been put in for another.

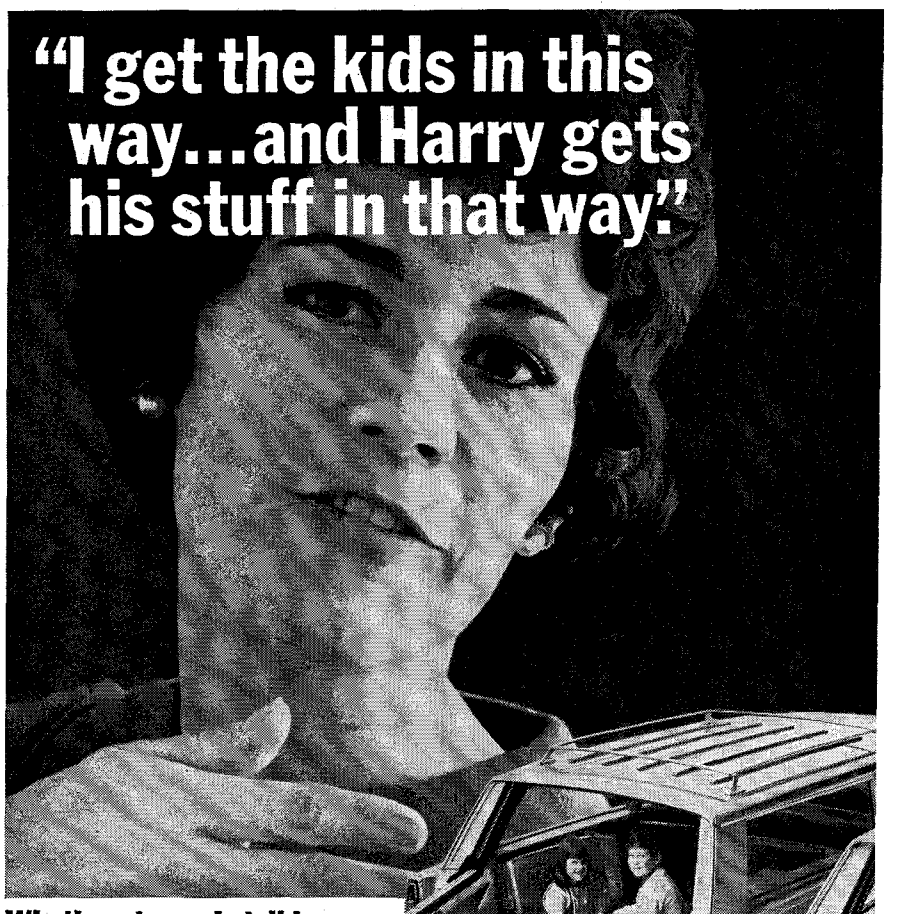
He agrees with his Air Force superiors that the real turning point of the war came when for the first time massive American air power was matched against hallowed guerrilla tactics. This was the six-day battle of the Phu Cu pass, about halfway up the Vietnamese coastline. Few Americans have ever heard of it, because all of the dead were Vietnamese—the government's and the Viet Cong's. When the battle ended, American air power, in its first big test of the war, had slaughtered more than 2,000 of the enemy. Capt. Kerr was in the air every day and most of the nights throughout the battle.

"It started out as one of those really classic Charley one-two's that they have been using for twenty years. They attacked a small outpost at Phu Cu pass, a strategic point on the highway along the coast. Just as Charley had predicted, the Vietnamese sent relief columns down from Bong Son to the north and up from Quinhnon to the south. Charley had laid ambushes on each side of the pass to hit his real target, these lumbering relief columns.

"I was F.A.C.-ing for the relief column from the south, and I got right down to the treetops and couldn't spot a thing. They were well camouflaged and weren't going to give away their position just to shoot me down. The relief column chugged on across the Phu Li River. Once they were across, the V.C. blew the bridge to cut off their retreat and hit from two sides. They knocked out four of the eight armored cars almost at once, but the rest had the good sense to pull up into a tight defensive perimeter, and all the survivors pulled in there. I had fighters overhead, and we just laid down a continuous ring of fire around the perimeter and kept it up all night.

"The F.A.C. planes north of the pass had even better luck. The American advisers on the ground chewed some tail and convinced the Vietnamese they were walking right into a trap. So they left their trucks and took to the ridgeline. When the V.C. saw their plot was spoiled, they scrambled out of their holes and charged the





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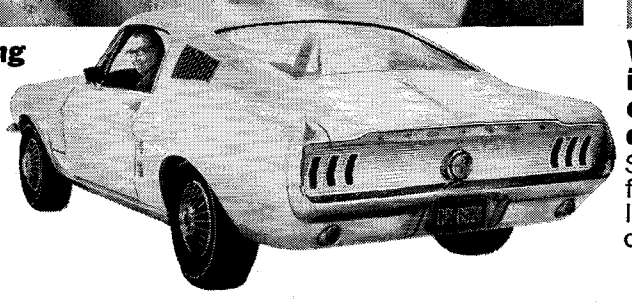

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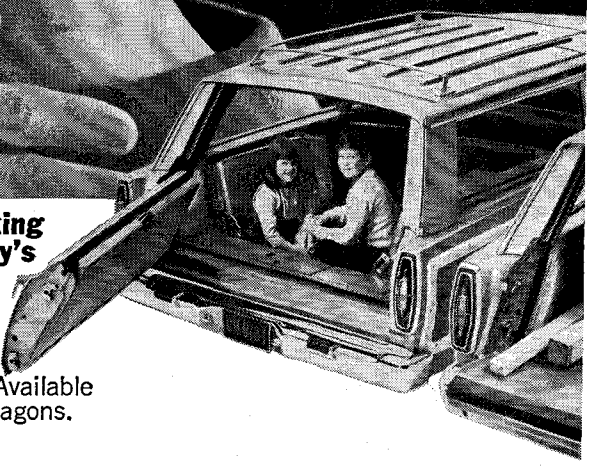

What's got people talking? The better ideas the

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ridgeline. Not one of them made it. The F.A.C.s had so many American fighters overhead they were like traffic cops on a throughway. Their main problem was getting one flight out before the next came in. The Vietnamese just couldn't believe it when they policed up along the road the next morning. They found 800 bodies and mass graves that we estimate held 1,300 more V.C. This was the V.C. tactic that had killed thousands of their buddies, and now they had turned the tables. They were different men.

"The main thing for a F.A.C. pilot," said Kerr, "is aggressiveness. If you duck up to 3,000 feet anytime you get a shot from the ground, you are not going to get your job done. And it takes a lot of patience, just staying up there and memorizing every detail of the terrain. Just north of Quinhnon one day I noticed some fresh dirt in a stream bed about a click from a village. Three days later an intelligence report said there were 300 V.C. in the village, and I directed a strike. After the first four planes hit the village and did not draw any ground fire, I told the next four to hit the stream bed. When the Vietnamese troops moved in after the strike, they collected 101 bodies and a pile of weapons in the stream bed. This was the exit of a V.C. tunnel from the village—their escape route—and we had caught them.

"It seems peculiar that we can circle around all day over enemy country and almost never get shot down. One reason is that the 0-1 is such a simple little airplane. It has only two vulnerable spots, the engine and the pilot. The other thing is that shooting at an 0-1 is like kicking up a mean old snake. When they fire, they give their position away, and they know that we can bite them."

The air war that the F.A.C. pilots direct is, according to Capt. Robert Brickey of Salt Lake City, "a somewhat peculiar affair." Brickey had completed a tour in the supersonic F-104's over North Vietnam, and now, as a volunteer, he was flying a F.A.C. plane with a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour. "Here in the south, dropping grenades and firing automatic rifles out the window, it is more like the Lafayette Escadrille." (And the most popular decorations in the pilots' ready rooms are the "Peanuts" cartoons of Snoopy in his World War I Sopwith Camel fighting the notorious Red Baron.) "When you cross the border into the north, you fly into the most sophisticated air war the world has ever seen. When you are up there at 30,000 feet, traveling at mach-two (twice the speed of sound), with only a cloud bank underneath, and the flak starts blossoming all around you, you know that some of the best electronic gear ever made is tracking you and trying to kill you."

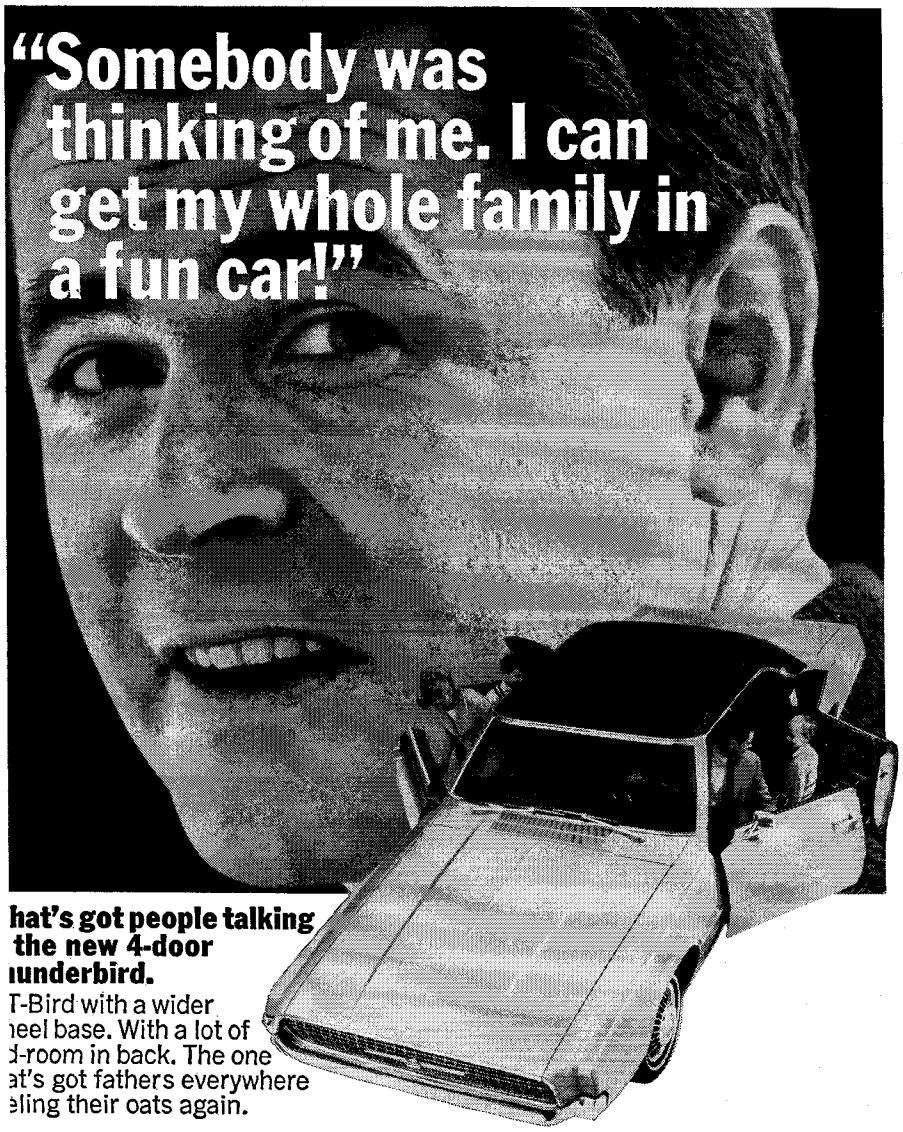
Almost every pilot in Vietnam is flying this bizarre and double war. Even the F.A.C. pilots fly often over the North Vietnamese-held sections of Laos, where the ground fire is sophisticated and intense. The rescue helicopters dart in all over North as well as South Vietnam to get the downed American pilots out. A fighter pilot who today flew a milk run over a stretch of jungle in the south will tomorrow cross the border and go up against the best that the Communists can throw at him, on the outskirts of Hanoi or Haiphong. They are all intensely interested in survival and in the fate of their friends who are missing.

"Howie's OK," an Air Force major told his friends at the bar in a squadron mess. "Intelligence just got the word. He's a prisoner." There followed a subdued debate in low voices about whether it was better to be captured or killed. They were mostly family men, and the consensus was that they would rather be captured. "You will be mistreated," a captain explained, "but we've all been trained to take it. There is a fairly good chance that you will get back home someday. But when you're dead, you're dead."

The party was livened up quite a bit by the arrival of Monroe (Buzz) Blaylock, one of the squadron favorites, who looked entirely too juvenile and fit to be an Air Force major. His squadron was flying the prop-driven Skyraider fighter-bomber, and Blaylock had just disproved a gloomy misconception on the part of the Skyraider pilots. They had all spent most of their time in jets, which have ejection seats, and they were convinced that a pilot could not scramble out through the Skyraider's small side window while laden with his parachute and elaborate survival gear. A few days before, Blaylock had done just that. Hit over the Laotian border, he had nursed his plane over a couple of ridges and bailed out. "I did it exactly by the book, and you characters ought to realize that sometimes the book is right. I aimed myself at the wing and just rolled out. The windstream carried me past the wing and under the tail. I was tumbling, so I stretched out my arms and legs, and all of a sudden I was skydiving. The ground was coming up fast, so I pulled the cord and drifted down into a clump of bushes. I've had worse jars jumping off a wing on the ground.

"I was still in the middle of the boondocks, with the V.C. all around me, but my wingman had stayed with me overhead and knew exactly where I was. I got my survival radio going, and he told me where to find the nearest clearing that a chopper could come into. Then he just flew circles overhead while I hacked my way through the vines. It took me two hours, but when I got there the helicopter was circling overhead." Blaylock had sent the traditional case of whiskey to the helicopter pilots, and now he was dining out on his story. He raised his glass in a most unconventional toast: "To the book, gentlemen. It sometimes works."

"Well, sure, all the guys worry about getting killed," said Navy Lt. James Greenwood, 27, from Topeka, who had been flying the supersonic F4B. He was drinking coffee in the air-conditioned comfort of his squadron's ready room aboard the atomic-powered carrier *Enterprise* in the South China Sea. The leather chairs are comfortably contoured, and there is always fresh coffee in a big urn in one corner of the room. Greenwood, a slender man with a straight nose and a crew cut, was pulling his second tour of carrier duty in Vietnam and had already flown 120 missions. "You make jokes about who you're going to leave the tape recorder to, but you get butterflies every time you're briefed for a North mission." Greenwood had just had his closest call.



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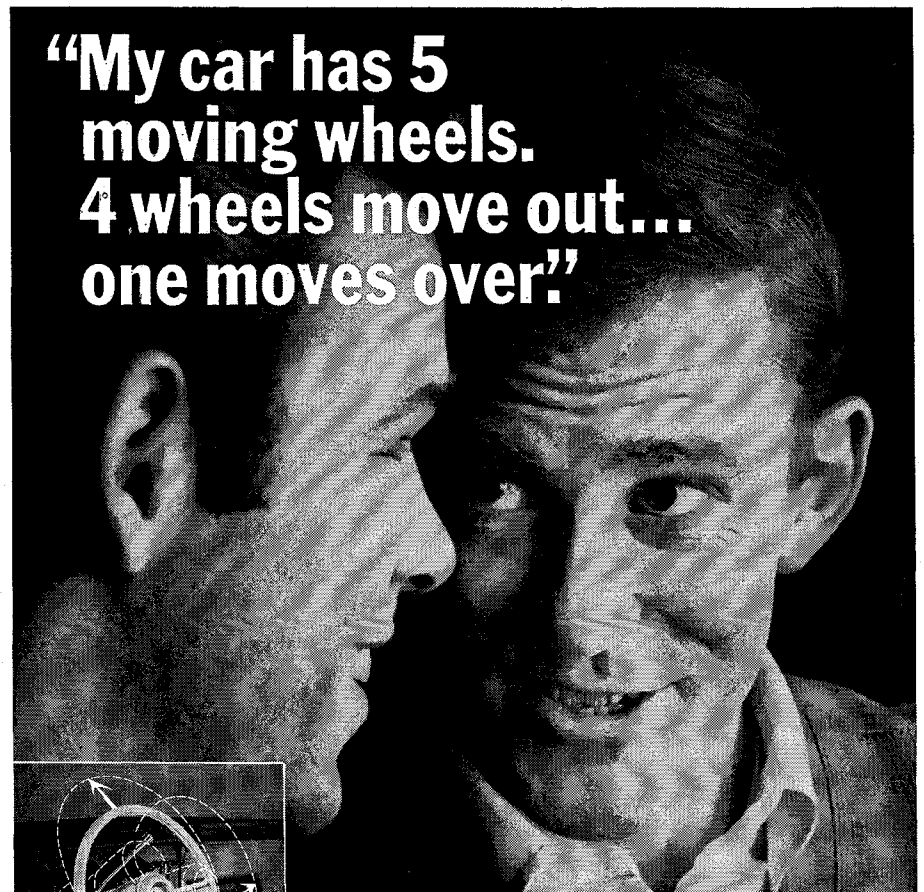

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"We were hitting some supply dumps south of Hanoi, and we made our bomb run from west to east. That is a technique we use when we can. To the east is the South China Sea, and if you get hit it helps to be headed in the right direction. If you can make the water, rescue is almost certain.

"We were dropping 500-pounders on a low-level run at 300 feet. The tracer was coming up all around us, but you have to hold it steady during the bomb run. We released the bombs and got hit at almost the same instant. The ship shuddered, and I pulled it up to 6,000 feet and headed for the water. Then the stick went dead and every warning light on the panel went red. We were on fire and about to explode." The pilot ejected first, and then Greenwood, who was co-pilot, pushed his button. Those few seconds made all the difference. The pilot parachuted down into shallow water just off a fishing village and was captured immediately. Greenwood landed a half mile out at sea. "The Viets put a boat in the water and started rowing toward me, and I swam out to sea as fast as I ever swam in my life. At one point they closed to within 100 yards of me and opened up with automatic rifles.

"I had fired seven flares while I was swimming, and an Air Force plane spotted the last one. He was out of ammo, but he dived on the boat and tried to hit it with his empty fuel tanks. He missed. A flight of Navy jets made a pass with what ammo they had left. They missed too, but they gave me a chance to widen the gap. Then the rescue helicopter arrived. It just stood up there and blasted the boat to pieces with machine-gun fire. The Viets all jumped overboard and swam for home. It was like cowboys and Indians, with the cavalry arriving in the nick of time. The helicopter lowered a hoist, and an hour later I was sitting down to a big steak dinner."

"I'll tell you the first thing I did when I got picked up," said Air Force Lt. Paul Busch Jr., 25, from Beaumont, Tex. "I barfed all over the helicopter cabin." Busch was hit in an F-4 while bombing a truck convoy in Laos. "We barely cleared a ridge after the hit, and I told Russ—the pilot, Russell Goodenough—'I'm getting out.' We pulled the eject handle at almost the same time, and we had almost waited too long. We were below 200 feet. The only thing that saved us was that we still had enough air speed to snap the chutes open. Mine opened fifteen feet off the ground, and I hit like a sack of rocks. But I landed in some brush and didn't break a bone. I hid my chute and helmet under the brush and jumped into a big root hole behind a fallen tree. I got on the survival radio and told them I was Hammer thirty-two, and they said they were sending the choppers in. The V.C. were prowling all around, and one of them, with an automatic rifle, walked down the trail and stopped only twenty feet from me, looking all around. He left, and I started crawling toward the hilltop where the chopper was supposed to come in. When it got there, about forty-five minutes later, I said, 'Well, it's now or never,' and got up into a crouch and ran the rest of the way up the hill. They hauled me inside. About two or three minutes later Russ ran up from the other side of the ridge. We took off, and that's when I threw up.

"It's a funny thing. I was never aware of being afraid, even when the V.C. came within twenty feet of my hole. I had a pistol, and I thought I could get in the first shot if he spotted me. It was only when I was safe that I collapsed." Air Force doctors consider Busch so typical of the brave man under stress that, after a layoff of two weeks, they sent him right back to his hazardous duty.

It is just a question of putting your experience in the van," said Cmdr. James Linder, 41, commanding officer of Attack Squadron 76 aboard the *Enterprise*. A slim, graying Annapolis graduate, he flew 49 missions in Korea and was now on his second tour in Vietnam, where he had flown 122 strikes. "Quite frankly, I would not like to fly over North Vietnam for the rest of my life," he said. "But I would be a pretty poor product of Annapolis if I did not want to take the lead and use every combat trick I've ever learned.

"It hurts to lose a good man. The ready room is pretty grim the next day. It gets to me when I sit down to write a letter home to his wife. Even if you hear he's survived and been captured, it's like a door slammed shut. You try to use every scrap of information from the last mission to plan the next one. Sometimes you stay up half the night debating approaches and tactics.

"The S.A.M. missiles don't worry us. Unless it catches you napping, you have plenty of time to evade. The critical time, just as in all those World War II movies, is the last thirty seconds of the bomb run. You have to hold a steady course, and no evasive tactics are allowed. The antiaircraft gunners don't even try to track you. They just put up a curtain of flak, and you have to fly through it."

Linder, who has had his wing tanks blown off and has been hit three other times on raids in the North, has evolved a set of simple rules. "The more planes you have the safer you are. You can hit the same target from several directions. You can hit the ack-ack while going for the main target as well." His second rule is that "you accept a compromise," in going in against a heavily defended bridge. "You hit it time and again from high altitudes rather than squandering planes and pilots on one low-level run." His third and most heartfelt point is evasion tactics before the strike. "Their radar is so cotton-picking accurate. It is the best that the Soviets can make, and that is awfully good. When you are coming in from the sea, they almost know your name, rank and serial number before you get there. But what you can do is mask yourself as soon as you hit the coastline. You fly a pre-planned route through the mountain valleys, too low for the radar to track you. And then we do what we call a 'pop-up.' You are flying right down on the deck in a valley and then you pop up to 5,000 feet and hit your target, maybe three valleys away."

The fighter war over North Vietnam is a tricky game that gets more deadly every day. The American planes are a bit faster and much better armed, but

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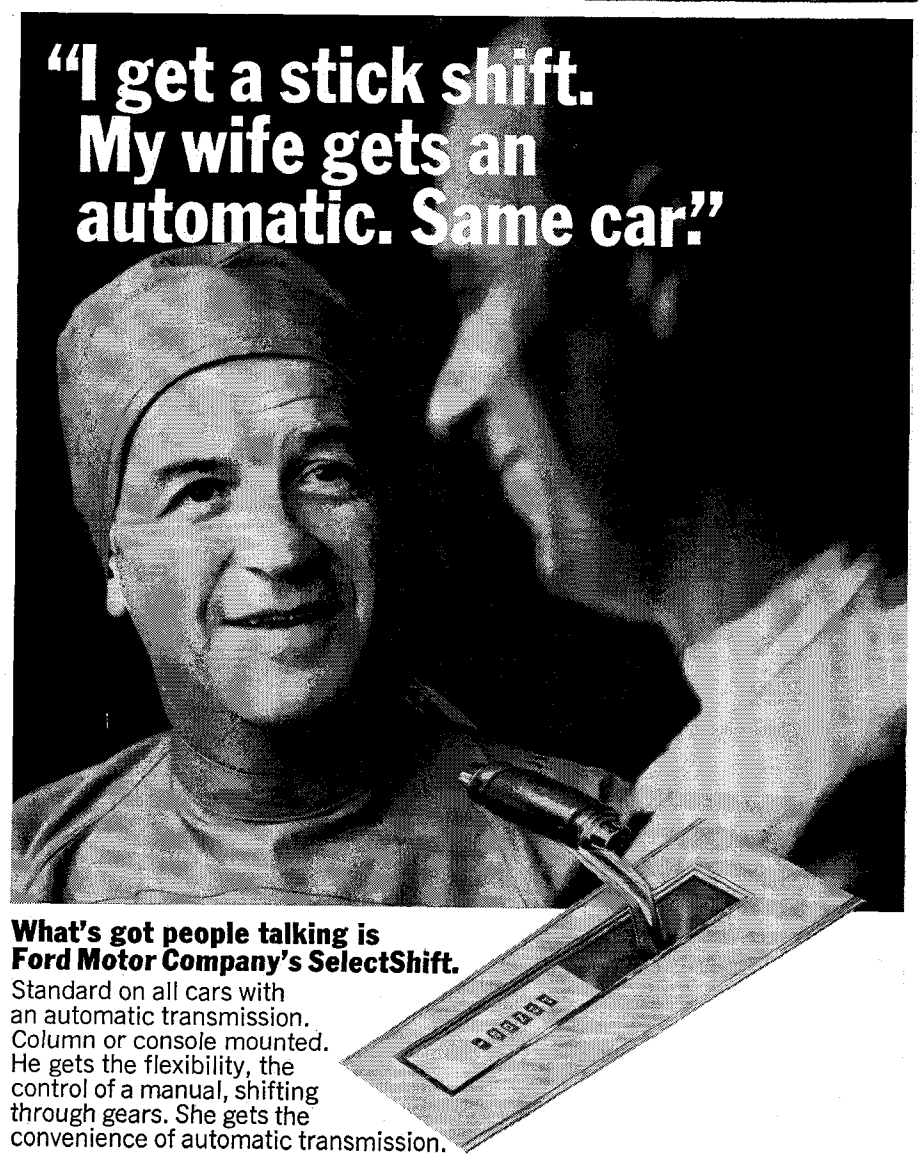

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the MIG's are more maneuverable. They are also fighting on home ground. Air Force Capt. Robert Brickey was flying fighter cover in an F-104 one day when he got jumped by a MIG-17. "He fired a couple of bursts and then dived down through the cloud cover. I knew I could take him, so I went down right behind him. I was faster than he was on the dive, and I meant to turn up under him and get him. But when I broke out of the cloud cover, I was right over Haiphong airport. The clever little s.o.b. had decoyed me right in there. The flak started popping all around me in clusters of four, so I hauled out of there and headed home."

"He wants to make you fight the air battle his way," said Air Force Capt. Max Cameron, "and if you let him get away with it you are dead." Cameron had just come back from shooting down a MIG-17 over Hanoi. "He wants to fight a horizontal war where he can use his tight banking turns on you. You want to fight a vertical war of climbs and dives, where you can use your speed. I wasn't worried at all after the first few minutes, when I found out I could just go off and leave them in diving and climbing turns. I missed with two Sparrows [a guided missile] and then put a Sidewinder [a heat-seeking missile] right up his tail and blew him up."

Most of the American forces in Vietnam do not fight. Behind the men in combat stretches an enormous supply and support force that the Army calls its logistical tail. Estimates vary, but there are at least four men in this tail, even within South Vietnam, for every man in combat. And since the tail reaches all the way back to the supply depots and training camps in the U.S., the figure could perhaps be doubled.

The tail can be splendidly efficient. There is a system called "Red Ball," for priority items. When an infantry division burned out the barrel of a 175-millimeter gun, the biggest artillery weapon in use in South Vietnam, Red Ball airlifted a replacement from the factory to the field in 10 days—even though the barrel was 36 feet long and weighed six tons.

When the Viet Cong blew up the power lines between Saigon and its major source of electricity, a dam 100 miles away, the U.S. launched a crash program. It diverted generators from other U.S. aid programs all around the world and rushed construction of a huge, 33,000-kilowatt thermal plant just outside Saigon. The U.S. has also finished building Saigon one of the world's most modern water plants—although the ancient and cracked mains still mingle sewage with the water and pollute it before it gets to the taps. The U.S. loaded Saigon airport with the latest electronic gear and highly skilled technicians. The result is that, although the airport has but a single jet airstrip, and although it recently passed Chicago's O'Hare to become the world's busiest field, it has not had a single major crash.

The new American hospitals springing up all over Vietnam have an efficiency that is almost chilling. Each has what is called a triage officer, a duty that is rotated among the doctors because none of them could take it as a regular chore. When 30 battlefield casualties arrive in a swoop of helicopter blades, the triage officer's job is to decide who gets priority on the four or five operating tables where the surgeons are standing by. "You push the leg and arm cases over to the side right away," says a doctor who has pulled this duty. "You can get around to them later. You are looking for the boys who have been badly wounded but can still be saved. You have to make a snap judgment. What hurts is when you pass over the kid who is already dying and cannot be helped. You feel that you are playing God."

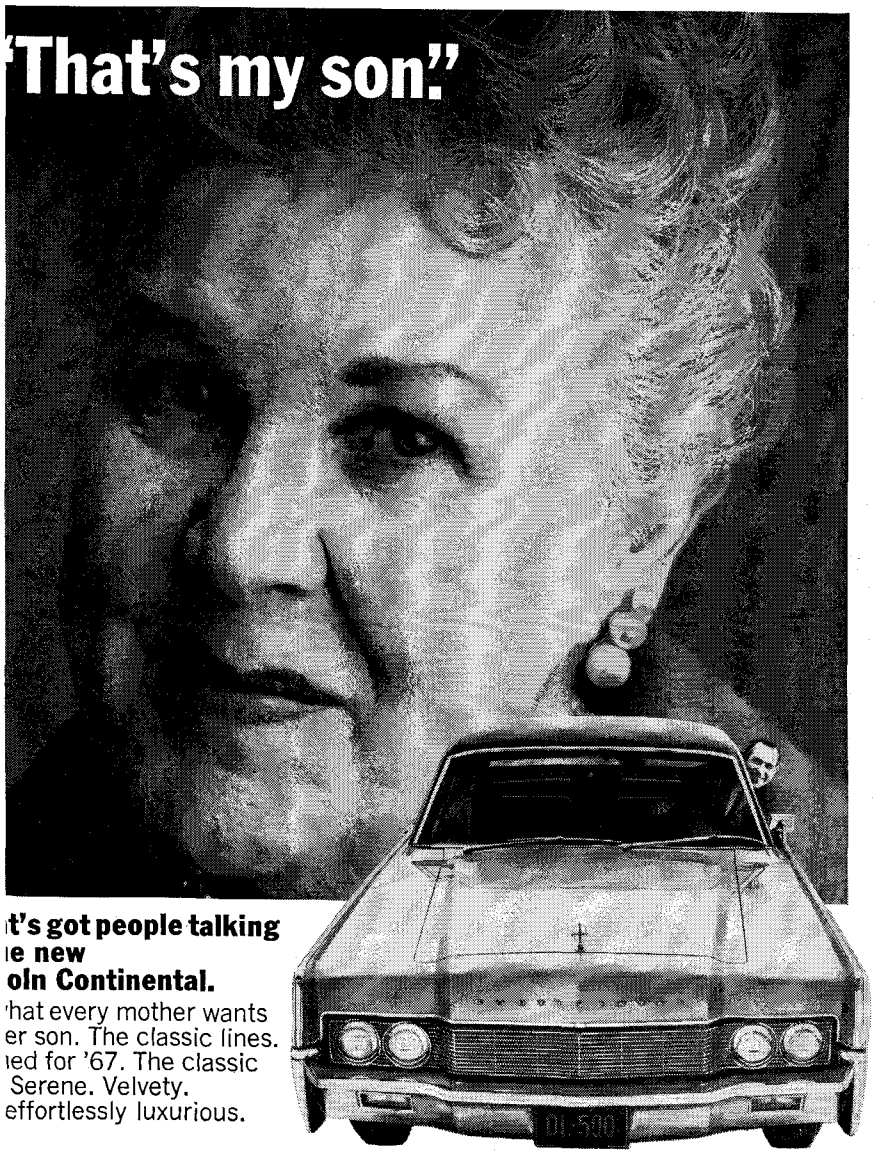
These life-and-death decisions have become less frequent with the growing efficiency of the hospital network in Vietnam. There is a central clearing agency in Saigon, and after a major battle the officer in charge can scatter the casualties around among four or five different hospitals. If a helicopter has a man with a head wound, the center can direct him to a hospital where a brain surgeon is waiting. Orthopedic surgeons have come up with a new "open-wound" treatment for the frequent and gruesome leg wounds caused by Viet Cong mines. Rather than simply wrapping the pieces back together again, they deliberately leave the wound open for a while and then begin the delicate job of stitching tendons, nerves and blood vessels together again. When it works, the patient leaves the hospital without even a limp.

"There are only two types of cases we are not fully equipped to handle now," said a senior medical officer in Saigon. "One is the severe burn. An A.P.C. [armored personnel carrier] hits a mine, and the gas tank explodes. When they get to us they are in bad shape. We put them on a jet to Manila, but very few of them survive. The other case is eye wounds. We have had a lot of that here in Saigon. The V.C. set off a blast. Instead of ducking under their beds as they've been told to do, the Americans run up to the window to see what's going on. The V.C. set off the second explosion, and they've all got a face full of glass."

For the dead, and they average about 100 Americans each week, the final stopover in Vietnam is perhaps the most efficient of all. It is the neat white stucco mortuary at Saigon airport, run by Carl J. Witzel, 42, a civilian mortician employed by the Defense Department. "You have caught us on a rather quiet day," said Witzel, a slim, balding man with a pencil moustache. Two of Witzel's technicians were embalming a Korean soldier on one of a low row of marble slabs that tilt back like a barber's chair to let the blood run off. "We shipped fourteen remains to the States today. We just got three remains from a helicopter crash, and we have an Air Force major who shot himself here in Saigon."

Witzel's plant is thoroughly up-to-date, and he was proud to show it off. When casualties are low, they are stored in individual drawers that look much like the luggage lockers in a bus station. After a big battle he uses his walk-in cold-storage rooms. "We have a capacity for 1,200 remains, but we have never had more than half that number. Our busiest day was during the battle of Ia Drang Valley, when we received 250 remains in a single day."

He opened the door to a closet and



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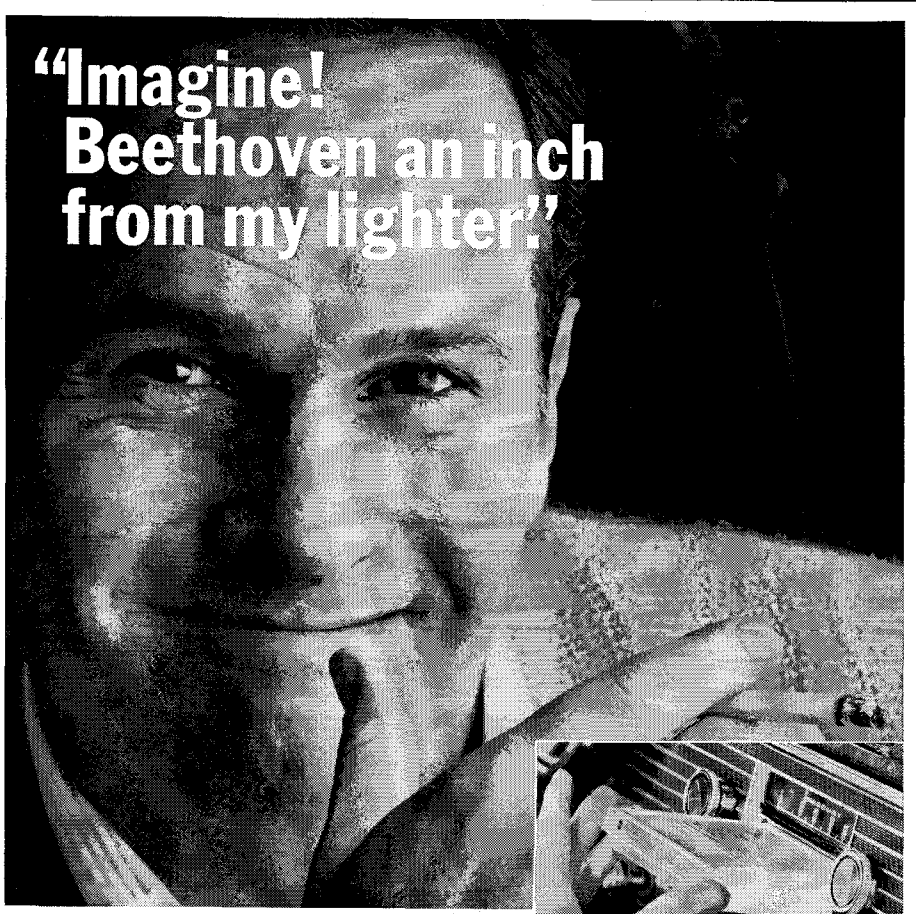

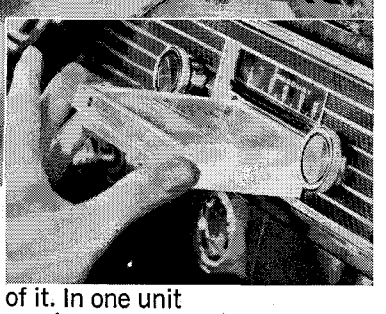

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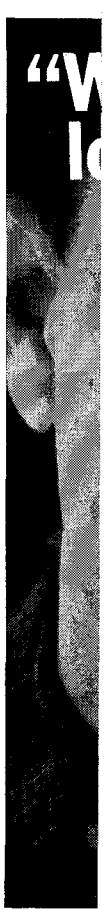

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pointed to 30 wooden caskets, about the size of shoe boxes. "Those are Korean remains, cremated by a local company here in Saigon. We follow the family wishes, and most of the Koreans want cremation. If you can judge by casualties, that Korean Tiger Division is carrying its share of the fight.

"This is the first war in which there has been no burial of American dead on foreign soil," Witzel explained. "The remains are picked up in the field from ten collecting stations. We receive them in these body bags that you see here," he said, pointing to a plastic-and-rubber bag in olive drab, with an all-around zipper and three handholds on each side. "We do not do any cosmetology here. We embalm the remains, using about twice as much fluid as would be used in the States, to allow for the long trip. They are put into these aluminum transfer cases," he said, pointing to a stack of them out behind the mortuary, "and they have top priority on any flight to the U.S.

"The remains are cosmetized at Travis Air Force Base in California, dressed in full uniform with all decorations and delivered to the family within ten days after the date of death. I would like to point out that all these items are reusable. The planes coming here from Travis return the aluminum cases. When a collection station here in Vietnam runs out of body bags, they call us and we ship them a new supply."

Despite such examples of grim efficiency, the logistical tail is still tied up in countless knots. At Tent City outside Saigon, where the new arrivals from the States are billeted, captains, majors and even lieutenant colonels slog in their shorts across an open field in a muggy dawn from their tents to the latrines, their untied bootlaces slapping in the mud. Tent City looks like a prisoner-of-war camp, minus the barbed wire. After a few days of this the colonels tie up their bootlaces and go looking for better quarters. They usually find them, through the old-boy network, and so do the master sergeants. The last to get out are the second lieutenants. One of them, who had been living in the mud for two months, was working in the headquarters in charge of all billeting in the Saigon area. "Now you would think that if anybody could swing it, I could, wouldn't you? But a top sergeant right off the boat can bump me for a cushy set of quarters—not to mention the majors and colonels."

Great mounds of equipment were lying rusting on the docks at Saigon and at Cam Ranh Bay because the supplies got there quicker than the warehouses could be built. And as soon as the sergeants and majors and the munitions and petroleum get sorted out and shipped away, a huge new supply arrives. Somehow it all gets processed, as it has in every war ever mounted.

One of the most surprising of the logistical snafus was the fact that Vietnam was swimming in beer, while all kinds of soft drinks were strictly rationed. Nobody yet knows why this happened. The Army set up its ration on the basis of its experience in Korea, and then all of a sudden it found it had a bunch of cool cats, nondrinkers, on its hands. "Don't ask me," said a top sergeant in an infantry outfit. "They drink but they don't get drunk. That is not considered 'cool.' They use the four-letter words, but not in every sentence. It's some sort of new generation."

There has obviously been enormous waste. The Pentagon recently cut back sharply on its contracts with the civilian consortium, RMK-BRJ, saying that a tidying-up period was needed. This firm, which has seen hundreds of its key employees break their contracts and leave the country, has lost at least $5 million in supplies from pilferage, and some estimates run more than triple that amount.

The U.S. Navy let the contracts to RMK-BRJ, and for the past four years the Navy ran most of the other American logistics operations in Vietnam. Last summer it turned most of these functions over to the Army. Its man in charge in Saigon was Capt. Archie C. Kuntze, an Annapolis graduate with a splendid combat record. Almost at the same time that the Pentagon cut back on its contracts with RMK, the Navy Department announced that Capt. Kuntze had been transferred to the States and would be brought up before a general court-martial on charges of "personal misconduct."

Just before all this broke, Capt. Kuntze was in an expansive mood. His broad desk was clean, and American and Vietnamese flags were draped from staffs behind him. "They call me the American mayor of Saigon. We provide all the normal functions of a city. I run a bus line, a taxi service, a bank, a hospital system, fire and police protection, sixty hotels, ten clubs and messes, a

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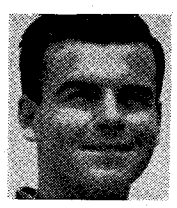

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Domestic Refrigeration Heat'g
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
Industrial Air Conditioning
Industrial Heating
Pipe Fitting Plumbing
Plumbing & Heating
Plumbing & Heating Estimator
Practical Plumbing
Refrigeration
Refrigeration & Air Conditioning

PULP AND PAPER
Paper Machine Operator
Paper Making Pulp Making
Pulp & Paper Engineering
Pulp & Paper Making

SALESMANSHIP
Creative Salesmanship
Real Estate Salesmanship
Sales Management
Salesmanship

SECRETARIAL
Clerk-Typist Commercial
Engineering Secretary
Legal Secretary
Medical Secretary
Professional Secretary
Shorthand Stenographic
Typewriting

SHOP PRACTICE
Drill Operator
Foundry Practice
Industrial Metallurgy
Lathe Operator
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
Metallurgical Engineering Technology
Milling Machine Operator
Multicraft Maintenance Mechanic
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Prints
Rigging
Tool Engineering Tech'l'gy
Tool Grinder Toolmaking
Turret Lathe Operator
Welding Engineering Tech.
Welding Processes

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
Boiler Inspector
Industrial Building Engineer
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Diesel Engines
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Engineering

TEXTILES
Carding
Carding and Spinning
Dyeing & Finishing
Loom Fixing Spinning
Textile Designing
Textile Mill Supervisor
Textile Technology
Warping and Weaving

TRAFFIC
Motor Traffic Management
Railway Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
Color Television Principles & Servicing
Communications Techn'l'gy
Electronic Fundamentals
Electronic Fundamentals (Programmed)
Electronic Fundamentals with Electronic Equipment Training
Electronic Instrumentation & Servo Fundamentals
Electronic Principles for Automation
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coastal shipping line, the U.S.O. clubs and libraries, an employment office and even an architectural-design firm to supervise new buildings.

"Our biggest crush right from the start was laying our hands on enough new buildings to handle the buildup. We needed warehouses, offices, hotels. We found that the various American headquarters were bidding against each other and shooting the price up, so we started what we call the "fix system." Once the Navy, say, or the Embassy, has put in a bid to lease a building, they send a flyer around to the other headquarters, and nobody competes. That way the landlord has to come to terms.

"We got the space we needed by offering builders a long-term lease and a year's rent in escrow. The result is this building boom that you can see on any drive around Saigon. We have a crisis every day, but we manage to get through it. One night, when we were changing over from paying the troops in greenbacks to paying them in military scrip, I found myself with twenty-three million dollars in cash on my hands. I stuck it in one of the refrigerators out behind the PX, put a padlock on the door and left an M.P. to guard it. But I'll admit I didn't sleep too well that night. It would have been quite a haul for the V.C."

At his trial, Kuntze was found guilty of "openly and notoriously" living with a beautiful Chinese girl named Jannie Suen, of importing cloth for her from Bangkok and giving her free use of his official car, the only one in Saigon with whitewall tires. The court let him off with a reprimand, and Kuntze announced his plans to retire.

Kuntze's replacement was shorter, plumper and much less debonair. Army Maj. Gen. Charles W. Eifler Jr., head of the 1st Logistical Command, refrains from any criticism of the Navy. He said simply that "With the great increase in Army strength, it became logical for us to take over the supply function as well." His headquarters, out beyond Saigon airport, were austere and almost impossible to reach through the truck convoys that pounded past all day. The trucks threw up a steady cloud of dust that seeped through all the offices.

"It is the meanest logistical job in the history of the Army," said Lt. Col. Thomas Kelly. "We were charged with a massive buildup in a primitive country. The Saigon harbor was designed in 1936 to accommodate a city of 110,000 people. The population is now three million, the harbor is basically the same, and there is a war going on. This country has one of the most beautiful coastlines in the world, but it is poverty-stricken for harbors. Wherever there is a nice inlet, there is usually a big sandbar outside to block the way. And once we get the supplies ashore, the fun has just started. Most of our combat divisions are operating in what we call "land islands," with little control over the roads to the ports. So we supply these land islands by air.

"We are delivering one meal a day of what we call 'A-rations,' meaning fresh meat, to every soldier in Vietnam. When he is out on patrol, of course, he eats out of a can. But even on a mission the company being held in reserve usually gets a hot meal flown out by helicopter. When an infantryman comes back from a mission, we try to make sure that the first meal he sits down to is a steak. This is prime U.S. beef, brought out by reefer ships and flown to the troops still frozen. If there is any room left on the plane, we fill it up with ice cream. This is still the American soldier's favorite meal—steak and ice cream."

The supper described by Col. Kelly arrived exactly on schedule as a battalion of the 101st Airborne trudged back into its base camp at Phan Rang, halfway up the Vietnamese coastline. "Take your ice cream now," advised Staff Sgt. Robert Barry, a veteran in these matters. "If you come back for it, there won't be any left." As soon as it hit the mess kit, the ice cream began to wilt in the 130-degree heat, so Barry ate it first, before tackling the steak and potatoes and green peas. The Caribou aircraft that had brought the meal had also brought 200 cases of beer, and just after dinner it was cold enough to crack. By 10 P.M. not a can was left. "That's the trouble with the Airborne," said Barry as he trudged back to his hut. "We should have left a few cases for tomorrow. We probably won't get another beer ration for two weeks." But it had made a nice, if brief, homecoming.

"Colonel Robert Duke was pulled off an airplane in Honolulu, given emergency orders and sent out here to set up the First Log," said Col. Kelly. "That was in February of 1965. He requisitioned a dozen of the brightest young officers in Army supply, most of them captains. They set up departments—ammunition, food, petroleum—that are all being run by full colonels today. When Duke put on his hat and said, 'Let's go to lunch,' he took the whole First Log with him. Now we are up to 30,000 men and still growing.

"The supply crisis came last November, just after all of the troops started pouring in. We had as many as eighty ships standing off the entrance to the Saigon River. We gradually worked off the backlog, and there is now no delay for military cargo. The ships carrying the PX supplies have to wait their turn, but the food and the ammo and the petroleum come right in. For a long time we were airlifting combat essentials all over the country. Now we are able to phase in these comfort items, the Japanese cameras and tape recorders, the fresh meat once a day."

In a sweltering country like Vietnam the most comforting item of all is ice. The troops go every day on ice runs into towns that are theoretically off limits, and the morale rises or sags with their results. The soldiers pay up to two dollars for a filthy 15-pound chunk made from poisonous water. This is 10 times the price a year earlier. The troops tell stories—not all of them apocryphal—about soldiers arresting ice-truck drivers as "V.C. suspects," and hijacking the cargo. The ice crisis led to riots in the coastal city of Quinhon, when the local residents formed a ring around the plant and repelled the GI convoys in order to save the ice for the citizens.

To head off the ice war, the 1st Log rushed in 30 great ice-making machines with a capacity of 30,000 pounds a day each. This means, says the 1st Log, that each soldier in Vietnam now gets six pounds of ice a day. "That sounds like a lot," Kelly explained, "but in this climate it is just enough to put in his fruit juice and iced tea at chow time. He will still have to use dirty ice to cool his beer, but it has taken some of the pressure off."

The 1st Log's greatest building job is Cam Ranh Bay, about halfway up the coastline. At first look it seems an idyllic assignment. Army engineers rate it as one of the four or five best natural harbors in all the world. No bay is any bluer, and so protected is Cam Ranh by its rolling sand dunes that a typhoon offshore in the South China Sea scarcely ruffles its waters. Just after breakfast each morning hundreds of soldiers in bathing suits and slippers line the roads, walking down to the water for a swim.

This surface peace is entirely misleading. Many of these soldiers were stevedores from the 10th Transportation Battalion who worked 12 hours a day for 13 days, and then got one day off. They were the night shift, just coming off duty. The temperature in their tents back behind the dunes would soon climb to 140 degrees, and the beach with its ocean breeze was the only place cool enough for them to get some sleep.

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"It's been a backbreaker," said Pfc. John Myers from Olympia, Wash., who in four months on the job had dropped from 205 to 160 pounds. Myers was in a stevedore gang unloading the freighter *Exermont*, out of San Francisco. "We've only just started getting the fork lifts and the other equipment we need. What we dread is a ship full of cement, where you have to hump it bag by bag." "We're in a sweat all the time," said the gang boss, Sgt. Robert McLean, from Norfolk. "It's 140 degrees in the holds, and some of the kids catch a bad cold when they come up on deck into the breeze, where it's only 110."

Bob Hope, when he came there to entertain the troops, called Cam Ranh Bay "a Texas cat box" and "a resupply station for the Sahara." The sand has been so buffeted and rounded through the centuries that its only known commercial usage is for filling up the insides of hourglasses. So one of the major imports for the great construction jobs at Cam Ranh Bay was sand—sand with enough size and facets to make concrete, which the Cam Ranh sand will not.

"When we landed here more than a year ago, this was the loneliest place I had ever seen," said Col. William Hart Jr., commander of the 5,000 men of the 35th Engineer Group. "There was nothing but one run-down pier, forty fishing families and some dilapidated barracks left behind by the French. I sent my combat engineers out to set up a perimeter on the dunes, while my construction battalions started getting supplies ashore, sometimes under sniper fire.

"One of the first things we did was let most of the air out of our tires, to keep from bogging down in the sand. Our drivers learned to circle up the side of a dune instead of tackling it straight on. This hourglass sand got into everything that moved. Since we got no replacement parts for three months, we were robbing Peter to pay Paul. It took all of us time to get used to the heat, and we had a lot to learn. When we poured concrete, the heat above and the sand below sucked off all the water before the concrete had time to set. You have to pour your foundations in the coolest part of the night.

"At that time our priority project was patching up a little 1,250-foot air strip, just to get emergency supplies in. That's hard to remember when now, a year later, it is one of the most modern jet airports in the world." He waved a hand up at the jet fighters screaming overhead, taking off and landing every few seconds on a 10,000-foot strip.

"There has been one crash project after another. We opened up a quarry for crushed rock to make the concrete we needed for warehouse floors. But there was not enough for roads, and we were still slopping around in the sand. We discovered a big coral bed offshore and started dredging it up. We did a lot of experimenting until we got it to work. We laid down a mixture of coral, cement, sand and waste from our rock plant to make a base. Then we laid coral on top. It came through the monsoons beautifully. We had got our asphalt plant set up by then, so we started laying hard-surface roads."

Col. Hart was operating in the best tradition of American road-building. While his crews were blacktopping a two-lane highway, his bulldozers and dump trucks were already grading and basing a third lane. When the blacktop team moved on to the third lane, a fourth was underway. Since Hart was an Army bird colonel and had no problems from labor unions, he could pit one battalion against another. And there was a fierce pride on the part of the men on the bulldozers to stay ahead of the men laying asphalt in their wake. In only a year Hart laid among the dunes a highway system that many American cities would envy. From the air it looks as if a small boy had squirted chocolate syrup up, down, across and around, on a piled-up plate of ice cream. But the trucks that roar along these strange superhighways in the desert are rapidly eliminating the U.S. supply bottlenecks in Vietnam.

The Army towed two portable piers to Cam Ranh Bay, mammoth affairs 80 feet wide by 600 feet long. One came all the way from Charleston, S.C., and the other from Japan. "Aren't they beauties," said Hart, pointing out his window in an old French barracks that overlooks the harbor. "When they get here they anchor themselves, driving their own steel pilings down. It was touch and go whether I would have the approachways paved in time. I was watching the harbor mouth out this window through my binoculars. We just made it. Now we can handle twelve ships at a time on the piers and twenty more by lighters."

One of the principal worries of the Communist world is that the U.S. is

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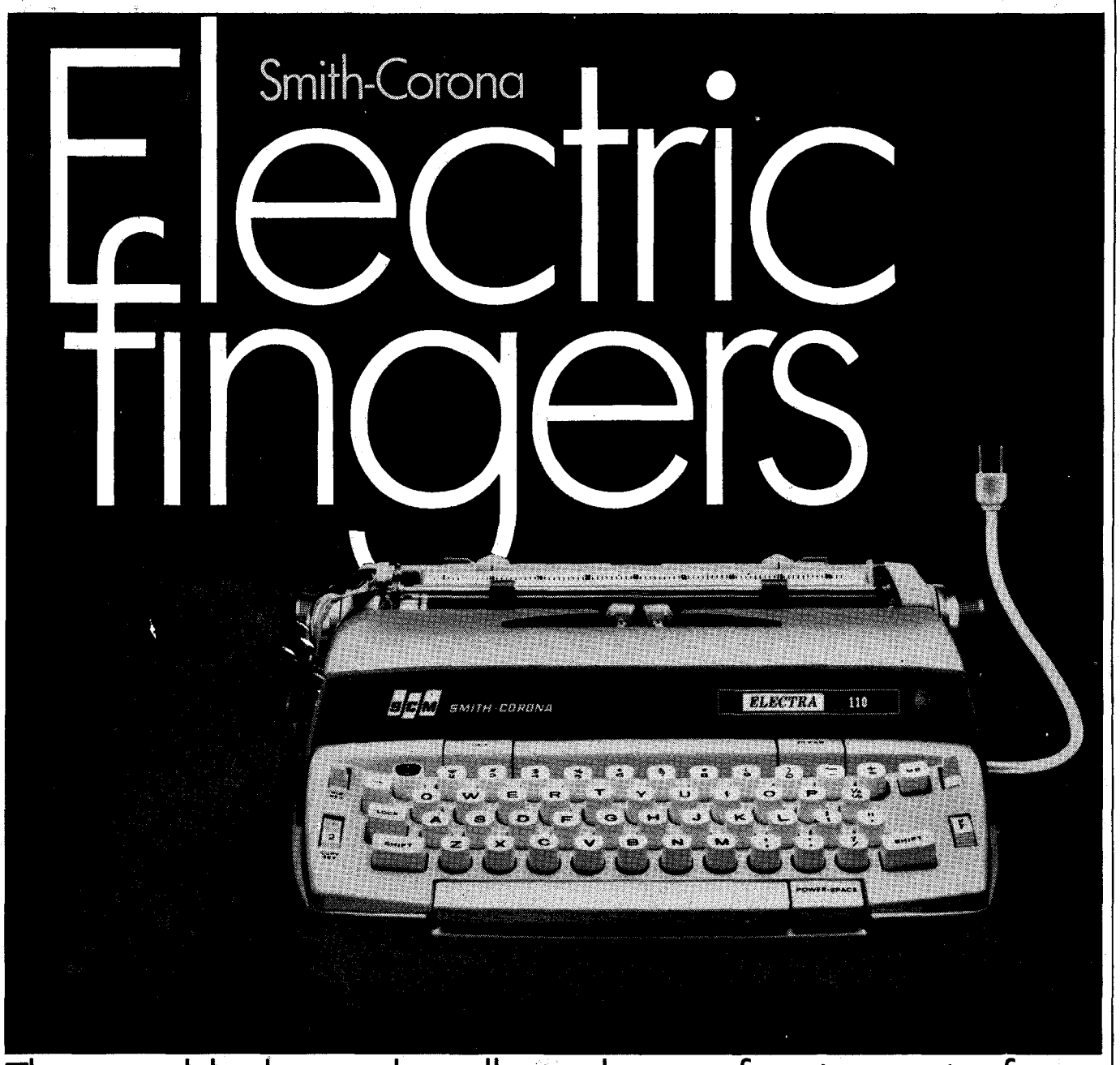

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using the Vietnam war as a pretext to build up a vast complex of harbors and bases on mainland Asia. Communist diplomats say that the great construction program looks beyond the Vietnam war and toward a long-range containment of China.

"And you know what I think," said an Air Force colonel. "I think the Commies are right. We put in these 10,000-foot runways made out of aluminum mat. It is holding up beautifully and will last for years. But then we start laying a permanent concrete jet strip right alongside. We say we are building for the future development of Vietnam. But the idea that a little village like Phan Rang out in the middle of nowhere needs two jet strips is ludicrous. And take Cam Ranh Bay: two more jet strips and the best harbor in Southeast Asia. If we pulled out, they would start drying fish on the runways and raising onions in the hangars. That is all the place is good for. It's nothing but a sand dump."

A great many of the 400,000 servicemen in Vietnam go by the name of "Saigon Warriors." This is an unfairly corrosive term for the soldiers who man the headquarters, do the paperwork and dispense the paychecks and the goodies—the whiskey and the cameras and the tape recorders. One of the happiest and least abashed of these Saigon warriors was Capt. Robert Webster, a cigar-smoking Bostonian who ran the commissary—or supermarket section—of the vast American PX operation in Vietnam. His main branch in the Cholon section of Saigon was a cornucopia of American goodies that would be hard to distinguish from a supermarket in the States. The warriors based in Saigon come here to pick up everything from choice club steaks at $1.98 a pound to 25-pound sacks of Gravy Train dog food. The frozen-food section carries turkey pies, TV dinners and cherry turnovers.

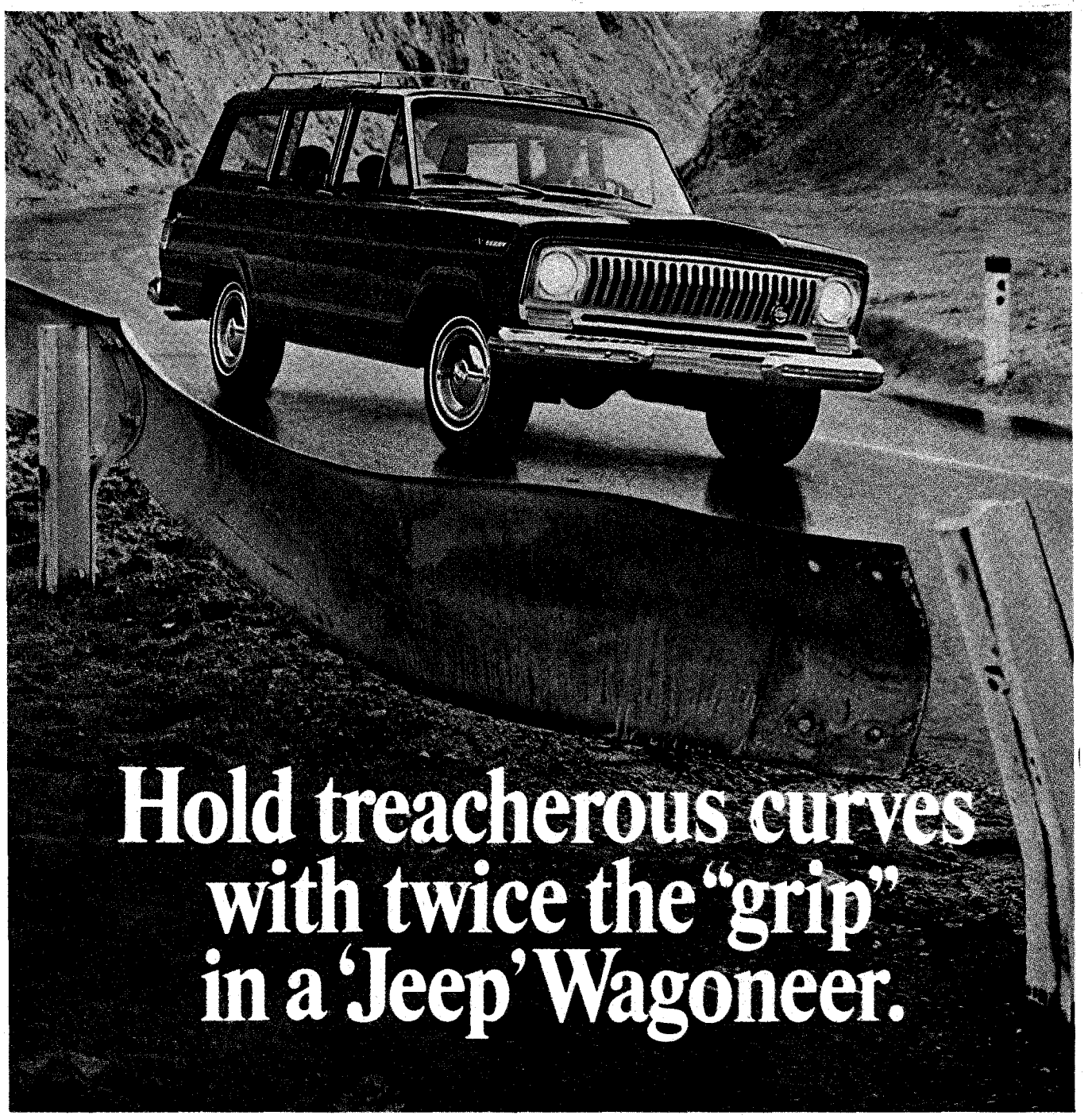
"Tide detergent is the single hottest item in stock," said Webster. "For some reason it caught on ahead of all the other brands, and every laundress and housewife in Vietnam wants it. We have to ration it, two boxes to each GI. We also have to ration fruit juice and instant coffee, two other big black-market items."

Webster's commissary was doing a business of a million dollars a month, about half of it through the check-out lines and the other half in charge accounts from units in the field. Capt. Webster was particularly proud of his charge accounts, since, as he said, "This gets the goodies out to the boondocks." Every unit had one of Webster's 39-page catalogues of the 900 items the commissary stocked. "Now here is a typical order we just filled for the Beetle Nut Lounge, an Air Force club down in the delta. Five cases of cheese puffs, five cases of Bacon Kurls, five cases of Vienna sausage, five cases of sardines, ten cases of cookies, ten cases of pork and beans, five cases of cashews, five of peanuts and five of mixed nuts. They hand-carried the order through the store and took the merchandise with them the same day. We'll bill them on the first of the month: $437.20.

"Now here is a typical order from a Special Forces camp out in the jungles west of Danang, right on the Laotian border: Twenty-four cans of Del Monte Alaska crab, forty-eight cans of Bab-O, forty-eight boxes of Brillo, twelve cans of Florient air deodorant, ninety-six boxes of paper napkins, twenty-four cans of Lay's shoestring potatoes, eighteen boxes of Chef-Boy-Ar-Dee pizza mix with cheese and twelve with sausage. Total: $67.32. We put it on an airplane to Danang, and they will pick it up there and mail us a check."

Robert Rodgers, 36, a short and enormous staff sergeant from Baltimore, had perhaps the most exacting job of all the Saigon warriors. He ran the Rex Hotel in the center of Saigon. It is the barracks for senior officers, and no one below the rank of major occupies one of its rooms. Most are colonels, and more than a few are generals. Officers of this rank are notoriously demanding. To add to Rodgers's problems, the top floor of the Rex, the fifth, is the greatest watering spot in all Vietnam. This fifth-floor club is open to any commissioned officer, as well as the 350 accredited journalists in Saigon, all embassy personnel and several thousand construction workers.

The Rex's orchestras and singers and laughter dominate downtown Saigon. The building is faced on two sides by public parks, where the citizens gather by night to stare up at the lights and ponder what orgies are happening there. What goes on there is actually pretty tame—cheap drinks, good food, a movie three nights a week and a band the other four. The big night is Sunday, when there is a floor show and "steak night at the Rex." Beginning in late afternoon, 2,500 officers and civilians



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line up on top of the Rex to pick out their own club steaks or filets mignons—fresh off reefer ships from the U.S.—and grill them to taste on a row of charcoal broilers along the balcony. It is the closest thing that the homesick Army brass has been able to devise to the backyard, suburban barbecue.

"The Rex may sound corny," said the wife of a newspaper correspondent, "but after you've been over here a while, you look forward all week to Sunday night."

"I wheel and deal," said Sgt. Rodgers. "I have to. I have to buy up to 1,000 pounds of ice a day on the local economy, in addition to what our six machines will turn out. If you are a supply officer you hate to see me coming, because I am a scrounger. I got a tip yesterday that a potato ship was coming upriver, and I had my trucks down there before the ship docked. I got 4,000 pounds of fresh potatoes before any of the other messes even knew they had landed."

At this point a junior officer came up to the table and ordered three trays of *hors d'oeuvres* and a cake inscribed HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ADMIRAL, for delivery that afternoon. "Every time they have a birthday or get a promotion, they want to have a party, and we have to be ready to cater it," Rodgers explained. "This is the senior of all the officers' messes in Vietnam. I had a two-star general check in this morning. This may be a combat zone, but believe me, his room was spotless, and there was a bucket of ice on the table. Some of them will put you in a brace and chew you out just like they would in the States. But I have a lot more trouble with the Vietnamese employees than I do with the generals. I caught a couple of cooks the other day mixing up the fruit salad on the kitchen floor."

"Rodgers has run officers' clubs all over the world," one of his superiors explained. "He has the knack for getting along with the brass. He made his reputation at a post—no, I won't name names—where the commanding general's wife was a complete tyrant. She is known throughout the Army as 'Mother.' Rodgers is the only man who ever charmed that old biddy. He once turned out fifty lieutenants on a moment's notice to decorate her Christmas tree. By keeping her happy, he made life more bearable for us all. He probably knows half the senior officers who check in here. A lot of them will give him a big hello and say, 'How's Mother?' I don't know whether it's his efficiency or his big sloppy grin. But ever since he got here, the brass have all been as happy as Mother."

Staff Sgt. Bill Shonyo, 38, is short, bespectacled and a bit pudgy. And he was another of those key noncoms without whom this logistical "tail" in Vietnam would break up into little pieces. Just as Sgt. Rodgers was the man to go to for a birthday cake on an hour's notice, Shonyo was the man who could get anybody anywhere they wanted to go in South Vietnam. His job was running the press office for the 7th Air Force at Saigon Airport, but his scope was much broader than his title. With a few quiet phone calls to fellow noncoms around the base, he solved problems that had colonels quaking.

The Air Force runs a sort of airline which at first glance looks efficient but is actually the most fouled-up operation in Vietnam. Its four flights a day—C-130's with canvas seats—are supposed to ferry correspondents, soldiers coming back from leave, and new replacements from the States. But when a big battle starts—and fighter pilots, infantry officers and three television camera crews with full equipment are scrambling to get to the scene—the Air Force cancels the flights and uses the planes to carry needed cargo instead. The lowly enlisted man settles his head on his duffel bag and prepares to sweat it out for as long as a week in a bleak terminal that does not even have a water cooler or toilet.

"When I get to the office at seven A.M. and see a crowd of people hanging around, I know what's happened," said Shonyo. "I get on the phone to about seven different cargo commands here at the airport, and I usually get them out within an hour to wherever they want to go. I put them on anything going, from jets to helicopters. Sometimes it's close. I will race out onto the strip with a carload of people after the plane has started taxiing." "It's a hell of a way to run an airline," said one correspondent, "but without Shonyo we wouldn't get there at all."

Life in Saigon is both crowded and lonely for the Saigon warriors. Shonyo's headquarters at Saigon airport was one of a flat and depressing parade of stucco barracks that stretched as far as the eye could see. He inherited a family of monkeys in the attic and bought bananas in town each day to feed them. It was always hot, and the view out the window was either dust or mud, depending on the weather. There was a continual traffic jam on the two-lane blacktop road through the base.

When Shonyo closed down the office at night after a 12-hour day and darted through the traffic to the post office across the street, even his mailbox was jammed. Shonyo, like thousands of other servicemen in Vietnam, had taken up an offer from the Chicago *Tribune* for a free six-months' subscription. And so every day the paper, bloated with ads from a city he had never lived in, was crammed into his box, one out of a bank of thousands. He pulled it out, badly tattered. It was six weeks old. "Well, at least it's free."

The N.C.O. club was sweltering, and most of the men were standing. "It was built to handle 1,000 men, and now we have 3,500 members," he explained. Sergeants standing near the doors and windows began shoving them open. "The air conditioning just won't handle this triple load." Shonyo fell into a gloomy discussion with another sergeant about the price of food at the club and the prospects for promotion.

As one of the three top grades of noncoms, Shonyo had to fend for food on his own. He was barred from the enlisted mess halls, which are already hopelessly overcrowded. In theory, the N.C.O. club was his mess. "If I can get here by eleven in the morning, I can get served in about an hour. But if I get here at twelve it takes two hours, and my boss does not go for two-hour lunches. What I usually do is grab a sandwich and a soft drink off one of the PX trucks that circle the base."

One of the first things Bill Shonyo did upon his arrival in Vietnam was to buy a bicycle. "I got it cheap off a sergeant who had been barely missed by a terrorist hand grenade. He decided to ride the Air Force buses after that. I pedaled all around and got to know Saigon. I was looking over my shoulder all the time at first, and then I just forgot about it. The only way to enjoy a tour like this is to get to know the town and the people. I was stacked up like cordwood with 200 other Air Force sergeants on the base. What I wanted was a place in town, and on the bicycle it didn't take long to find one. The Vietnamese are doubling up and moving in with relatives to get these tremendous rentals from the Americans."

Shonyo led the way off a crooked street into a courtyard that swarmed with children. Shonyo's roommate, Staff Sgt. John Hildebrandt, was playing jacks on the sidewalk with a half dozen of them, who howled at his incompetence. "John and I split the rent, forty-three dollars a month each," Shonyo explained. "If you live off base, which they encourage, you get a housing allowance, and we just about break even."

He opened the door to a large bed-sitting room with a kitchen and bath behind. Two big Japanese fans were humming away. Shonyo had bought them at a bargain at the local PX. He had also bought there the liberal contents of his liquor cabinet. But he took most pride in his grass rugs and his four watercolors, all bought on the local economy. "It's the French influence, I guess. You can buy these lovely pictures for a couple of dollars each, but if your icebox breaks down, you had better know how to fix it yourself."

Shonyo and Hildebrandt made their own supposedly potable water in a most irregular way. Shonyo scrounged at the base a couple of five-gallon glass jugs that had once held battery acid. He soaked them clean and filled them right out of the tap with Saigon water, a notorious carrier of everything from hepatitis to bubonic plague. Then he added two capfuls of Clorox to each jug of water and shook the mixture up. "The Clorox does the job. I drink it every day, and I haven't even had an upset stomach.

"Well, sure, the Viet Cong know we are living here. They hit the police station down the street just two weeks ago. John happened to be cutting a tape on his recorder to send home, and his mike picked up the grenade blast. We don't have any soldiers guarding this place, and anytime the V.C. wanted to throw a grenade into our bedroom, they could do it.

"But I don't really think they will. We have made a lot of friends here. Our landlady's son, who drew up the lease, is a medical student. He speaks good English, and he likes to practice it. He has introduced us to five lawyers and two radio announcers that live here in this compound. They have cooked us meals with that fish sauce they put on their rice, and we have had them in for a PX dinner. For Lord's sake, don't make us out heroes. We are support troops and nothing else. Stationed out at the airport, I see those aluminum boxes coming through every day. Most of them are just kids.

"You know, you really ought to take a close look at that jacks game going on out there. They have a nutty set of rules. It's not like an American jacks game at all." Shonyo was obviously itching to get out to the patio. "These kids are really pretty good at it, but Hildebrandt and I are going to beat them, as soon as we catch on." □

Hazel by Ted Key

"Pooped?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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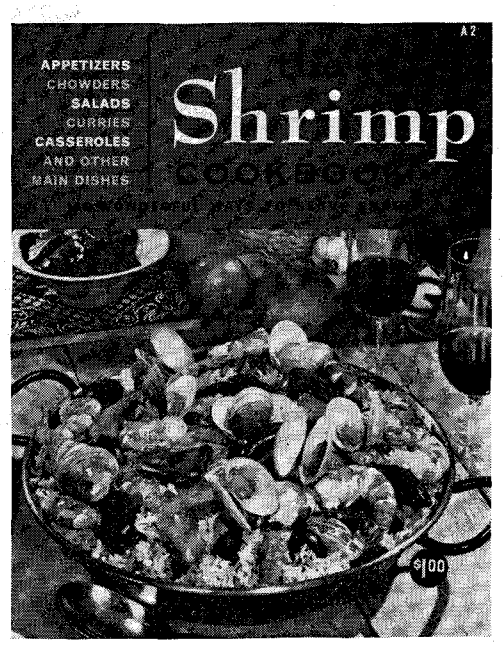

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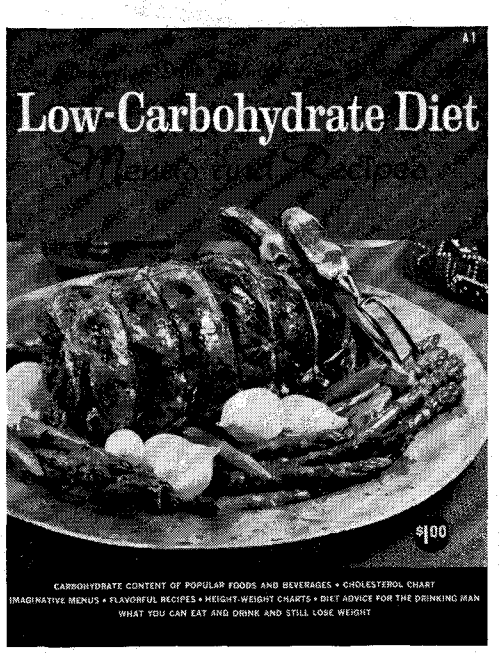
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The island that borrows its children

The young people were all leaving, the school was nearly empty. Then the tiny Maine community used Yankee ingenuity to renew itself.

By John Skow • *Photographs by Harvey Lloyd*

The people of Frenchboro, Maine, watch the sea—they are islanders and lobstermen—and one morning in August, 1941, they looked past the harbor mouth and saw warships. A fleet of British and United States vessels steamed at anchor, patrolled by fighter planes and destroyers. Some of the Frenchboro men steered their lobster boats toward the gray ships crowding their water. Destroyers headed them off, and after that the men did their watching from the headlands.

The fleet stayed a day, then left. The lobstermen learned later that President Franklin Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill had been there aboard the U.S.S. *Augusta*, and that the ships had anchored for the signing of the Atlantic Charter.

"Right off here, not more than a mile and a half," a visitor hears from a fisherman or his wife, and later, in words not much different, from their neighbors. Visitors are prized in Frenchboro, which does not get many, and they are all told about the charter signing. Until recently there did not seem to be much else to talk about with off-islanders, once a

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Suddenly the school is filled again with laughter and eager chatter and children bending low over their lessons.

conversation got beyond the scarcity and high price of lobsters and the smallness and isolation of the Frenchboro settlement. Frenchboro has only 25 households, and it is the only town on Long Island, a not very long or wide island eight miles offshore from a stretch of coast near Ellsworth, Maine. The town has no doctor, lawyer, resident clergyman, bar, restaurant, store, movie house, bowling alley, slot-car raceway or jail.

On the other hand, Frenchboro also lacks crime, juvenile delinquency, public drunkenness and mental illness. Nor is there any poverty severe enough to require public assistance. Lobstermen make a good living, and every able-bodied man on the island is a lobsterman.

But there is more to be said for Frenchboro than that it is prosperous and not a plague spot. Long Island, set splendidly among other islands, has deer, beaver, pheasant and wild orchids in its pine woods. The tumbled granite coastline opens to a sheltered harbor around which the town curls in a likable way. Houses are small and plain—built years ago by the lobstermen themselves, in time stolen reluctantly from lobstering—but the weathered docks that stand long-legged at low tide are large and ramified, and their clutter pleases the eye.

The church (whose pastor is a circuit rider sent once a month by the Maine Seacoast Mission) is white, although not newly white, and it has a fine copper fish for a weathervane. In the evenings, or when the sea is too rough for fishing, the lobster boats wheel together at their moorings as the tide changes, and a man can look from any house in Frenchboro and see them, worn, stubby and strong.

The island imposes few obvious hardships; its weather is milder than that of the mainland, and even the settlement's isolation is deceptive. The world is kept out by the eight miles of choppy water separating it from Frenchboro, but the islanders are certainly not kept in. Television and civilian-band radios bring in mainland news. A ferry runs twice a week, and someone's lobster boat is always heading for shore on the days the ferry skips. The island families keep cars on the mainland, and many of them have houses there, where they stay overnight after a shopping-and-visiting expedition. Almost no one on the island misses a mainland movie or eats canned food instead of fresh unless he wants it that way.

The people of Frenchboro are sober and shrewd, and they know what they have. And yet, in a history of Frenchboro written by Mrs. Sanford Lunt, the wife of an island lobster buyer, there is a disturbing set of figures. In 1900 the population of the settlement was 174. In 1932 it was 117, and by 1956, 67. A few years later the number had dropped to 55. It was the young who were leaving, as over the last century the young had left other hamlets in New England—each successive war showing a progressively smaller number of young men that the farmland or the executive-trainee programs were better somewhere else. The difference in Frenchboro's case is that money has not been the reason for leaving. There are strong men writing advertising copy who pay less income tax than a Maine lobsterman.

But a man living in Frenchboro had to be willing to go home at night and sit in his kitchen with the tops of his high rubber boots rolled down. This had been the style of life for most of the nation, but now the style was changing. In the new suburbs a man would go home at night and sit in his living room, not his kitchen. Over Martinis or Manhattans, neither a kitchen drink, he would discuss with his wife the urban fascinations lacking in Frenchboro. Something was always happening in the rest of the world—a bowling night, a United Fund drive, an automobile hitting a utility pole. Nothing ever happened in Frenchboro.

There are other reasons for Frenchboro's decline—one of them is that some of the island children attended college and were taught that lobstering is not one of the liberal arts—but the main reason seems to have been that, except for radio and then television, the island totally lacked the modern, civilized harassments.

Whatever the case, houses sagged empty. The state cut the once-a-day ferry service to the two runs a week. When the last storekeeper died a few years ago, no one bothered to reopen his store. The town was running down, and no one could remember how to wind it.

Then in 1964 the people of Frenchboro, most of them by this time middle-aged or older, were shaken awake. Suddenly there were only two children left in the island's one-room school. The state authorities, who were paying about half of the $4,500 or so it cost to run the school, announced that they would withdraw the subsidy.

What happened then showed that although Frenchboro was too small to be a healthy town, it was still an enormously strong community. The choices were hard. If the school were allowed to close, it would mean without much question that Frenchboro would lose the David Lunt family. David Lunt, a lobsterman, was the son of Mrs. Sanford Lunt, the historian. Young Davey, a blond, bumptious first-grader who even then could dock a 40-foot lobster boat by himself, and his four-year-old brother Danny, who would start kindergarten the next year, were too small to be sent to a boarding school. The Lunts would have to move to the mainland. But to keep the school open would double the school taxes paid by the 25 households.

There was never any real question of closing the school. It was not just a matter of losing the Lunts, although no one wanted that. There was something more disturbing, unspoken, in everyone's mind. "We thought a town should have a school," said Bennie Davis, a selectman, meaning: "We thought there should be a town."

The issue was Frenchboro's survival, and so for more than a year the lobstermen paid the whole cost of educating the two small Lunt boys. "The misfortune of one member is the concern of the whole community," Mrs. Lunt had written in her history of Frenchboro a few years before. In another community the statement would ring sour; it is the sort of thing mayors say when circumstances leave them no alternative to being humane. In Frenchboro, however, there could be no purely private calamity.

Lobstering is solitary work; generally there are several boats in any given sweep of water, but there is only one man to a boat, and he makes all the decisions and does all the hauling. That may or may not be why each of the people of Frenchboro tends to do his own thinking, and why in the town there is no one man or woman who runs things. As clearly as an outsider can make out, the town has a dozen leaders, and perhaps more. Bennie Davis, the selectman, a burly, cheerful widower of 63, is a leader, certainly, but so are Sanford Lunt and his wife and several other Lunts (the Lunts are the island's most populous clan). So is Charlie Hooper, a lobster buyer, and on the list goes. Which of them first had the idea of trying to save the Frenchboro school is something no one can say, or will say. At any rate there was no formal meeting, and not much convincing was needed.

The idea was simply that if the school needed children, the town should find some. There was no time to grow them, so the children had to be ready-made. Who had school-age kids in quantity? The state. So the townspeople asked the Maine

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Department of Health and Welfare for enough foster children to fill their school.

From the state's point of view, Frenchboro's isolation made the request seem preposterous. A social worker must be able to see her foster children often enough to act as a third parent. The child-welfare supervisor for the district, a young man named Charles King, had an immediate reaction against the idea. "I consulted a chart and located two Long Islands in my area," he was to write in a remarkable 10,000-word report on the proposal, "but only one had a Frenchboro, or for that matter was inhabited. This was the smaller one and farther away. My discovery was not encouraging."

After three separate delegations of islanders had made the same request, King told Bennie Davis he would come. He had decided, he later admitted, that "a first-hand encounter with all of the difficulties I anticipated would help me to discuss intelligently the reasons why the Division of Child Welfare would regretfully be unable to license any foster homes in Frenchboro."

But not everyone who works for a bureau is a bureaucrat. King saw during his first visit to the island that Frenchboro was not the inaccessible rural slum he had expected. Social workers could travel to the island on lobster boats, and for medical emergencies there was a helicopter at a nearby Coast Guard station. After talking with the islanders, he wrote, "I had the distinct impression that, while the school money problem may be real, there is also a need to have children around. These children will quickly come to belong to the island."

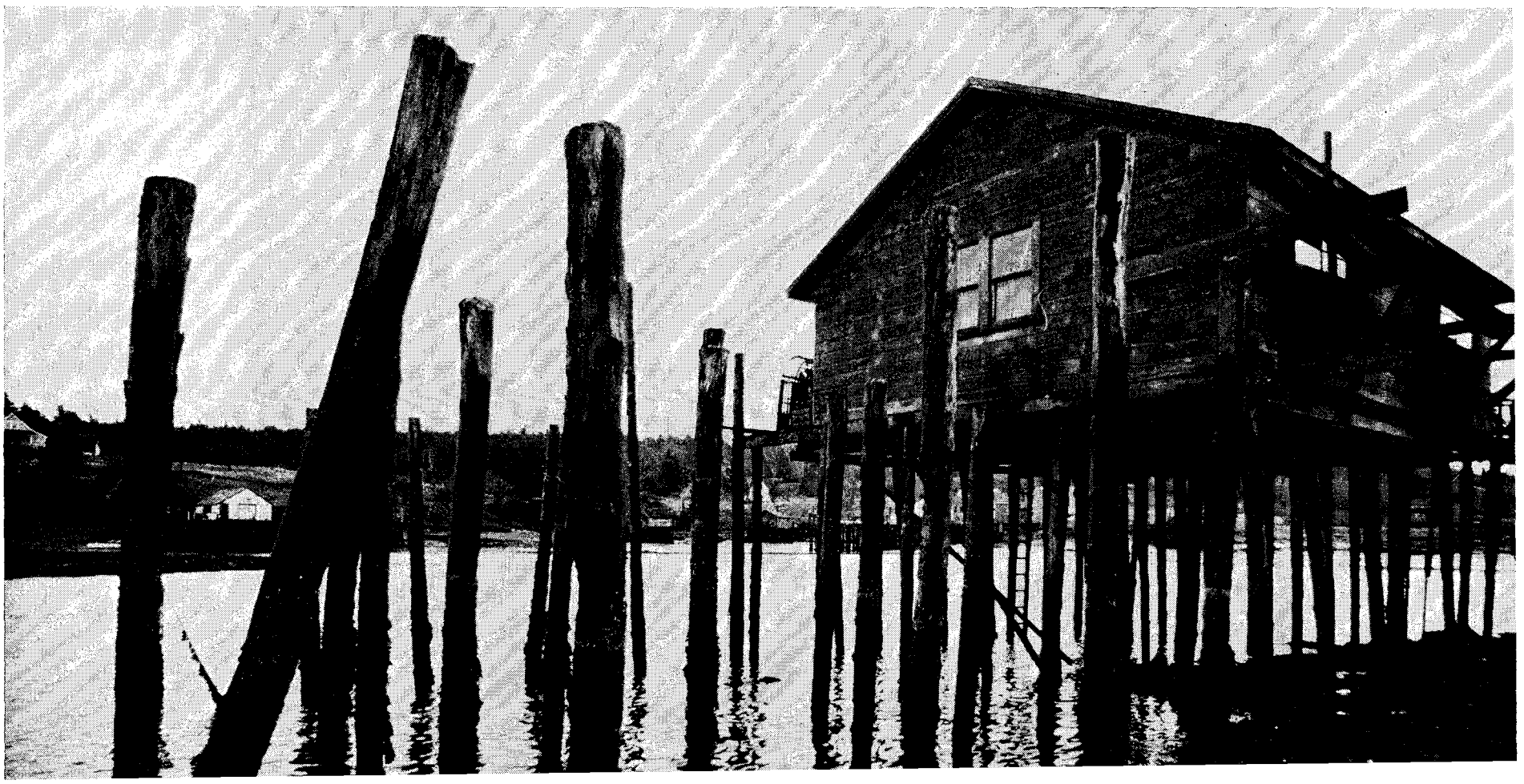
Within a few months—formal licensing of five island homes took time, and so did finding the right children—Frenchboro had two new residents, a pair of skinny, scared sisters, ages nine and eleven. That was in August, 1965. A 4-year-old and a 13-year-old boy arrived during the fall, and that winter a batch of eight brothers and sisters followed them. Suddenly the island and the one-room school were rattling with children.

The eight brothers and sisters who were parceled out to Frenchboro, King told me, had been living on nothing but potatoes when the state took custody. "They were staying with their mother and out-of-work stepfather in a shack heated by a wood stove, and when we came to get them they were peeling lath off the walls to fuel the stove. They all had lice. Of course that's not too uncommon."

The four-year-old boy who had come to Frenchboro earlier, King wrote in the report, "was a pathetic youngster who had not learned to talk, who did not know how to play, who was not toilet-trained and who spent most of his time staring at nothing." The second of two foster mothers had thought he was retarded, and had asked the state to take him back. The first time in his life he had shown any emotion, as far as anyone knew, was when a social worker came to get him. "He expressed delight," according to the report. "Have a look at Anthony when you get to the island," said King. "He's changed some."

I made the trip from the mainland on Charlie Hooper's bait boat, and I spent the night with Bennie Davis, the selectman, tax assessor and harbormaster, who out of general friendliness and a liking for conversation has appointed himself the island's unpaid hotelkeeper. At 5 A.M. Bennie called cheerily up the stairs, "No need to hurry, take your time." We talked about lobstering through breakfast and then, since it had grown light outside, we went over to Charlie Hooper's dock and sat around the pot burner in his commissary shack before I left to attend school. It was a blustery, sitting-around December day; small-craft warnings were out, and the Frenchboro lobster

Nothing ever happened in Frenchboro. The town was running down, and no one could remember how to wind it again.



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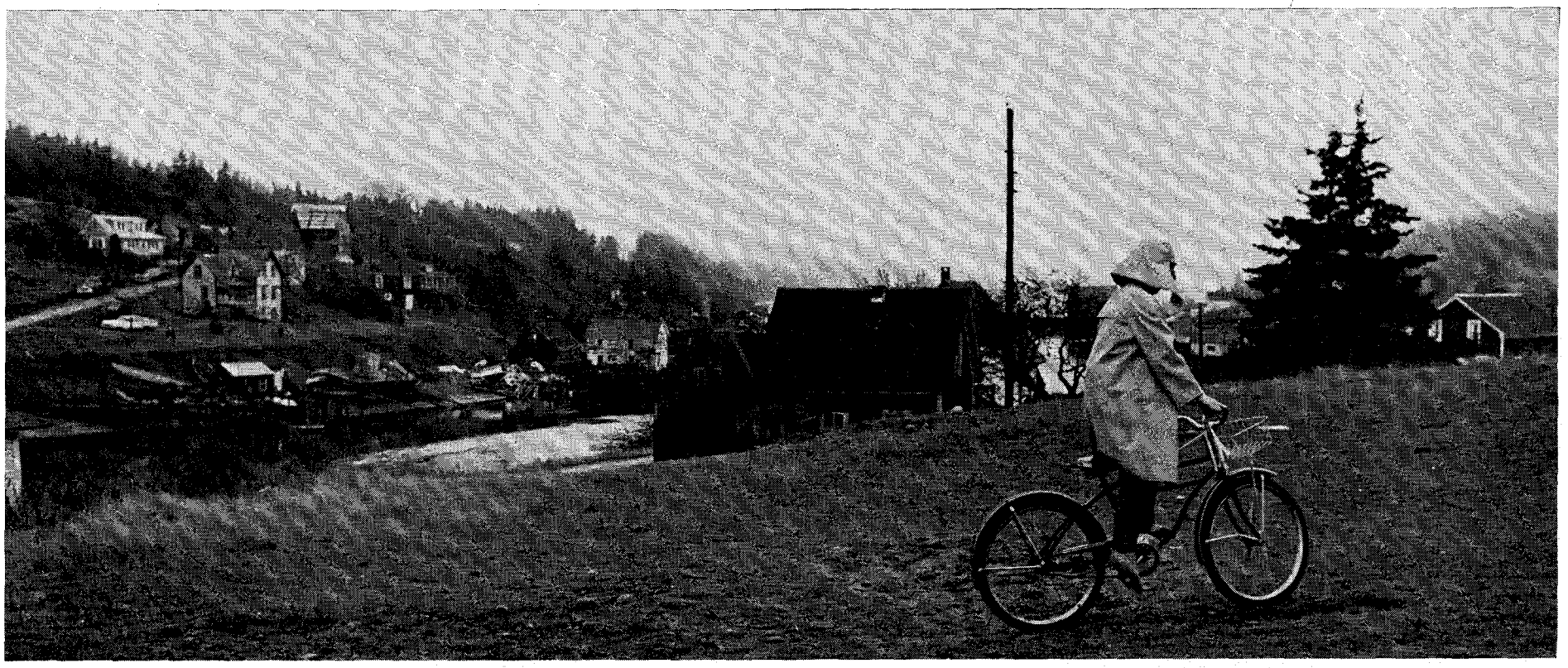

Pumping for home, one of the foster children rides his new bicycle up a barren hillside on the island. The "parents," many middle-aged or older, like to send the children around on errands just for the fun of watching them as they go.

fleet would have to stay moored in the harbor.

Now through the high schoolroom windows surf could be seen smashing at the harbor mouth. The warmth of the big, worn room felt good. Sixty years of library paste, manila paper and damp corduroy had given the place a smell of school that bit sharply at the memory. Decorations were traditional: a watery print of Gilbert Stuart's unfinished portrait of George Washington, a picture of Franklin Roosevelt and another of John Kennedy. and dozens of crayon drawings of airplanes. For some reason they were World War II fighter planes, drawn the way 10-year-olds have always drawn fighter planes, in strict profile, to avoid any tricky perspective problems with the wings.

A busy one-room school is an animal act—how do you keep the tigers on their stools while you are teaching the lions to multiply fractions? Teacher Jim Trux, an unflustered 26-year-old in his third semester of running the act at Frenchboro, had 11 of his 13 pupils grubbing in their arithmetic workbooks when I arrived. Two five-year-old boys, one of them the sad little Anthony whom King had mentioned, jumped up and down in front of Trux's desk bursting with knowledge.

Every able-bodied man on the island earns his living from the sea, and the children from the mainland soon took to lobstering, begging to go along on the daily run.

"Now, you know this letter," Trux would say, pointing to a big block letter in a primer, and the little boys would yell "Bee, bee, bee," and Trux would go on to the next letter.

A nine-year-old boy named Timothy got out of his seat and flopped his workbook on the desk of a 13-year-old girl named Phoebe, and Phoebe patiently did an arithmetic problem for him, and then watched as he did one of his own. Trux sent the two five-year-olds to play in the kindergarten corner, and since the weather was cold and cloudy, he began to talk to the older children about snow. Who remembered snow? Hands went up. Fine, Robert, stand up here in front and tell us all about it.

Robert stood, put his hands behind his back, looked up at George Washington and told it all in a rush. Other children took his place; snow memories were a big success. But now Trux asked about Christmas; what was it like on the first Christmas you remember? Davey Lunt, who is not a state child, had a lot to say, but no one else talked much. For several of the children in the room Christmas meant eating potatoes and burning up pieces of wall to keep warm.

Trux likes the island, he says, and talks about getting a skiff with a motor to use for fishing. But his wife, a pretty 22-year-old girl with two small children, only smiles when I ask if they will stay. "It's pretty quiet," she says.

Foster parents get $55 a month for each child they board. "Of course it takes more," said Mrs. Sanford Lunt, who has two foster children, the boy Anthony, and a seven-year-old named Kevin. "We made out our clothing purchase orders in August, and I forgot mittens. Well, you need mittens. . . ." Mrs. Lunt was born on the island, she said. "There were three food stores then. Before my time there was a dry-goods store where you could get knick-knacks and scarcities."

The island has come back to life since the children came, she said. "We all got them Halloween costumes, and they had a party. And they have sleds, and there'll be skating again." Anthony ran into the parlor where we were talking, grabbed Mrs. Lunt around the knees, and ran out again. "The boys had to call us something, and we suggested Grandma and Grandpa. They called us that for a while, and then Kevin began saying Mom and Dad. Now they both do." Anthony's only remaining problem, King's report had said, was that he was afraid that the social workers would take him away from the Lunts.

Nearly everything that happens in Frenchboro can be seen or guessed by looking out a window, and now what catches the eye in a town that had grown almost still is the constant movement of children. Little girls skitter about on their way home from school; boys of 9 and 10 hunch their shoulders and practice walking tall on their way down to the lobster dock. Adults move less; they have lost their love of it. But in Frenchboro they send their children on errands and then stand at their windows watching them go.

Not every adult has the temperament for island life, and not every child does either. One 13-year-old boy kept getting into trouble. When he did, the whole island knew about it, and he felt surrounded, and then he got into more trouble. He seemed warily cheerful during a hike the two of us made to see a beaver pond and an old graveyard in the hills behind Frenchboro, but there was a hard set of fatalism to his mind; adults were dangerous and unpredictable, and even the shrewdest boy could guess only part of the time what it was they wanted to hear. Later I heard he had been sent to what is politely called a training school. Foster children live on sufferance, like cats.

One failure with a troubled teen-ager has not discouraged the islanders or the state people; by any standard the Frenchboro experiment has been an amazing success. The school has all the children it needs. The remaining foster children seem certain to stay on the island until they are old enough to leave for boarding school on the mainland, and even then they may return to their foster parents during vacations. Charles King and his superiors in Augusta have spent a good deal of time trying to discover another Frenchboro somewhere—there is a large supply of skinny, scared children whose lives need unscrambling—and they have decided that there isn't one to be found.

But the cheerful noise and the tangle of bicycles by the schoolhouse steps are deceptive. The realization comes coldly to a visitor that Frenchboro is still a town in danger of dying. The community

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has its foster children; now it needs foster adults.

Like Mrs. Lunt and most of the rest of the islanders, Bennie Davis was born in Frenchboro. "And I guess my father was too," he said. He is a short, strong man who has prospered at a hard calling. Over the years he has built an enormous dock and three lobster boats with his own hands. The latest boat—"It'll outlast me, I guess"—is a 40-footer named *Bennie Junior*. It is named after Bennie's son, who was born on the island too, and who loves it as much as his father does but can't live there because he is a chemical engineer.

A lobster trap soaking wet and ballasted with stone weighs perhaps 100 pounds. Bennie's boat, like most of the modern ones, has a power winch that hauls the traps up from the bottom. But the last heave is by hand. At 63, Bennie still makes it look easy, but his arthritic knees brace painfully against the side of his boat as he works. He says that he may have to quit in a year or so. He does not like the thought of quitting.

Bennie fished for a couple of hours the day we went out—a thin catch of perhaps $15 worth of lobsters at the fishermen's price of 70 cents a pound—and then the salt-water cooling system of his diesel engine sprang a bad leak. We worked slowly into Frenchboro harbor, and I asked him a foolish, suburban sort of question—would he take the boat somewhere to have it fixed? He looked amused and said he thought he could patch it up himself. Bennie was born in this century, but he and his neighbors are living, proudly and well, in the last one. Do it yourself and it's done right.

As we docked, Bennie introduced me to a fisherman named Albert Gaspar. He is a big, fit-looking man of 58. He used to be a foreman in a paper mill in Bucksport, Maine. Two years ago he had a heart attack, quit his job, and against his doctor's advice moved to Frenchboro to learn lobstering. Maine lobstermen have been known to run newcomers away with deer rifles, but the island men helped Gaspar find a used boat to buy, and answered his questions about tides and traps. "He took to it real well. He's one of our best," Bennie told me later. Gaspar is a "good man," others said. In Frenchboro the phrase needs no explanation. A good man is good for raising his family, taking his knocks, helping his neighbor before he is asked, and handling his boat in a following sea.

When the islanders applied for foster children, Gaspar and his wife took two brothers from the big batch of eight. The boys have bicycles and allowances now, and it is a safe bet that they will never see the inside of a training school.

I asked Gaspar if he had any regrets. "Yeah," he said. "Should have done it twenty years earlier." He shook hands with a very hard grip and walked off toward his boat. □

In a town that was nearly still, what catches the eye is the movement of happy children.

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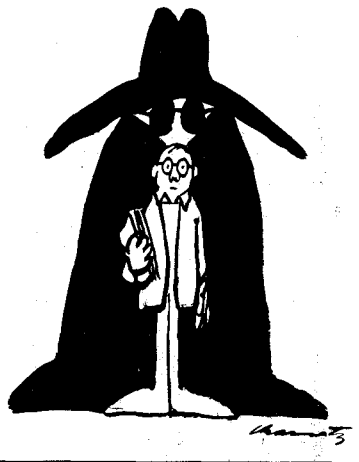
Editorials



The CIA campus caper

The first reactions were predictable. At the disclosure that the CIA had paid the National Student Association two or three million dollars to represent a "free society" at foreign student festivals, people began denouncing our spy chiefs for outfitting our innocent youths with cloaks and daggers. Then there were denunciations of the student politicians for secretly accepting funds that compromised the reputation of "independent scholarship." There were also those who reprimanded Congress for winking at all this.

But the criticisms couldn't keep up with the revelations. Every day there came new disclosures that the CIA and its foundation "fronts" have been supporting not just students but labor unions, radio stations, and all kinds of other groups that were willing to accept handouts. Finally, while traditionalists offered their traditional defense of the CIA as an organization too patriotic to be criticized, others began to ask whether the noble goal of espionage wasn't simply disguising pure extravagance. "Does it matter," remarked Russell Baker of *The New York Times*, "that European students assemble in Prague and write petitions at variance with United States foreign policy? What do we gain from having American students there? Is it worth real money to infect East European college youth with a taste for American fraternity songs? Perhaps so, but if so, someone should be willing to tell us why."

The traditionalists are right, of course, when they remind us that we need the CIA, and that it is absurd to shrink in horror from our own intelligence service. But just as information-gathering operations like the Bay of Pigs make one wonder whether the CIA knows the difference between intelligence and subversion, so the uproar over the student subsidies makes one wonder whether the CIA knows the difference between intelligence and propaganda. The elaborate apparatus of fake foundations, secret grants and clandestine debriefings indicates that it does not.

It is worth remembering that the CIA must have thought it was doing good deeds, and that it had a perfect right to brief or de-brief its protégés. It is also worth remembering that many students had no inkling of their secret supporters and behaved as independently as anyone could wish. Only now, in retrospect, have they—and we—been made to look foolish. Beyond that, however, lies the basic question Mr. Baker asked: Do we really need all these international exchanges? If so, how many, and what kind, and what should they cost?

These are questions that the Administration, like previous administrations, gave up on. Knowing that congressional guardians of frugality like to excoriate overseas "cookie-pushing" and "boondoggling" in order to preserve the funds necessary for local road widening and fish hatcheries, the Administration found it easier to conceal in the CIA budget all kinds of activities that otherwise might not pass the test of public scrutiny.

But if our Government has been collectively exposed as a hypocrite, so has our nation as a whole. For years we have been told that, in contrast to monolithic Communism, our pluralistic society was willing and able to mobilize independent groups to do combat for what we like to call "our way of life." Free students, we were told, set forth to debate the students of "captive nations." Free labor unions, we were told, would organize other free labor unions. Free radio stations, we were told, should have our financial donations so that the truth could be broadcast to the captives. There is nothing tragic in the discovery that the CIA pays for such expressions of the "free world" in action. There is nothing inherently wrong with our using the same weapons and tactics that our antagonists use. Not unless the differences between us and those antagonists have ceased to concern us.

Keep what faith, baby?

A lot of foolishness has been spoken about Adam Clayton Powell lately. He is being defended as a civil-rights leader, a distinguished minister and lawmaker. Union leader A. Philip Randolph even said Powell's exclusion from Congress "reflected the greatest crisis in Negro-White relations."

The New York Presbytery of The United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. was equally solemn. It announced that the House of Representatives had removed Powell "for reasons of political expediency," which it attributed to "the white backlash." And, with passing comment about the need for reform of the committee system and for a genuine code of ethics in Congress, the presbytery said in effect that Powell's personal conduct and morality should not be used in judging his fitness for public office. When the clergymen talk about the hypocrisy of Congress and the sins of other congressmen, you suddenly become aware of a curious and deplorable thing: They are grading morals on the curve. This is inverse racism. Not only that, it is ridiculous to take this charming, bright, frivolous man and destroy his image with the leaden qualities of rectitude and dedication.

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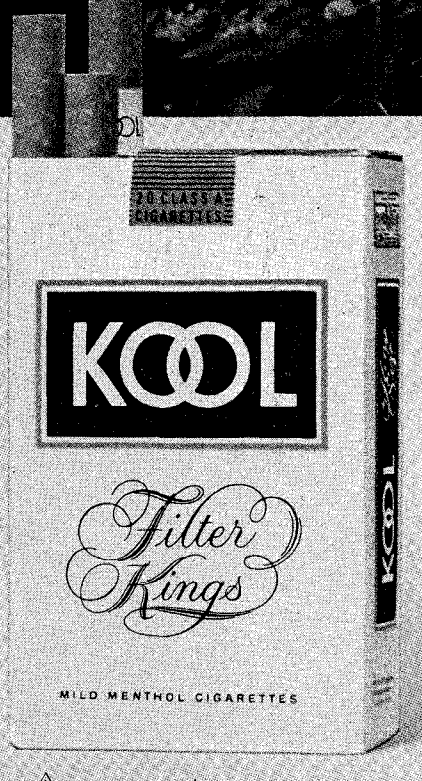

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